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# CAMPION'S POEMS

# POETICAL WORKS

(in English) of

# THOMAS CAMPION

Edited with Introduction and Notes by

PERCIVAL VIVIAN



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## ON A MASQUE

Now into chambers hushed and white
With holy lights the bride is borne;
Now spoken is the last good-night,
Thy fond lutes forget to mourn,
In ripe fulfilment, seen afar,
Quenched, as the torches, one by one,
That paled before the evening star,
Ere the long night of revels done.

In other chambers of the tomb
These many years the bride is laid,
Whereto all flesh at length must come
And every bride be put to bed;
Still echo, fresher than her prime
That stained the glory of the rose,
Down the hushed galleries of Time
Thy viols sobbing to a close.

P. V.

To

My Father and Mother

# PREFACE

THE text of this volume, except in a few instances referred to in the Notes, is that of the original editions, rendered in a dress of modern English throughout from the extant copies in the British Museum and elsewhere. To Mr. A. J. F. Collins I owe a debt of gratitude for his kindness in giving me the benefit of his musical knowledge.

The range of this book is limited to the English Poetical works of Campion and I have excluded both the Latin poems, the *New Way of making Four Parts in Counterpoint*, and the *Observations on the Art of English Poesy*. From the last named, however, I have gleaned all the poems and epi-

grams, and I have quoted freely from the Latin verses wherever it has appeared desirable for the purposes of illustration. In an Appendix I have brought together such poems as without certain proof have been hitherto attributed to Campion upon sound evidence, and some others of which I believe him to be the author.

In the preparation of the Introduction and Notes I have drawn liberally upon the valuable material afforded by the 1889 and 1903 editions of Mr. Bullen, my obligation to whom must be everywhere apparent. This obligation I hasten gratefully to acknowledge. At the same time I have been fortunate enough to add considerably to the sum of human knowledge concerning the poet's personal history. The main facts will be found herein: they remain, however, to be dealt with in a future work to an extent of which this small volume is not capable.

P.V.

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# INTRODUCTION

Of Thomas Campion, Doctor of Medicine, Poet and Musician, considering the extraordinary reputation he enjoyed in his lifetime, astonishingly little is known. A Thomas Campion 'of London, Gentleman,' was admitted to Gray's Inn in 1586 ['Admittances to Gray's Inn,' Harl. MS. 1912], and there can be little doubt that this was the poet, who is proved to have been connected with that Inn by the fact that he wrote a song, 'Of Neptune's empire let us sing,' for the Gray's Inn Masque in 1594. Stronger evidence than this is found in the following epigram, which appeared in the second edition of the Latin Poems published in 1619, and which was addressed, under cover of a pun, to the members of Gray's Inn.

*Ad Graios*

Graii, sive magis juvat vetustum
Nomen Purpulii, decus Britannum,
Sic Astraea gregem beare vestrum,
Sic Pallas velit, ut favere nugis
Disjuncti socii velitis ipsi,
Tetrae si neque sint, nec infacetae,

Sed quales merito exhibere plausu
Vosmet, ludere cum lubet, soletis.

It is clear from the phrase 'disjunct socii' that the writer had at one time been a member of the Inn, but he does not, however, appear to have been called, and indeed from several of his Latin epigrams it is obvious that he had little respect for the law either as a study or as a profession.

The first reference to him in contemporary literature occurs in Geo. Peele's *Honour of the Garter*, which appeared in 1593.

'Why go'st not thou
That richly cloth'st conceit with well-made words
Campion?'

As Campion had not at this date published anything, it is clear that some of his poems had circulated privately among friends, as was the custom of the period. Rosseter's dedication of *A Book of Airs* (p. 3) refers to this practice.

The next piece of evidence, chronologically speaking, which we possess, is found in the pages of William Clerke's *Polimanteia* published in 1595. That author says, 'I know, Cambridge, howsoever now old, thou hast some young, bid them be chaste, yet suffer them to be witty; let them be soundly learned, yet suffer them to be gentlemanlike qualified', and the margin to this passage

is annotated with the words, 'Sweet Master Campion'. It is clear, therefore, that Campion had studied at Cambridge, and that by this time he had won some notice as a poet: the latter point is all the more striking if we remember that Clerke's reference to Oxford is supported by the names of several of the most renowned authors of the day, while Campion's name only is adduced by the author, a Cambridge man, as Cambridge's chief exemplar of wit and learning. A trifling point, which of itself has little value, but which is to some extent corroborative of the inference that he was at Cambridge, is the allusion to 'Trumpington' in the *Observations on the Art of English Poesy*, published in 1602 (of which more hereafter), as an example of a particular form of English scansion. One cannot help feeling that, especially at this time when there was less general diffusion of information, such a reference suggests that the author had lived at Cambridge, and in the course of his residence had either visited or heard of the neighbouring village. But, of course, in itself the point would support no theory.

With a small reservation, of which I shall speak hereafter, no other particulars of Campion's Cambridge career can be found. We are left with the decidedly negative

evidence that no person of that name either matriculated or proceeded to a degree at any date which renders identification with the poet possible. This fact, of which I am informed by the courtesy of the Registrary and Deputy Registrary of the University, is strong evidence in support of the assumption of Dr. Jessop, in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, that Campion adhered to the older faith. Apart from the fact that two persons of the same name, Edmund Campion and Edward Campion, suffered the capital penalty for their convictions, which were shared by certain families bearing that name, it is noticeable that many of Campion's most intimate friends, the Mychelburne brothers, Sir Thos. Monson, and others were Catholics, and it was quite usual at this period for Englishmen who had conscientious objections to the religious tests enforced at both Universities to abstain from matriculating or taking a degree. In this matter Campion probably took the line taken by Edward Mychelburne and afterwards by John Donne. There can be no doubt, however, as to his loyalty, which is sufficiently expressed in his epigram 'Ad Thamesin' (*First Book of Epigrams*, 1595), commemorating the defeat of the Armada, and in the poem 'Bravely decked, come forth, bright day' (p. 47) from the *Divine*

*and Moral Songs* (about 1613), in which he offers congratulation and thanksgiving on the providential frustration of the Gunpowder Plot.

The references in the *Honour of the Garter* and *Polimanteia* are obviously to English poems, and as Mr. Bullen points out, three of his songs are found in Harl. MS. 6910 (1596). In 1595, however, Campion published a book of Latin epigrams which was entered in the Stationer's Register on December 2, 1594. The entry runs: 'Richard ffeild Entred for his copie vnder the wardens hands in court, a booke intituled Thoma Campiane Poema . . . vj$^{d}$'. This 1595 book of epigrams is exceedingly rare, and indeed only one [1] copy, viz. that in the possession of Viscount Clifden, is known to exist. These Latin poems, of which more hereafter, appear to have won Campion some reputation, for in Francis Meres' *Palladis Tamia* or *Wits' Treasury* (1598) he is alluded to as among 'English men, being Latin poets' who had 'attained good report and honourable advancement in the Latin empire'. An epigram in Fitzgeffrey's *Affaniae*, 1601 (see p. xxxii), also bears witness to his proficiency in the Latin tongue. In 1597 appeared Dowland's *First Book of Songs*

[1] There is an incomplete copy, lacking all before sig. B, in the Bodleian.

*and Airs*, with a Latin epigram by Campion prefixed thereto (see p. xxxvi). It was in 1601 that the first collection of Campion's English poetry, *A Book of Airs*, was given to the world. The first half of the songs in this book were set by Thos. Campion, the latter portion by Philip Rosseter; but it is practically certain that the whole of the words were written by the former. The publication was resolved upon, as we learn from Rosseter's introduction, in the author's interest—'the first rank of songs are of his own composition, made at his vacant hours, and privately imparted to his friends: whereby they grew public, and, as coin cracked in exchange, corrupted; and some of them both words and notes unrespectively challenged (claimed) by others'. No doubt some of the versions which are referred to in the notes are such songs 'privately imparted' and corrupted in transcription.

In the following year (1602) he published his *Observations in the Art of English Poesy*, against 'the vulgar and unartificial custom of riming', of which he was so skilled and graceful a master. Experiments in the direction of substitution of classical metres for the usual rhymed verse had been in the air at this period and before: Spenser had dabbled in them; Drant, Harvey and Stani-

hurst had all wasted energy upon the unprofitable subject, and it is not surprising that Campion, who appears to have been thoroughly steeped in classical studies, should have been bitten with the prevailing mania. It must be admitted, however, that Campion showed better sense than to counsel the rigid adoption of classical metres. Given the hypothesis that rhyme was bad and unrhymed verse the desirable medium of poetry, the metrical forms he propounds are certainly better conceived and more adapted to the English language than those of other experimentalists. He has the good sense to recognize that the metres most closely allied to the structure of our tongue are the iambic and trochaic, while we may be thankful that we have no English hexameters or such-like horrors from his pen, and that his practice was so entirely unaffected by his precept. The challenge was promptly taken up by Samuel Daniel, who published in 1602 his *Apologie for Ryme*, in which, while condemning Campion's opinions upon the subject, he characterises him as 'a man of fair parts and good reputation', and regrets that the attack should have come from one 'whose commendable rhymes, albeit now himself an enemy to rhyme, have given heretofore to the world the best notice of his worth'.

We learn from the conversations of Drummond of Hawthornden with Ben Jonson that the latter wrote a *Discourse of Poesy*, 'both against Campion and Daniel', but it never saw the light.

From Daniel's generous commendation it appears that Campion was already well known: not very long after he appears to be in the possession of an extraordinary reputation. In a little volume written by William Camden, the historian, entitled *Remains of a Larger Work concerning Britain*, and published in 1605, occurs the following passage: 'These may suffice for some poetical descriptions of our auncient Poets: if I would come to our own time, what a world could I present to you out of Sir Philipp Sidney, Ed. Spenser, Samuel Daniel, Hugh Holland, Ben. Johnson, Th. Campion, Michael Drayton, George Chapman, John Marston, William Shakespeare, and other most pregnant wits of these our times, whom succeeding ages may justly admire'. This is high praise, and that Campion should be named in company with such a distinguished galaxy proves in what high esteem his works were held by his contemporaries.

The next appearance made by Campion was in Barnabe Barnes' *Four Books of Offices* (1606), to which he prefixed the poem given on p. 229, and in which he is

alluded to for the first time as 'Doctor in Physic' or M.D. When and where this degree was obtained is a problem still unsolved, but it is clear from the Registers of the University that it was not obtained at Cambridge, and the obvious inference is that put forward by Dr. Jessop that conscientious objections influenced Campion to seek a degree at one of the great continental universities. This assumption is consistent with the rest of the known facts about him, and confirms me in the opinion that he was not in sympathy with Protestantism. Even at the end of the sixteenth century Padua was still famous for its schools of medicine, and it is possible that he studied there: there were also faculties of medicine at Paris, Louvain, and, I believe, Douai, but I am unable to verify his association with any of these institutions. There is some slight internal evidence as to the date when he began to study medicine: there are no references in the first edition of Latin epigrams (1595) to either physicians or their art, while such allusions and epigrams showing a knowledge of medical matters abound in the second collection published in 1619. Moreover, in Epigram 'Ad Lectorem', No. 2 of Book II of the 1619 edition (that book being a reprint of the verses published in 1595 with a few epigrams, including the

one in question by way of introduction), we have the following lines :—

Lusus si mollis, jocus aut levis, hic tibi, Lector,
Occurrit, vitae prodita vere scias,
Dum regnat Cytheraea : ex illo musa quievit
Nostra diu, Cereris curaque major erat :
In medicos ubi me campos deduxit Apollo,
Aptare et docuit verba Britanna sonis.

Campion is apologizing for introducing the reader to a series of more frivolous epigrams, which he excuses by the explanation that since the period of the earlier book he had turned to more sober exercises. I think it may fairly be inferred from this passage that he did not address himself to the study of either medicine or music until after 1595 ; it is suggested by line 4, moreover, that after that date he was obliged to work for his living.

In 1607 he published, *The Description of a Maske, etc., in honour of the Lord Hayes* on the occasion of that nobleman's marriage to the daughter of Lord Denny (see p. 133). In 1609 appeared Ferrabosco's *Airs*, with his lines given on p. 230 prefixed, and in 1611 was published Coryat's *Crudities*, for which Campion had written the following prefatory verses :—

*Incipit Thomas Campianus*
*Medicinae Doctor.*

In Peragrantissimi, Itinerosissimi,
Montiscandentissimique Peditis Thomae Coryati, viginti hebdomadarium
Diarium, sex pedibus gradiens,
partim vero claudicans,
Encomiasticon,

Ad Venetos venit corio Coryatus ab uno
Vectus, et, ut vectus, paene revectus erat.
Nave una Dracus sic totum circuit orbem,
At rediens retulit te, Coryate, minus.
Illius undigenas tenet unica charta labores,
Tota tuos sed vix bibliotheca capit.
Explicit Thomas Campianus.

Allusion should perhaps here be made to the eulogy expressed in the verses 'To Worthy Persons' appended to *The Scourge of Folly* (1610–11) of John Davies of Hereford. The poem is as follows:—

*To the most judicious and excellent Lyrick Poet, Doctor Campion.*

Upon myself I should just vengeance take
Should I omit thy mention in my rhymes,
Whose lines and notes do lullaby awake
In heav'ns of pleasure, these unpleasant times.
Never did lyrics' more than happy strains,
Strained out of Art by Nature so with ease,
So purely hit the moods and various veins
Of Music and her hearers as do these.
So thou canst cure the body and the mind,
Rare Doctor, with thy twofold soundest art;
Hypocrates hath taught thee the one kind,

Apollo and the muse the other part.
And both so well that thou with both dost please
The mind with pleasure and the corpse with ease.

The next book he published was the *Songs of Mourning : Bewailing the untimely death of Prince Henry*, which appeared in 1613. Henry, Prince of Wales, a most promising and capable youth, died on November 6, 1612, at the age of eighteen, and his death was mourned by many of the most famous poets of the day, by whom he was generally beloved on account of the encouragement and support he gave to letters. Chapman, Drayton, Webster, Donne and Drummond offered similar tributes to his memory. Drayton had dedicated his *Polyolbion* to him, and it was with his support and patronage that Chapman translated Homer.

In the same year Campion wrote and arranged three masques, the Lords' Masque, for the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth on April 14, 'The Description' of which was published presumably soon after; a masque or entertainment for the amusement of Queen Anne at Caversham House, where she stayed on April 27 and 28 *en route* for Bath, and a third for the occasion of the Earl of Somerset's marriage to Frances Howard.

In 1614 appeared Ravenscroft's *Brief Discourse*, with a prefatory poem written by Campion (see p. 230), and at some time after the death of Prince Henry (for it refers to that event) must have been published Campion's next volume of songs, *Two Books of Airs*, which bears no date. Similarly the *Third and Fourth Books of Airs* must have been published some time after the pardon of Sir Thos. Monson in 1617 for any share he may have had in the Overbury murder, for the dedication of the Third Book to Sir Thos. Monson offers congratulations upon the fact that 'those clouds which lately overcast Your fame and fortune are dispersed at last'.

It will not be out of place here to give some account of the Overbury affair, as Campion and his friends were to some extent involved. The trouble began when Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, fell violently in love with Frances Howard, Countess of Essex, who obtained a decree of nullity in order to marry him. Carr's friend, Sir Thomas Overbury, objected to the match on political grounds for the reason that Frances Howard was of the Catholic party, and opposed it by all the means in his power. In revenge she had him thrown into the Tower, and subsequently, perhaps with Carr's connivance, procured his death by poison.

His opposition removed, the wedding took place on December 26, 1613, the crime remaining secret, and Campion, as we know, celebrated the occasion with a masque (p. 203), while Donne wrote an Epithalamium, and Jonson, who had previously written his Masque of Hymen for the occasion of her first marriage, now contributed a set of verses.

The murder was out in 1615, Carr having fallen into disfavour with the King, and the murderers were prosecuted by Bacon. Sir Thomas Monson, a prominent Catholic, was examined, and in October arrested on a warrant and imprisoned in the Tower, where Campion acted as his medical attendant (Hist. MS. Comm., Rep. vii., 671). Campion himself was examined on October 26, 1615. He admitted that he had received £1,400, £1,000 in gold and £400 in 'white money', from Alderman Elwys on behalf of Sir Gervase Elwys for the use of Sir Thos. Monson, the midsummer after Sir Gervase became Lieutenant of the Tower; but he knew not for what consideration the money was paid (Cal. State Papers, Dom, 1611–19). Monson was released on bail in October, 1616, and pardoned, not acquitted, as Mr. Bullen points out, in February, 1617. The protagonists in this tragedy were condemned and reprieved, imprisoned in the Tower

until 1622, when they were released and permitted to live in retirement.

To 1617 possibly belongs another work of Campion, *A New Way of making Four Parts in Counter-point*, etc., a highly technical textbook upon counter-point which for many years was the standard authority upon that subject, and was occasionally reprinted in Playford's 'Introduction'. It was dedicated 'To the Flower of Princes, Charles, Prince of Great Britain'.

In 1619 he published a second edition of Latin epigrams, in which those comprised in the 1595 edition were reprinted with some additions and alterations as Book II, and another book added. He died on March 1, 1619–20, and was buried on the same day at St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, as appears by the entry in the Register, 'Thomas Campion, doctor of Phisicke, was buried'. His will was proved in the Commissary Court of London on August 3, 1619. The following is a copy of the instrument admitted to Probate:—

'Memorandum that Thomas Campion, late of the parishe of St. Dunstons in the West, Doctor of Phisicke, being in pfect mynde and memory, did with an intent to make and declare his last will and testament vpon the first of March, 1619, and not longe before his death saie that he did give all

that he had vnto Mr. Phillip Rosseter and wished that his estate had bin farr more, or he vsed words to that effecte, being then and there present divers credible witnesses'. We learn from the Probate Act Book that the value of his estate amounted to £22.

From the fact that Campion's will was made by word of mouth in the extremity of death, and that he was buried upon the same day, Mr. Bullen has suggested that he died of the plague which frequently broke out with sporadic violence. I cannot find, however, that there is any evidence of an outbreak at this time, and it appears moreover, to have been a usual custom at this period to bury people upon the day of their death. This occurred in the case of Dr. Simon Forman's father, as we learn from the former's Autobiography, while Tarlton, the famous comedian, made his will, died, and was buried upon the same day, viz. September 3, 1588.

So far I have thought it best, the direct evidence concerning the life and career of Thos. Campion being hitherto so scanty, to recount the bare facts as we have them in chronological order. I have been fortunate enough, however, to have succeeded in making a material addition to the sum of human knowledge concerning this author.

In the course of my investigation into his

Cambridge career, which appeared almost hopeless, it was very kindly pointed out to me by Mr. Flower of the British Museum that there was evidence in one of the Egerton MSS. (2599) of a Thos. Campion having been at Cambridge in 1582. Upon glancing at this volume, which is a book of the accounts and deeds of one Augustine Steward, it was quite apparent that the facts contained therein would be of great value, if it were once possible to identify the Thos. Campion therein mentioned with the poet. This for some time appeared impracticable, but in the course of a thorough examination of the MS., I was lucky enough to find the copy of a Latin deed executed in 1587 in which 'Thomas Campion de Grayes ynne' released his interest in certain property. This made it clear that I was on the right track, and it will save space therefore to state succinctly the state of affairs disclosed by this volume.

This Augustine Steward, sixth son of Symeon Steward of Lakenheath, of an old Ely family of some distinction, married, firstly, in 1577, Lucy, daughter and heiress of Laurence Searle, and relict of John Campion, and secondly, in 1580–1, Anne, daughter of Thomas Argall, relict of Clement Sisley of Barking. With each wife he had a stepson, with the first, Thomas Campion, the poet,

and with the second, Thomas Sisley. The two boys he maintained at Cambridge together, either at their own charges, as wards, which is most probable, or at his own, and his accounts include allowances to his stepsons at Cambridge from Christmas, 1582. It is to be regretted, however, that these accounts give no hint as to the college at which they were entered.

From Chester's London Marriage Licences, I find that 'John Campion, of St. Clement Danes, Gentleman, and Lucy Trigg, widow, of St. Andrewes, Holborn,' obtained a licence for marriage at the latter church on June 21, 1564. It is clear, however, from the aforesaid MS. that these are the poet's parents, for in accounting for John Campion's estate which came into Steward's hands after he had married the former's widow and administratrix, Steward notes that certain napery and silver mentioned in the inventory of Campion's estate really belonged to that of 'Roger Trig, whose administratrix Mrs. Campion was, and not administered, and therefore they should not have come into the inventory of Mr. Campion's goods'. It follows, therefore, that Lucy Searle, the poet's mother, married first Roger Trigg, secondly John Campion about June 21, 1564, and thirdly Augustine Steward in 1577. A grant of administration of John Campion's estate issued to Lucy on December 10, 1576,

out of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury; and she was the wife of Steward in February, 1577. The date of the poet's birth is fixed by a footnote in the MS., 'Tho. Campion was borne upon Ash Weddensday being the twelft day of February, An. Rg .Eliz. nono, and cristened in St. Andrewes Churche in Houlborne'. So much, then, is clear: Thomas Campion was born on February 12, [1] 1567: his father died in 1576, his mother before 1581, and he was brought up as an orphan by his stepfather and sent to Cambridge in 1582 at the age of fifteen. In 1586 he was admitted to Gray's Inn, and some time after 1595 he appears to have taken to the study of medicine and obtained a degree, possibly at a foreign university.

His father's descent can be traced back one generation, at least. One of the deeds in Steward's account book is a conveyance executed in 1569 by one Henry Northey to John Campion of the Middle Temple. A search in the Middle Temple admissions discloses the fact that John Campion, son and heir of John Campion, late of Dublin, was admitted on July 26, 1565, 'specially' by Mr. Bell, reader. The fact that the poet was descended from a Dublin family explains to some extent the difficulty met in connecting the poet with any of the known pedigrees or descents.

[1] That is Feb. 12, 1566–7.

It is quite likely that Campion was a Catholic, for the reasons already given. It may also be fairly inferred from his will that he left behind him neither widow nor issue. He had a reputation not only as a poet and composer, but also as a physician: he is referred to in a satirical poem 'Of London Physicians' found in the MS. commonplace book of a Cambridge scholar, probably written about 1611. The allusion runs:—

'How now Doctor Campion, musick's and poesie's stout champion,
Will you nere leave prating?'

We may also instance his own epigram (Bk. I, 167 of the 1619 edition), 'Ad Labienum':—

'Tres novit, Labiene, Phoebus artes;
Ut narrant veteres sophi; peraeque
Quas omnes colui, colamque semper:
Nunc omnes quoque musicum, et poetam
Agnoscunt, medicumque Campianum.'

He attended Sir Thomas Monson in his professional capacity during the latter's confinement in the Tower, and many of the epigrams exhibit a most professional aversion to quacks. We learn incidentally from Epigram 23 of the Second Book that he was of a spare habit of body, and envied his stouter brethren:—

Crassis invideo tenuis nimis ipse, videtur
Satque mihi felix qui sat obesus erit.'

There appears, however, to be no other information concerning his history or personality.

It is interesting to note that to the full chorus of his praise there was one dissentient voice. Edward Phillips, in his *Theatrum Poetarum* published in 1675, only makes notice of him on account of Camden's mention, and expresses his own opinion that Campion was 'a writer of no extraordinary fame'.

From the Latin epigrams and other works we may form some idea of the literary circle in which Campion moved and his sphere of acquaintances. Of Sir Thomas Monson enough has been said: he was clearly one of the poet's chief patrons and a man of culture. Anthony Wood says of him: 'He was a person of excellent breeding, was a great lover of ingenuity, especially of music (having himself good skill in it), and a patron to the professors thereof'. *A Book of Airs* and the *Third Book of Airs* were dedicated to him, while the Fourth Book was dedicated to his son, John Monson, who appears to have endeavoured, by assiduous attention and devotion to the King, to regain the favour which his

father had forfeited. Campion addressed two epigrams to Sir Thomas Monson. Nos. 222–3, Book I.

*Ad Tho: Munsonium, Equitem auratum et Baronetum.*

Quicquid in adversis potuit constantia rebus,
Munsoni, meritis accumulare tuis
Addidit et merito victrix Dea, jamque sat ipse
Fama et fortunis integer amplus eris.

*Ad Eundem.*

Ne te spes revocet nec splendor vitreus aulae,
In te, Munsoni, spes tua major erit.

The *Divine and Moral Songs* and *Light Conceits of Lovers* are respectively dedicated to the Earl of Cumberland (see p. 255) and his son, Lord Clifford. The former appears from the dedication to have been a patron of the poet, and it was for him that the 'Airs sung at Brougham Castle' were written, possibly by Campion (see Appendix).

Among his most intimate friends, as we gather from the Epigrams, were the three Mychelburne brothers (the name is spelled in various ways), Edward, Laurence and Thomas, of a good family that adhered to the Roman Catholic faith. It is possible that Campion may have been distantly related to them, for I find that Cordelia Campion, who was buried in 1640, daughter of William Campion of Combwell by his

wife Rachel, was married to Sir Richard Mychelburne. However this may be there is no doubt that the friends were closely attached. To Edward were addressed Nos. 180 and 192 of the First Book of Epigrams and 121 of the Second :—

Bk. I, 180.

*Ad Ed. Mychelburnum.*

Immemor O nostri quid agit? nec enim tibi magnus
Natalis frustra rediit, monitorque vetustae
Semper amicitiae novus, et jam debitor annus;
Accipe nostra prior, tenui sed carmina cultu,
Qualia sunt domini longo de funere rapta;
Posterior tua si compti quid musa resolvet,
Festinans lepido quod portet epistola versu,
Unicus antidotos facile exuperaveris omnes.
Haec pauca interea, leve tanquam munus, habeto,
Quae novus ex usu merito tibi destinat annus,
Jusque sodalitii officio quocunque tuetur.
Quanta sit horrifici Jovis inclementia cernis;
Ut valeas lignis opus est; et si sapis, ipsi
Cum falce, et tento nolles parsisse Priapo.

Bk. I, 192.

*Ad Ed: Mychelburnum.*

Nostrarum quoties prendit me nausea rerum,
Accipio librum mox, Edoarde, tuum,
Suavem qui spirat plenus velut hortus odorem,
Et verni radios aetheris intus habet.
Illo defessam recreo mentemque animumque,
Ad joca corridens deliciasque tuas;

Haud contemnendo vel seria tecta lepore,
Cuncta argumentis splendidiora suis.
Haec quorsum premis? ut pereant quis talia condit?
Edere si non vis omnibus, ede tibi.

Bk. II, 121.

*Ad Ed: Mychelburnum.*

Prudenter facis, ut mihi videtur,
Et sentis, Edoarde, qui optumum te
Longe pessima ab urbe sevocasti,
Vix anno ter eam, aut quater revisens;
Tum Pauli simul ac vides cacumen,
Ad notos refugis cate recessus,
Urbis pestifera otia, et tenaces
Vitans illecebras, lubidinesque.
At nos interea hinc ineptiarum
Portenta undique mille defatigant;
Conventus, joca, vina, bella, paces,
Ludi, damna, theatra, amica, sumptus;
Inclusos itidem domi fabrorum
Aurigumque tonitrua, ejulatus,
Vagitusque graves agunt Averni
Usque in taedia, rursus ambulantes
Occursu vario in via molestant
Curti causidici, resarcinatis
Qui gestant manibus sacros libellos;
Horum te nihil impedit diserto
Quo minus celebres lepore musas
Sub jucunda silentia: O meorum
Cunctorum nimis, O nimis beate!

Of Edward Wood says that he was 'a most noted Latin poet of his time', but he

published nothing except two sets of eulogistic verses prefixed to Peter Bales' *Art of Brachygraphy*, though his friends (as we see from the second of the above epigrams) urged him to print what they had already perused in MS. Fitzgeffrey, another member of the circle (*vide infra*) in his *Affaniae*, Book II (1601), makes a similar appeal :—

'Ergone, dure parens, pluteo sepelire profundo
Ingenii poteris pignora dia tui ? '

Laurence Mychelburne is addressed in Ep. 34, Bk. II :—

*Ad. Laur : Mychelburnum.*

Quis votis tibi, Somne, supplicabit
Tam surdo atque hebeti deo, clientem
Qui sex continuas jacere noctes
Molli me vigilem toro sinebas,
Disperdique vaga cor inquietum
Fessa et lumina cogitatione ?
Sed postquam salibus cubilibusque,
Laurenti, excipior tuis, solutos
Cepit grata simul quies ocellos.
Quod sane ob meritum puella si quae,
Laurenti, vigiles queretur horas
Dum pulchra speculo intuetur ora,
Mittam ad te, lepidum deum soporis.

Ep. 69, Bk. II refers to Thomas :—

*Ad Tho : Mychelburnum.*

Tu quod politis ludere versibus
Fratrum elegantum tertius incipis,

Thoma, nec omnes occiduas sinis
Horas relabi prorsus inutiles;
Dîs sic beatis me similem facis,
Ut laeter una jam numero impari.
Ergo peraeque dividuum tribus
Me dono vobis, quilibet integrum
Ut Campianum possideat sibi,
Primus, secundus, tertius invicem:
De parte ne sis sollicitus tua.

The three brothers are also referred to in Ep. 3 of Bk. II (p. xlvi):—

'Mychelburnum adeas utrumque nostrum,
Quos aetas, studiumque par amorque,
Mî connexuit optume merentes,' etc.

Chas. Fitzgeffrey was the author of *Sir Francis Drake, His Honourable Life's Commendation*, a poem (1596) and a volume of Latin epigrams entitled *Affaniae*, published in 1601, two of which were addressed to Campion. One of these speaks in terms of praise of the latter's Latin verses. It begins:—

'O cujus genio Romana elegia debet
Quantum Nasoni debuit ante suo,' etc.

To him Campion addressed Ep. 178 of Bk. I and Ep. 70 of Bk. II:—

Bk. I, 178.

*Ad Carolem Fitzgeofridum.*

Jamdudum celebris scriptorum fama tuorum,

In me autem ingenue non reticendus amor.
Frustra obnitentem si non fortuna vetasset,
In veteres dederat, Carole, delicias:
Haec tibi qualiacunque tamen nova lusimus, ut nos
Usque amplecteris non alieno animo.

Bk. II, 70.

*Ad Carolum Fitzgeofridum.*

Carole, si quid habes longo quod tempore coctum
Dulce fit, ut radiis fructus Apollineis,
Ede, nec egregios conatus desere, quales
Nescibit vulgus, scit bona fama tamen.
Ecce virescentes tibi ramos porrigit ultro
Laurus; et in Lauro est vivere suave decus.

He was an intimate member of the Mychelburne circle, and addressed several of the epigrams in *Affaniae* to the brothers.

Another close friend of Campion's and a member of the same circle was William Percy, of Gloucester Hall, now Worcester College, Oxford, the son of Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and author of the sonnet-cycle, *Caelia* (1595). To him Campion addressed Ep. 40 of Bk. II:—

*Ad nobiliss: virium Gul: Percium.*

Gulelme gente Perciorum ab inclita,
Senilis ecce projicit nives hiems,
Tegitque summa montium cacumina:
Et aestuosus urget hinc Notus, gelu

Coactus inde Thracius, rapit diem
Palustris umbra, noxque nubibus madet.
Tibi perennis ergo splendeat focus,
Trucemque plectra pulsa mulceant Jovem :
Refusus intumescat Evius sciphis,
Novumque ver amoenus inferat jocus ;
Novas minister ingerat faces, ruit
Glocestriensium in te amica vis, simul
Furorem ut hauriant levem, facetiis
Simulque molle lusitent per otium.

William Camden, the historian, who had shown a lively appreciation of Campion's worth, he addresses in the following epigram (Bk. I, 69) :—

*Ad Guil : Camdenum.*

Legi operosum jamdudum, Camdene, volumen,
Quo gens descripta, et terra Britanna tibi est,
Ingenii felicis opus, solidique laboris ;
Verborum, et rerum, splendor utrinque nitet.
Lectorem utque pium decet, hoc tibi reddo merenti
Per te quod patriam tam bene nosco meam.

Two epigrams, Nos. 189 and 190 of Bk. I, are addressed to Lord Bacon, who, be it remembered, was a member of Gray's Inn, and was called to the Bar in 1582, four years before Campion's admittance. Bacon was, however, only twenty-one at that date, having been admitted at the early age of fifteen, and it is possible that they had become acquainted in the course of Campion's connexion with the Inn.

*Ad ampliss. totius Angliae Cancellarium, Fr. Ba.*

Debet multa tibi veneranda (Bacone) poësis
Illo de docto perlepidoque libro,
Qui manet inscriptus *Veterum Sapientia* : famae
Et per cuncta tuae saecla manebit opus ;
Multaque te celebrent quanquam tua scripta, fatebor
Ingenue, hoc laute tu mihi, docte, sapis.

*Ad eundem.*

Patre, nec immerito, quamvis amplissimus esset,
Amplior, ut virtus, sic tibi crescit honor.
Quantus ades, seu te spinosa volumina juris,
Seu schola, seu dulcis Musa (Bacone) vocat !
Quam super ingenti tua re Prudentia regnat,
Et tota aethereo nectare lingua madens !
Quam bene cum tacita nectis gravitate lepores !
Quam semel admissis stat tuus almus amor !
Haud stupet aggesti mens in fulgore metalli ;
Nunquam visa tibi est res peregrina, dare.
O factum egregie, tua (Rex clarissime) tali
Gratia cum splendet suspicienda viro !

To Sir John Davies, the author of *Orchestra* and *Nosce Teipsum* the following epigram which occurs only in the 1595 edition, is addressed :—

*Ad Io. Davisium.*

Quod nostros, Davisi, laudas recitasque libellos
Vultu quo nemo candidiore solet.
Ad me mitte tuos, jampridem postulo, res est
In qua persolvi gratia vera potest.

Campion was also intimate with some of the masters of his beloved art of music. He wrote the commendatory poem (see p. 230) prefixed to the *Airs* of Alfonso Ferrabosco the Younger (1609), and, as we have already seen, he made Philip Rosseter, his collaborator in *A Book of Airs*, his universal legatee. He wrote the following epigram for *The First Book of Songs or Airs* (1597) of the famous John Dowland :—

*Thomae Campiani Epigramma.*
*De instituto Authoris.*

Famam, posteritas quam dedit Orpheo,
Dolandi, melius Musica dat tibi,
Fugaces reprimens Archetypis sonos ;
Quas et delicias praebuit auribus,
Ipsis conspicuas luminibus facit.

and the 1595 edition of Latin poems included the following :—

*Ad Io. Dolundum*

O qui sonora coelites altos cheli
Mulces et umbras incolas atrae Stygis
Quam suave murmur ! quale fluctu prominens
Lygia madentes rore cum siccat comas,
Quam suave murmur flaccidas aures ferit
Dum levis oculos leviter invadit sopor !
Ut falce rosa dissecta purpureum caput
Dimittit, undique foliis spargens humum,
Labuntur, hei, sic debiles somno tori,
Terramque feriunt membra ponderibus suis
Dolande, misero surripis mentem mihi,

Excorsque cordae (?) pectus impulsae premunt
Quis tibi deorum tam potenti numine
Digitos trementes dirigit ? is inter deos
Magnos oportet principem obtineat locum
Tu solus affers rebus antiquis fidem
Nec miror Orpheus considens Rhodope super
Siquando rupes flexit et agrestes feras.
At, o beate, siste divinas manus
Jam, jam, parumper siste divinas manus !
Liquescit anima, quam cave exugas mihi.'

but this poem does not occur in the later edition of 1619, and it is possible that before that date the two had become estranged. He also prefixed verses to Thomas Ravenscroft's *A Brief Discourse*, etc, (p. 230).

Of Campion's enmities and antipathies there is abundant evidence in the epigrams. Barnabe Barnes, who was a member of the Oxford circle which included Percy and the Mychelburnes, received an especial share of opprobrium. He is abused in the epigrams included in the *Observations* (pp. 222, 225), and the 1595 edition of Latin poems included the following in ridicule of Barnes' pusillanimous behaviour in the French wars :—

*In Barnum.*

Mortales decem tela inter Gallica caesos,
Marte tuo perhibes, in numero vitium est :
Mortales nullos si dicere, Barne, volebas,
Servasset numerum versus, itemque fidem.

This epigram was a source of great delight to Thomas Nashe, who has much to say about the subject of Barnes' cowardice in *Have with you to Saffron Walden.* He says that Barnes, 'having followed the camp for a week or two, . . . to the General he went and told him he did not like this quarrelling kind of life, . . . wherefore he desired licence to depart, for he stood every hour in fear and dread of his person, and it was always his prayer "from sudden death, good Lord, deliver us"'. Nashe continues, 'One of the best articles against Barnes I have overslipt, which is that he is in print in that universally applauded Latin poem of Master Campion's; where in an epigram entitled 'In Barnum', beginning thus:—

Mortales decem tela inter Gallica caesos,

he shows how he bragged, when he was in France, he slew ten men, when (fearful cowbaby) he never heard piece shot off but he fell flat on his face. To this effect it is, though the words somewhat vary'.

Campion seems, however, to have been reconciled to Barnes some time in or before 1606, for in that year was published the latter's *Four Books of Offices,* to which were prefixed commendatory verses by Campion (see p. 229) (which are not, however, included in every copy), but as the

above quoted epigram was reprinted with another still more opprobrious in the 1619 edition, it would seem that the reconciliation was only a temporary suspension of hostilities. The additional epigram (Bk. I. 17), which is given below, ridicules Barnes' Sonnet LXIII with its absurd and unpleasant fancy, which Nashe in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, and Marston in his *Scourge of Villainy* had already belaboured.

*In Barnum.*

'In vinum solvi cupis Aufilena quod haurit,
Basia sic felix, dum bibit illa, dabis;
Forsitan attinges quoque cor; sed (Barne) matella
Exceptus tandem, qualis amator eris?'

What the quarrel was, it is hard to say, but it appears that Campion was in some way involved in the Nashe *versus* Gabriel Harvey and Barnes squabble. With Nashe, indeed, Campion appears to have been on excellent terms, and the 1595 edition of Latin poems includes the following epigram addressed to him :—

*Ad Nashum.*

Commendo tibi, Nashe, Puritanum
Fordusum et Taciti canem vitellum,
Teque oro tua per cruenta verba,
Et per vulnificos sales, tuosque

Natos non sine dentibus lepores,
Istudque ingenii tui per acre
Fulmen, ridiculis et inficetis,
Irati ut tonitru Jovis, timendum;
Per te denique Pierum serenum,
Parnassumque, Heliconaque, Hippocrenenque,
Et quicunque vacat locus Camaenis,
Nunc oro, rogoque, improbos ut istos
Mactes continuis decem libellis;
Nam sunt putiduli atque inelegantes,
Mireque exagitant sacros poetas,
Nasonemque tuum et tuum Maronem,
Quos ut te decet aestimas, tegisque
Ne possint per ineptias perire.
Quare si sapis, undique hos latrones
Incursabis et erues latentes;
Conceptoque semel furore nunquam
Desistes; at ess palam notatos
Saxis contuderit profana turba.

It is worth while remembering in connexion with this epigram that Nashe had been specially active in the Marprelate controversy and some time before, particularly in 1589, and had issued a rapid succession of pamphlets against the Martinists. He died in 1601, and in the 1619 edition Campion reprinted the epigram with an alteration of the title to 'Ad Nassum' and of the first two lines to:—

'Commendo tibi, Nasse, paedagogum
Sextillum et Taciti canem Potitum,' etc.

Who is referred to under the style of 'Fordusus', it is hard to say: there were several

famous Puritans of the name of Ford or Forde. Mr. Bullen suggests, however, that the reference in the second edition is to Gabriel Harvey and his experiments in classical metres.

Edmund Spenser is addressed in the following distich, contained in the 1595 edition which, on account of that poet's death in 1598, does not appear in the 1619 edition.

*Ad Ed. Spencerum.*

'Sive canis silvas, Spencere, vel horrida belli
Fulmina, dispeream ni te amem, et intime amem.'

Nicholas Breton meets with scornful mention (Bk. II, 93) :—

*In Bretonem.*

'Carmine defunctum, Breto, caute inducis Amorem;
Nam numeris nunquam viveret ille tuis.'

The 1595 edition of Latin poems contained the following, addressed 'Ad Ge. Chapmannum', which in the 1619 edition bears the title 'Ad Corvinum'. Why the alteration should have been made is not at all clear.

Sextum perfidiae haud satis prudenter,
Corvine, insimulas, redarguisque
Nequaquam meminisse quod spospondit
Aequali, vel enim potentiori;

Quin eludere, si sit usus, ipsum
Audere intrepide suos parentes.
Laesam dic age vi 'n fidem experiri ?
Hunc ad coenam hodie vocato, vel cras,
Vel tu postridie, perendieve,
Sin mavis vel ad ultimas calendas ;
Ni praesto fuerit, per et tabernas
Omnes undique quaeritans volarit,
Quas te nec meminisse jam, nec unquam
Usurpasse oculis in hunc diem usque
Audacter mihi deierare fas sit :
Postremo nisi praebeat vocanti
Convivam memorem se, et impigellum,
Coenam coxeris hanc meo periclo.
Nullumne hoc specimen fidelitatis ?

In Bk. I of the second edition there are several other epigrams addressed 'In Corvinum' which may also be intended for Chapman. The following in my opinion almost certainly refers to him (Bk. I, 103), and is, I suppose, an allusion to his translation of Homer :—

Effodiat sibi, Calve, oculos Corvinus, Homero
Ut sperat, similis non tamen esse potest.

The reason for Campion's hostility to Chapman may have some connexion with the fact that the latter appears to have given himself considerable airs on the strength of his established reputation. Oldys says that he was 'much resorted to by young persons of parts as a poetical chronicle, but was

very choice who he admitted to him, and preserved in his own person the dignity of poetry which he compared to a flower of the sun that disdains to open its leaves to the eye of a smoking taper'. If Chapman ever applied this simile to Campion, these epigrams would require no further explanation.

It may be interesting to notice here Mr. Bullen's suggestion that Ben. Jonson's dictum, 'next himself, only Fletcher and Chapman could make a Masque' was incorrectly reported by Drummond of Hawthornden, and that the real allusion was not to Chapman, but Campion, or Champion as he was possibly called, the names having been confused by reason of their similarity. The suggestion is based upon the fact that we only possess from the pen of the former two masques and a doubtful fragment, but I do not think that apart from his lyric gift Campion had sufficient knack of dramatic construction to have won such recognition from the master of masque-writers.

The following epigram 'In Mundum' apparently refers to Anthony Munday, who, beside a few things that are good, wrote a vast amount of indifferent stuff.

Mundo libellos nemo vendidit plures,
Novos, stiloque a plebe non abhorrenti;

Quos nunc licet lectoribus minus gratos
Librarii emptitant, ea tamen lege
Ne Mundus affigat suis suum nomen.

An appreciatory epigram is also addressed to Sir Robert Carey, first Earl of Monmouth (Bk. I, 46), and two others lament the deaths respectively of Walter Devereux, brother of the Earl of Essex (who was killed during the siege of Rouen in September, 1591) (Bk. II, 9), and Sir Philip Sidney. The following epigram is addressed 'Ad Gulielmum Strachaeum' (Bk. I, 224).

Paucos jam veteri meo sodali
Versus ludere, musa, ne graveris
Te nec taedeat his adesse nugis,
Semper nam mihi carus ille comptis
Gaudet versiculis facitque multos,
Summus Pieridum unicusque cultor.
Hoc ergo breve, musa, solve carmen
Strachaeo veteri meo sodali.

There was, of course, a William Strachey who had earned repute as a colonist and writer on Virginia. He was wrecked in his vessel, the *Sea Venture*, on the Bermudas in the great storm of 1609, and wrote an account of the event to a lady of rank in London, which was afterwards published in Purchas his Pilgrimes. But I suspect from lines four and five that the William Strachey addressed is the man whose verses were

prefixed to Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*, who may or may not be identical with the William Strachey of Saffron Walden who married in 1588 and was living in 1620.

Besides the eminent persons addressed in these epigrams, certain other names occur which appear to belong to actual personalities and not to mere literary creations. These I am unable to identify, but it is impossible not to conjecture that the dedication 'Ad Eurum' prefixed to so many of Campion's Latin verses bears some reference to one of the Estes (East, Easte, or Est, as the name was variously spelled). Thomas East was a reputable music-printer (he was made a freeman of the Stationers' Company on December 6, 1565), and was associated with Byrd and other famous musicians in several publications. His better known son, Michael Este, 'Batchelor of Musicke' and master of the choristers at Lichfield Cathedral, was a famous composer. Either of these may have come into contact with Campion, but the epigrams do not help us in the identification, since they contain no hints as to the personality of the friend alluded to.

Before leaving the subject of the Latin epigrams, it may be noticed that the first edition of 1595 contained the following epigram alluding to the printer Richard

Field, who was a fellow-townsman of Shakespeare, and printed both 'Venus and Adonis' and 'Lucrece':—

'I nunc quidquid habes ineptiarum
Damnate in tenebras diu libelle,
Dedas Feldisio male apprehensum
Praelo nequis ineptior prophanet
Deinde ut fueris satis polite
Impressus, nec egens novi nitoris,
Mychelburnum adeas utrumque nostrum,
Quos aetas, studiumque par amorque,
Mî connexuit optume merentes:
Illis vindicibus nihil timebis
Celsas per maris aestuantis undas
Rhenum visere, Sequanum, vel altum
Tibrim, sive Tagi aureum fluentum.

This poem was reprinted in the 1619 edition (Bk. II, 3), but as the printer of that edition was E. Griffin, the first five lines were rewritten as follows:—

'I nunc quicquid habes ineptiarum
Damnatum tenebris diu, libelle,
In lucem sine candidam venire
Excusoris ope eruditioris:
Exinde ut fueris,' etc.

As the Latin epigrams are not printed in this edition of Campion's works, I have ventured to give at length any of them which illustrate the author's relations to his own immediate circle and the eminent men of his day. The poems themselves are

generally neat and well turned, sometimes lacking in decisive point, but easy and elegant, and they exhibit marked control over the metres employed. Campion seldom misses a chance of introducing a Latin epigram : he concludes the Hayes' Masque with one, and the introduction of the Sibyl episode in the Lords' Masque gives him his opportunity on two occasions. Another epigram is prefixed to the Somerset Masque. It would be interesting to know from whom Campion got his Latin, for a love of that study seems to have rooted itself in him very deeply.

Campion's masques are delightful, but mainly on account of their lyrics, for of dramatic construction he was not a master. He lacked the deft hand of the great craftsman, Ben Jonson, whose masques hit the happy mean between too great complexity and too great looseness. Campion had had no experience of writing for the stage, and it is not surprising that the framework of his masques should be somewhat awkward or amateurish. Indeed, it was not by all thought necessary that such entertainments should either be judged by the canons of dramatic literature or even be regarded as literature at all : the attitude of the majority was summed up in Jonson's sarcastic line, ' Painting and carpentry are

the soul of masque '. But of the beauty of Campion's efforts as lyrical poetry there can hardly be two opinions. Even apart from such gems as 'Now hath Flora robbed her bowers' and 'So be it ever, joy and peace', which are plentiful, the whole web of verse is of a remarkably high order of beauty.

'A curious metrist' is the description applied to him by the late Mr. W. E. Henley, who singles out what is certainly the most distinctive feature of his style. No one, in fact, can fail to make the discovery for himself in the course of reading half a dozen of the songs. Campion's metres are not only curious, but sometimes perplexing, and occasionally they almost baffle analysis. We meet subtle changes in the midst of a song or even a line, haunting turns which leave us with a sense of altered rhythm, and not much idea as to how it occurred. Nevertheless the general effect of these shifting metres is exceedingly beautiful. One of the best examples is the delicate and imaginative song, 'Hark, all you ladies that do sleep' (p. 19). I do not think that the most skilful reader would make much of this poem if set to read it at the first glance. In the first three lines—

'Hark, all you ladies that do sleep
The fairy-queen Proserpina
Bids you awake and pity them that weep',

we have straightforward iambi. It is just possible to struggle on with the iambic rhythm as far as the fourth line :—

'You may do in the dark',

but in the fifth it is totally impossible.

'What the day doth forbid'

is clearly either dactylic or anapaestic. Line six again can just be scanned as iambic—

'Fear not the dogs that bark',

but the seventh line can surely be only an Adonic (— ◡ ◡ — —), the last line of the Latin Sapphic. The scansion which, however, recommends itself to me, and which appears to be confirmed by a reference to the music composed for it, requires that the iambic metre should be deserted after the first three lines ; that the fourth and fifth should be scanned in anapaests, the sixth in dactyls, and the seventh as an Adonic. The effect, if somewhat irregular, is extremely musical, and I do not think that any other scheme will uniformly apply.

Another good instance is, 'Give beauty all her right' from the 'Light Conceits of Lovers' (p. 60). One starts by reading the first verse in iambic metre, but on approaching the second, 'Some the quick eye commends', the temptation to change

into dactylic rhythm is almost irresistible. On reaching the last couplet of each stanza one must revert to iambic rhythm, but with this exception the rest of the song may be dactylic. Who is to decide which metre was intended, and by what criterion?

The fact is, of course, that the songs as we have them are stripped of their true environment, and were never probably intended to be treated as we treat them. They were written primarily and solely for musical composition, and what for the purpose of metrical criticism is more important, for the music of their author. Campion himself bears evidence to this fact when he says, 'In these English airs I have chiefly aimed to couple my words and notes lovingly together, which will be much for him to do that hath not power over both' (Two Books of Airs: 'To the Reader'). His success in this particular aim is specifically referred to in John Davies' verses:—

'Never did lyrics' more than happy strains
Strained out of Art by Nature so with ease
So purely hit the moods and various veins
Of Music and her hearers as do these.'

This fact explains, of course, the peculiarity of Campion's fluid metres and his irregularity of rhythm: the songs were made to be sung, not to be read. The songs

above quoted hardly had an existence apart from the music written for them, and in many cases it is fairly clear that either the words and music were composed almost simultaneously, having, as it were, an inter-dependent origin in the brain which begot them, or, as I believe in some cases, the words were written to the music, thus reversing the usual procedure. This latter may have been done in the case of 'Follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow' (p. 10), and 'Seek the Lord, and in His ways persever' (p. 55), where the same air does duty for both songs, one of which was very possibly written subsequent to the composition of the air. However this may be, nothing is more clear than the close dependence of Campion's metres upon the airs for which they were written. The habit of writing words to an air which was perhaps composing simultaneously gave rise to that fluidity of metre which is so charming and in itself so musical.

I almost think we can distinguish such poems as were written prior to their setting. The fine song, 'When thou must home to shades of underground', has nothing metrically peculiar about it; it exhibits none of the subtle and shifting cadences which suggest an origin connected with its music. If we turn to the air, moreover, we find that

Campion's setting does violence to the verbal accent of the poem in many ways: the musical accent falls, for example, upon the last syllable of 'music' and 'Helen', and the first of 'admired'. We have therefore obvious confirmation of the theory that the music was subsequently written. The distinction cannot be carried very far, but it serves to emphasize the cause of Campion's characteristic irregularity. There are many examples of this metrical peculiarity. Who can fail to be struck by the cadence of 'Follow your saint, follow with accents sweet' (p. 14), so exactly paralleled by that of 'Love me or not, love her I must or die' (p. 110)? We hardly need to be told that the same musical theme is employed in both songs, clear evidence of interdependence of the air and words. Take again the song, 'When Laura smiles' (p. 29): the first verse is straightforward, peculiar only for the fact that each line beats steadily through with no marked rest or caesura, as indeed is the case in the first couplet of the other stanzas and much of Campion's work. But in the remainder the caesura is constantly shifting, producing a different rhythm and balance from line to line. What an extraordinary cadence is that of line fifteen, 'For she with her divine beauties all the world subdues'! The inference from the

music is, however, that this was written afterwards, and we are led to conjecture either that these words were previously written for some other air, or that the tendency to shifting metres had become a part of Campion's style even when he was not writing for a specific air. It is unnecessary to multiply instances, but it is curious to notice that Campion has a loose way of rhyming terminations where the accent is on the penultimate syllable of one of the pair. Thus he rhymes 'sing' to 'darling' (p. 35), 'till' to 'vigil' (p. 20), 'sing' and 'ring' to 'sliding' and 'sounding' (p. 228): I suspect that this is, too, in some way due to the effect of the musical accent.

Campion has been the unfortunate subject of an injudicious and uncritical vogue, but he is a poet nevertheless of extraordinary charm and lyrical beauty. Fairy-like imagination, combined with a wealth of tuneful language and that perfect gift of the Elizabethans in its perfection, a sense of nothing redundant, the most complete union of thought and expression—all these we find in him at his best. Mr. Bullen rightly calls attention to his devotional pieces as exhibiting a rare combination of spiritual fervour and lyrical beauty. The steady soaring beat of 'Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore',

culminating in the third hypermetric line, and sinking back into the self-abandonment of the last—what earnestness of appeal, how prayerlike and solemn! And in contrast to this how dainty and delightful the lines beginning, 'Turn back, you wanton flyer' with their tripping measure! In every one of the songs we take up there is some new charm, either of fancy, metre or diction, for his poetry is almost infinitely various, and always fresh and vivid. Even when matched for beauty of expression or surpassed for wealth of imagination, he is still a master of subtle cadences, a lord of haunting rhythms and delicate measures, whom in his kingdom few have approached, and certainly none have excelled.

*A Book of Airs, Set forth to be sung to the Lute, Orpharion, and Bass Violl, by Philip Rosseter : Lutenist : And are to be sold at his house in Fleet Street neer to the Gray-hound. At London. Printed by Peter Short, by the assent of Thomas Morley,* 1601.

## TO THE RIGHT VIRTUOUS AND WORTHY KNIGHT, SIR THOMAS MOUNSON.

SIR,

The general voice of your worthiness, and the many particular favours which I have heard Master CAMPION, with dutiful respect, often acknowledge himself to have received from you, have emboldened me to present this *Book of Airs* to your favourable judgment and gracious protection; especially because the first rank of Songs are of his own composition, made at his vacant hours, and privately imparted to his friends: whereby they grew both public, and, as coin cracked in exchange, corrupted; and some of them, both words and notes, unrespectively challenged by others. In regard of which wrongs, though his self neglects these light fruits as superfluous blossoms of his deeper studies, yet hath it pleased him, upon my entreaty, to grant me the impression of part of them: to which I have added an equal number of mine own. And this two-faced JANUS, thus in one body united, I humbly entreat you to entertain and defend: chiefly in respect of the affection which I suppose you bear

him who, I am assured, doth, above all others, love and honour you.

And for my part I shall think myself happy if in any service I may deserve this favour.

Your Worship's humbly devoted,

PHILIP ROSSETER.

# TO THE READER.

*WHAT epigrams are in poetry, the same are airs in music: then in their chief perfection when they are short and well seasoned. But to clog a light song with a long* præludium, *is to corrupt the nature of it. Many rests in music were invented, either for necessity of the fugue, or granted as an harmonical licence in songs of many parts: but in airs I find no use they have, unless it be to make a vulgar and trivial modulation seem to the ignorant, strange; and to the judicial, tedious. A naked air without guide, or prop, or colour but his own, is easily censured of every ear; and requires so much the more invention to make it please. And as* MARTIAL *speaks in defence of his short epigrams; so may I say in the apology of airs: that where there is a volume, there can be no imputation of shortness. The lyric poets among the Greeks and Latins were first inventors of airs, tying themselves strictly to the number and value of their syllables: of which sort, you shall find here, only one song in Sapphic verse; the rest are after the fashion of the time, ear-pleasing rhymes, without art. The subject of them is, for the most part, amorous: and why not amorous songs, as well as amorous attires? Or why not new airs, as well as new fashions?*

*For the note and tablature, if they satisfy the most, we have our desire; let expert masters please themselves with better. And if any light error hath escaped us, the skilful may easily correct it, the unskilful will hardly perceive it. But there are some who, to appear the more deep and singular in their judgment, will admit no music but that which is long, intricate, bated with fugue, chained with syncopation, and where the nature of every word is precisely expressed in the note: like the old exploded action in comedies, when if they did pronounce* Memini, *they would point to the hinder part of their heads; if* Video, *put their finger in their eye. But such childish observing of words is altogether ridiculous: and we ought to maintain, as well in notes as in action, a manly carriage; gracing no word, but that which is eminent and emphatical. Nevertheless, as in poesy we give the pre-eminence to the Heroical Poem; so in music, we yield the chief place to the grave and well invented Motet: but not to every harsh and dull confused Fantasy, where, in multitude of points, the harmony is quite drowned.*

*Airs have both their art and pleasure: and I will conclude of them, as the poet did in his censure of* CATULLUS *the Lyric, and* VIRGIL *the Heroic writer:*

Tantum magna suo debet Verona CATULLO,
Quantum parva suo Mantua VIRGILIO.

## A TABLE OF HALF THE SONGS CONTAINED IN THIS BOOK, BY T. C.

1. My sweetest Lesbia.
2. Though you are young.
3. I care not for these ladies.
4. Follow thy fair sun.
5. My love hath vowed.
6. When to her lute.
7. Turn back, you wanton flyer.
8. It fell on a summer's day.
9. The cypress curtain.
10. Follow your saint.
11. Fair, if you expect admiring.
12. Thou art not fair.
13. See where she flies.
14. Blame not my cheeks.
15. When the god of merry love.
16. Mistress, since you so much desire.
17. Your fair looks inflame.
18. The man of life upright.
19. Hark, all you ladies.
20. When thou must home.
21. Come let us sound with melody.

# A BOOK OF AIRS

My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love ;
And though the sager sort our deeds reprove,
Let us not weigh them : heaven's great lamps do dive
Into their west, and straight again revive :
But soon as once set is our little light,
Then must we sleep one ever-during night.

If all would lead their lives in love like me,
Then bloody swords and armour should not be ;
No drum nor trumpet peaceful sleeps should move,
Unless alarm came from the camp of love :
But fools do live, and waste their little light,
And seek with pain their ever-during night.

When timely death my life and fortune ends,
Let not my hearse be vexed with mourning friends;
But let all lovers, rich in triumph, come
And with sweet pastimes grace my happy tomb :
And, Lesbia, close up thou my little light,
And crown with love my ever-during night.

Though you are young, and I am old,
Though your veins hot, and my blood cold,
Though youth is moist, and age is dry ;
Yet embers live, when flames do die.

The tender graft is easily broke,
But who shall shake the sturdy oak ?

You are more fresh and fair than I;
Yet stubs do live when flowers do die.

Thou, that thy youth doth vainly boast,
Know buds are soonest nipped with frost:
Think that thy fortune still doth cry,
'Thou fool! to-morrow thou must die!'

I CARE not for these ladies,
That must be wooed and prayed:
Give me kind Amarillis,
The wanton country maid.
Nature art disdaineth,
Her beauty is her own.
Her when we court and kiss,
She cries, 'Forsooth, let go!'
But when we come where comfort is,
She never will say 'No!'

If I love Amarillis,
She gives me fruit and flowers:
But if we love these ladies,
We must give golden showers.
Give them gold, that sell love,
Give me the nut-brown lass,
Who, when we court and kiss,
She cries, 'Forsooth, let go!'
But when we come where comfort is,
She never will say 'No!'

These ladies must have pillows,
And beds by strangers wrought;
Give me a bower of willows,
Of moss and leaves unbought,

And fresh Amarillis,
With milk and honey fed;
Who, when we court and kiss,
She cries 'Forsooth, let go!'
But when we come where comfort is,
She never will say 'No!'

FOLLOW thy fair sun, unhappy shadow!
Though thou be black as night,
And she made all of light,
Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow!

Follow her whose light thy light depriveth;
Though here thou livest disgraced,
And she in heaven is placed,
Yet follow her whose light the world reviveth!

Follow those pure beams whose beauty burneth,
That so have scorched thee,
As thou still black must be,
Till her kind beams thy black to brightness turneth.

Follow her! while yet her glory shineth:
There comes a luckless night,
That will dim all her light;
And this the black unhappy shade divineth.

Follow still! since so thy fates ordained;
The sun must have his shade,
Till both at once do fade;
The sun still proved, the shadow still disdained.

MY love hath vowed he will forsake me,
And I am already sped;

Far other promise he did make me
When he had my maidenhead.
If such danger be in playing
And sport must to earnest turn,
I will go no more a-maying.

Had I foreseen what is ensued,
And what now with pain I prove,
Unhappy then I had eschewed
This unkind event of love:
Maids foreknow their own undoing,
But fear naught till all is done,
When a man alone is wooing.

Dissembling wretch, to gain thy pleasure,
What didst thou not vow and swear?
So didst thou rob me of the treasure
Which so long I held so dear.
Now thou provest to me a stranger:
Such is the vile guise of men
When a woman is in danger.

That heart is nearest to misfortune
That will trust a feigned tongue;
When flatt'ring men our loves importune
They intend us deepest wrong.
If this shame of love's betraying
But this once I cleanly shun,
I will go no more a-maying.

WHEN to her lute Corinna sings,
Her voice revives the leaden strings,
And doth in highest notes appear,
As any challenged echo clear;
But when she doth of mourning speak,
E'en with her sighs the strings do break.

And as her lute doth live or die,
Led by her passion, so must I!
For when of pleasure she doth sing,
My thoughts enjoy a sudden spring;
But if she doth of sorrow speak,
Ev'n from my heart the strings do break.

Turn back, you wanton flyer,
And answer my desire
With mutual greeting.
Yet bend a little nearer,—
True beauty still shines clearer
In closer meeting.
Hearts with hearts delighted
Should strive to be united
Each other's arms with arms enchaining;
Hearts with a thought,
Rosy lips with a kiss still entertaining.

What harvest half so sweet is
As still to reap the kisses
Grown ripe in sowing?
And straight to be receiver
Of that which thou art giver,
Rich in bestowing?
There's no strict observing
Of time's or season's swerving,
There is ever one fresh spring abiding;
Then what we sow,
With our lips let us reap, love's gains dividing.

It fell on a summer's day,
While sweet Bessie sleeping lay,

In her bower, on her bed,
Light with curtains shadowed,
Jamy came: she him spies,
Opening half her heavy eyes.

Jamy stole in through the door,
She lay slumb'ring as before;
Softly to her he drew near,
She heard him, yet would not hear:
Bessie vowed not to speak,
He resolved that dump to break.

First a soft kiss he doth take,
She lay still and would not wake;
Then his hands learned to woo,
She dreamt not what he would do,
But still slept, while he smiled
To see love by sleep beguiled.

Jamy then began to play,
Bessie as one buried lay,
Gladly still through this sleight
Deceived in her own deceit;
And since this trance begun,
She sleeps every afternoon.

THE cypress curtain of the night is spread,
And over all a silent dew is cast.
The weaker cares, by sleep are conquered:
But I alone, with hideous grief aghast,
In spite of Morpheus' charms, a watch do keep
Over mine eyes, to banish careless sleep.

Yet oft my trembling eyes through faintness close,
And then the map of Hell before me stands;

Which ghosts do see, and I am one of those
Ordained to pine in sorrow's endless bands,
Since from my wretched soul all hopes are reft
And now no cause of life to me is left.

Grief, seize my soul! for that will still endure
When my crazed body is consumed and gone;
Bear it to thy black den! there keep it sure
Where thou ten thousand souls dost tire upon!
Yet all do not afford such food to thee
As this poor one, the worser part of me.

FOLLOW your saint, follow with accents sweet!
Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet!
There, wrapped in cloud of sorrow, pity move,
And tell the ravisher of my soul I perish for her love:
But if she scorns my never-ceasing pain,
Then burst with sighing in her sight and ne'er return again!

All that I sung still to her praise did tend';
Still she was first; still she my songs did end:
Yet she my love and music both doth fly,
The music that her echo is and beauty's sympathy.
Then let my notes pursue her scornful flight!
It shall suffice that they were breathed and died for her delight.

FAIR, if you expect admiring;
Sweet, if you provoke desiring;
Grace dear love with kind requiting!
Fond, but if thy light be blindness;

False, if thou affect unkindness;
Fly both love and love's delighting!
Then when hope is lost and love is scorned,
I'll bury my desires, and quench the fires that
ever yet in vain have burned.

Fates, if you rule lovers' fortune;
Stars, if men your powers importune;
Yield relief by your relenting!
Time, if sorrow be not endless,
Hope made vain, and pity friendless,
Help to ease my long lamenting!
But if griefs remain still unredressed,
I'll fly to her again, and sue for pity to renew my
hopes distressed.

THOU art not fair, for all thy red and white,
For all those rosy ornaments in thee;
Thou art not sweet, though made of mere delight,
Nor fair nor sweet, unless thou pity me.
I will not soothe thy fancies: thou shalt prove
That beauty is no beauty without love.

Yet love not me, nor seek thou to allure
My thoughts with beauty, were it more divine:
Thy smiles and kisses I cannot endure,
I'll not be wrapt up in those arms of thine:
Now show it, if thou be a woman right,—
Embrace, and kiss, and love me, in despite!

SEE where she flies enraged from me!
View her when she intends despite,
The wind is not more swift than she.
Her fury moved such terror makes

As to a fearful guilty sprite
The voice of heaven's huge thunder-cracks :
But when her appeased mind yields to delight,
All her thoughts are made of joys,
Millions of delights inventing ;
Other pleasures are but toys
To her beauty's sweet contenting.

My fortune hangs upon her brow ;
For as she smiles or frowns on me,
So must my blown affections bow ;
And her proud thoughts too well do find
With what unequal tyranny
Her beauties do command my mind.
Though, when her sad planet reigns,
Froward she be,
She alone can pleasure move,
And displeasing sorrow banish.
May I but still hold her love,
Let all other comforts vanish.

BLAME not my cheeks, though pale with love they be ;
The kindly heat unto my heart is flown,
To cherish it that is dismayed by thee,
Who art so cruel and unsteadfast grown :
For Nature, called for by distressed hearts,
Neglects and quite forsakes the outward parts.

But they whose cheeks with careless blood are stained,
Nurse not one spark of love within their hearts ;
And, when they woo, they speak with passion feigned,
For their fat love lies in their outward parts :

But in their breasts, where love his court should hold,
Poor Cupid sits and blows his nails for cold.

WHEN the god of merry love
As yet in his cradle lay,
Thus his withered nurse did say :
' Thou a wanton boy wilt prove
To deceive the powers above ;
For in thy continual smiling
I see thy power of beguiling '.

Therewith she the babe did kiss ;
When a sudden fire outcame
From those burning lips of his,
That did her with love inflame.
But none would regard the same :
So that, to her day of dying,
The old wretch lived ever crying.

MISTRESS, since you so much desire
To know the place of Cupid's fire,
In your fair shrine that flame doth rest,
Yet never harboured in your breast.
It bides not in your lips so sweet,
Nor where the rose and lilies meet ;
But a little higher, but a little higher ;
There, there, O there lies Cupid's fire.

Even in those starry piercing eyes,
There Cupid's sacred fire lies.
Those eyes I strive not to enjoy,
For they have power to destroy ;

Nor woo I for a smile or kiss,
So meanly triumphs not my bliss;
But a little higher, but a little higher,
I climb to crown my chaste desire.

YOUR fair looks inflame my desire:
Quench it again with love!
Stay, O strive not still to retire:
Do not inhuman prove!
If love may persuade,
Love's pleasures, dear, deny not.
Here is a silent grovy shade;
O tarry then, and fly not!

Have I seized my heavenly delight
In this unhaunted grove?
Time shall now her fury requite
With the revenge of love.
Then come, sweetest, come,
My lips with kisses gracing!
Here let us harbour all alone,
Die, die in sweet embracing!

Will you now so timely depart,
And not return again?
Your sight lends such life to my heart
That to depart is pain.
Fear yields no delay,
Secureness helpeth pleasure:
Then, till the time gives safer stay,
O farewell, my life's treasure!

THE man of life upright,
Whose guiltless heart is free

From all dishonest deeds,
Or thought of vanity ;

The man whose silent days,
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude
Nor sorrow discontent ;

That man needs neither towers
Nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly
From thunder's violence :

He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies.

Thus, scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book,
His wisdom heavenly things ;

Good thoughts his only friends,
His wealth a well-spent age,
And earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage.

HARK, all you ladies that do sleep !
The fairy-queen Proserpina
Bids you awake and pity them that weep
You may do in the dark
What the day doth forbid ;
Fear not the dogs that bark,
Night will have all hid.

But if you let your lovers moan,
  The fairy-queen Proserpina
Will send abroad her fairies every one,
  That shall pinch black and blue
    Your white hands and fair arms
  That did not kindly rue
    Your paramours' harms.

In myrtle arbours on the downs
  The fairy-queen Proserpina,
This night by moonshine leading merry rounds,
  Holds a watch with sweet love,
    Down the dale, up the hill;
  No plaints or groans may move
    Their holy vigil.

All you that will hold watch with love,
  The fairy-queen Proserpina
Will make you fairer than Dione's dove;
  Roses red, lilies white,
    And the clear damask hue,
  Shall on your cheeks alight:
    Love will adorn you.

All you that love or loved before,
  The fairy-queen Proserpina
Bids you increase that loving humour more:
  They that have not yet fed
    On delight amorous,
  She vows that they shall lead
    Apes in Avernus.

WHEN thou must home to shades of underground,
And there arrived, a new admired guest,
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,
White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,

To hear the stories of thy finished love
From that smooth tongue whose music hell can
move ;

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
Of masques and revels which sweet youth did
make,
Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,
And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake :
When thou hast told these honours done to thee,
Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me.

COME, let us sound with melody, the praises
Of the Kings' King, th' omnipotent Creator,
Author of number, that hath all the world in
Harmony framed.

Heav'n is His throne perpetually shining,
His divine power and glory, thence He thunders,
One in All, and All still in One abiding,
Both Father and Son.

O sacred Sprite, invisible, eternal,
Ev'rywhere, yet unlimited, that all things
Can'st in one moment penetrate, revive me,
O Holy Spirit !

Rescue, O rescue me from earthly darkness !
Banish hence all these elemental objects !
Guide my soul that thirsts to the lively fountain
Of thy divineness !

Cleanse my soul, O God ! Thy bespotted image,
Altered with sin so that heavenly pureness

Cannot acknowledge me, but in Thy mercies,
O Father of grace!

But when once Thy beams do remove my darkness;
O then I'll shine forth as an angel of light,
And record, with more than an earthly voice, Thy
Infinite honours.

FINIS.

## A TABLE OF THE REST OF THE SONGS CONTAINED IN THIS BOOK, MADE BY PHILIP ROSSETER.

1. Sweet, come again.
2. And would you see.
3. No grave for woe.
4. If I urge my kind desires.
5. What heart's content.
6. Let him that will be free.
7. Reprove not love.
8. And would you fain.
9. When Laura smiles.
10. Long have mine eyes.
11. Though far from joy.
12. Shall I come if I swim.
13. Aye me! that love.
14. Shall then a traitorous.
15. If I hope to pine.
16. Unless there were consent.
17. If she forsake me.
18. What is a day.
19. Kind in unkindness.
20. What then is love but.
21. Whether men do laugh.

SWEET, come again !
  Your happy sight, so much desired,
  Since you from hence are now retired,
I seek in vain :
Still must I mourn
  And pine in longing pain,
  Till you, my life's delight, again
Vouchsafe your wished return.

If true desire,
  Or faithful vow of endless love,
  Thy heart inflamed may kindly move
With equal fire ;
O then my joys,
  So long distraught, shall rest,
  Reposed soft in thy chaste breast,
Exempt from all annoys.

You had the power
  My wandering thoughts first to restrain,
  You first did hear my love speak plain !
A child before,
Now it is grown
  Confirmed, do you it keep,
  And let it safe in your bosom sleep,
There ever made your own !

And till we meet,
  Teach absence inward art to find,
  Both to disturb and please the mind.
Such thoughts are sweet :
And such remain

In hearts whose flames are true;
Then such will I retain, till you
To me return again.

AND would you see my mistress' face?
It is a flowery garden place,
Where knots of beauties have such grace
That all is work and nowhere space.

It is a sweet delicious morn,
Where day is breeding, never born;
It is a meadow, yet unshorn,
Which thousand flowers do adorn.

It is the heaven's bright reflex,
Weak eyes to dazzle and to vex:
It is th' Idea of her sex,
Envy of whom doth world perplex.

It is a face of Death that smiles,
Pleasing, though it kills the whiles:
Where Death and Love in pretty wiles
Each other mutually beguiles.

It is fair beauty's freshest youth,
It is the feigned Elysium's truth:
The spring, that wintered hearts reneweth;
And this is that my soul pursueth.

No grave for woe, yet earth my watery tears devours;
Sighs want air, and burnt desires kind pity's showers:
Stars hold their fatal course, my joys preventing:
The earth, the sea, the air, the fire, the heavens vow my tormenting.

Yet still I live, and waste my weary days in groans,
And with woful tunes adorn despairing moans.
Night still prepares a more displeasing morrow;
My day is night, my life my death, and all but sense of sorrow.

If I urge my kind desires,
She unkind doth them reject;
Women's hearts are painted fires
To deceive them that affect.
I alone love's fires include;
She alone doth them delude.

She hath often vowed her love;
But, alas! no fruit I find.
That her fires are false I prove,
Yet in her no fault I find:
I was thus unhappy born,
And ordained to be her scorn.

Yet if human care or pain,
May the heavenly order change,
She will hate her own disdain
And repent she was so strange:
For a truer heart than I,
Never lived or loved to die.

What heart's content can he find,
What happy sleeps can his eyes embrace,
That bears a guilty mind?
His taste sweet wines will abhor:
No music's sound can appease the thoughts
That wicked deeds deplore.

The passion of a present fear
Still makes his restless motion there ;
And all the day he dreads the night,
And all the night, as one aghast, he fears the morning light.

But he that loves to be loved,
And in his deeds doth adore heaven's power,
And is with pity moved ;
The night gives rest to his heart,
The cheerful beams do awake his soul,
Revived in every part.
He lives a comfort to his friends,
And heaven to him such blessing sends
That fear of hell cannot dismay
His steadfast heart that is . . .

LET him that will be free and keep his heart from care,
Retired alone, remain where no discomforts are.
For when the eye doth view his grief, or hapless ear his sorrow hears,
Th' impression still in him abides, and ever in one shape appears.

Forget thy griefs betimes ; long sorrow breeds long pain,
For joy far fled from men, will not return again ;
O happy is the soul which heaven ordained to live in endless peace !
His life is a pleasing dream, and every hour his joys increase.

You heavy sprites, that love in severed shades to dwell,
That nurse despair and dream of unrelenting hell,

Come sing this happy song, and learn of me the
Art of True Content!
Load not your guilty souls with wrong, and
heaven then will soon relent.

REPROVE not love, though fondly thou hast lost
Greater hopes by loving:
Love calms ambitious spirits, from their breasts
Danger oft removing:
Let lofty humours mount up on high,
Down again like to the wind,
While private thoughts, vowed to love,
More peace and pleasure find.

Love and sweet beauty makes the stubborn mild,
And the coward fearless;
The wretched miser's care to bounty turns,
Cheering all things cheerless.
Love chains the earth and heaven,
Turns the spheres, guides the years in endless
peace;
The flowery earth through his power
Receives her due increase.

AND would you fain the reason know
Why my sad eyes so often flow?
My heart ebbs joy, when they do so,
And loves the moon by whom they go.

And will you ask why pale I look?
'Tis not with poring on my book:
My mistress' cheek, my blood hath took,
For her mine own hath me forsook.

Do not demand why I am mute :
Love's silence doth all speech confute.
They set the note, then tune the lute ;
Hearts frame their thoughts, then tongues their suit.

Do not admire why I admire :
My fever is no other's fire :
Each several heart hath his desire ;
Else proof is false, and truth a liar.

If why I love you should see cause :
Love should have form like other laws,
But Fancy pleads not by the clause :
'Tis as the sea, still vexed with flaws.

No fault upon my love espy :
For you perceive not with my eye ;
My palate to your taste may lie,
Yet please itself deliciously.

Then let my sufferance be mine own :
Sufficeth it these reasons shown :
Reason and love are ever known
To fight till both be overthrown.

WHEN Laura smiles her sight revives both night and day ;
The earth and heaven view with delight her wanton play :
And her speech with ever-flowing music doth repair
The cruel wounds of sorrow and untamed despair.

The sprites that remain in fleeting air
Affect for pastime to untwine her tressed hair :

And the birds think sweet Aurora, Morning's
Queen, doth shine
From her bright sphere, when Laura shows her
looks divine.

Diana's eyes are not adorned with greater power
Than Laura's, when she lists awhile for sport to
lower :
But when she her eyes encloseth, blindness doth
appear
The chiefest grace of beauty, sweetly seated
there.

Love hath no power but what he steals from her
bright eyes ;
Time hath no power but that which in her
pleasure lies :
For she with her divine beauties all the world
subdues,
And fills with heavenly spirits my humble Muse.

LONG have mine eyes gazed with delight,
Conveying hopes unto my soul ;
In nothing happy, but in sight
Of her, that doth my sight control :
But now mine eyes must lose their light.

My object now must be the air ;
To write in water words of fire ;
And teach sad thoughts how to despair :
Desert must quarrel with Desire.
All were appeased were she not fair.

For all my comfort, this I prove,
That Venus on the sea was born :

If seas be calm, then doth she love ;
If storms arise, I am forlorn ;
My doubtful hopes like wind do move.

THOUGH far from joy, my sorrows are as far,
And I both between ;
Not too low, nor yet too high
Above my reach, would I be seen.
Happy is he that so is placed,
Not to be envied nor to be disdained or disgraced.

The higher trees, the more storms they endure ;
Shrubs be trodden down :
But the Mean, the Golden Mean,
Doth only all our fortunes crown :
Like to a stream that sweetly slideth
Through the flowery banks, and still in the midst his course guideth.

SHALL I come, if I swim ? wide are the waves, you see :
Shall I come, if I fly, my dear Love, to thee ?
Streams Venus will appease ; Cupid gives me wings ;
All the powers assist my desire
Save you alone, that set my woful heart on fire !

You are fair, so was Hero that in Sestos dwelt ;
She a priest, yet the heat of love truly felt.
A greater stream than this did her love divide ;
But she was his guide with a light :
So through the streams Leander did enjoy her sight.

AYE me ! that love should Nature's work accuse !
Where cruel Laura still her beauty views,
River, or cloudy jet, or crystal bright,
Are all but servants of her self-delight.

Yet her deformed thoughts she cannot see ;
And that's the cause she is so stern to me.
Virtue and duty can no favour gain :
A grief, O death ! to live and love in vain.

SHALL then a traitorous kiss or a smile
All my delights unhappily beguile ?
Shall the vow of feigned love receive so rich regard,
When true service dies neglected, and wants his due reward ?

Deeds meritorious soon be forgot,
But one offence no time can ever blot ;
Every day it is renewed, and every night it bleeds,
And with bloody streams of sorrow drowns all our better deeds.

Beauty is not by Desert to be won ;
Fortune hath all that is beneath the sun.
Fortune is the guide of Love, and both of them be blind :
All their ways are full of errors, which no true feet can find.

IF I hope, I pine ; if I fear, I faint and die ;
So between hope and fear, I desperate lie,
Looking for joy to heaven, whence it should come :
But hope is blind ; joy, deaf ; and I am dumb

Yet I speak and cry; but, alas, with words of woe:
And joy conceives not them that murmur so.
He that the ears of joy will ever pierce,
Must sing glad notes, or speak in happier verse.

UNLESS there were consent 'twixt hell and heaven
That grace and wickedness should be combined,
I cannot make thee and thy beauties even:
Thy face is heaven, and torture in thy mind,
For more than worldly bliss is in thy eye
And hellish torture in thy mind doth lie.

A thousand Cherubims fly in her looks,
And hearts in legions melt upon their view:
But gorgeous covers wall up filthy books;
Be it sin to say, that so your eyes do you:
But sure your mind adheres not with your eyes,
For what they promise, that your heart denies.

But, O, lest I religion should misuse,
Inspire me thou, that ought'st thyself to know
(Since skilless readers reading do abuse),
What inward meaning outward sense doth show:
For by thy eyes and heart, chose and contemned,
I waver, whether saved or condemned.

IF she forsake me, I must die:
Shall I tell her so?
Alas, then straight she will reply,
'No, no, no, no, no!'

If I disclose my desperate state,
She will but make sport thereat,
And more unrelenting grow.

What heart can long such pains abide ?
Fie upon this love !
I would venture far and wide,
If it would remove.
But Love will still my steps pursue,
I cannot his ways eschew :
Thus still helpless hopes I prove.

I do my love in lines commend,
But, alas, in vain ;
The costly gifts, that I do send,
She returns again :
Thus still is my despair procured,
And her malice more assured :
Then come, Death, and end my pain !

WHAT is a day, what is a year
Of vain delight and pleasure ?
Like to a dream it endless dies,
And from us like a vapour flies :
And this is all the fruit that we find,
Which glory in worldly treasure.

He that will hope for true delight,
With virtue must be graced ;
Sweet folly yields a bitter taste,
Which ever will appear at last :
But if we still in virtue delight,
Our souls are in heaven placed.

KIND in unkindness, when will you relent
And cease with faint love true love to torment ?
Still entertained, excluded still I stand ;
Her glove still hold, but cannot touch the hand.

In her fair hand my hopes and comforts rest :
O might my fortunes with that hand be blest !
No envious breaths then my deserts could shake,
For they are good whom such true love doth make.

O let not beauty so forget her birth,
That it should fruitless home return to earth !
Love is the fruit of beauty, then love one !
Not your sweet self, for such self-love is none.

Love one that only lives in loving you ;
Whose wronged deserts would you with pity view,
This strange distaste which your affections sways
Would relish love, and you find better days.

Thus till my happy sight your beauty views,
Whose sweet remembrance still my hope renews,
Let these poor lines solicit love for me,
And place my joys where my desires would be.

WHAT then is love but mourning ?
What desire, but a self-burning ?
Till she, that hates, doth love return,
Thus will I mourn, thus will I sing,
' Come away ! come away, my darling ! '

Beauty is but a blooming,
Youth in his glory entombing ;
Time hath a while, which none can stay :
Then come away, while thus I sing,
' Come away ! come away, my darling ! '

Summer in winter fadeth ;
Gloomy night heavenly light shadeth :
Like to the morn, are Venus' flowers ;
Such are her hours : then will I sing,
'Come away ! come away, my darling ! '

WHETHER men do laugh or weep,
Whether they do wake or sleep,
Whether they die young or old,
Whether they feel heat or cold ;
There is, underneath the sun,
Nothing in true earnest done.

All our pride is but a jest ;
None are worst, and none are best ;
Grief and joy, and hope and fear,
Play their pageants everywhere :
Vain opinion all doth sway,
And the world is but a play.

Powers above in clouds do sit,
Mocking our poor apish wit ;
That so lamely, with such state,
Their high glory imitate :
No ill can be felt but pain,
And that happy men disdain.

FINIS

*Two Books of Airs. The First containing Divine and Moral Songs: The Second, Light Conceits of Lovers. To be sung to the Lute and Viols, in two, three, and four Parts: or by one Voice to an Instrument. Composed by Thomas Campion. London: Printed by Tho. Snodham, for Mathew Lownes, and I. Browne cum Privilegio.*

## TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, BOTH IN BIRTH AND VIRTUE, FRANCIS EARL OF CUMBERLAND

WHAT patron could I choose, great Lord, but you ?
Grave words your years may challenge as their own :
And every note of music is your due,
Whose house the Muses' Palace I have known.

To love and cherish them, though it descends
With many honours more on you, in vain
Preceding fame herein with you contends,
Who hath both fed the Muses and their train.

These leaves I offer you, Devotion might
Herself lay open. Read them, or else hear
How gravely, with their tune, they yield delight
To any virtuous and not curious ear :
Such as they are, accept them, noble Lord :
If better, better could my zeal afford.

Your Honour's,

THOMAS CAMPION.

## TO THE READER

*OUT of many songs which, partly at the request of friends, partly for my own recreation, were by me long since composed, I have now enfranchised a few ; sending them forth divided, according to their different subjects, into several books. The first are grave and pious : the second, amorous and light. For he that in publishing any work hath a desire to content all palates, must cater for them accordingly.*

Non omnibus unum est
Quod placet, hic spinas colligit, ille rosas.

*These airs were for the most part framed at first for one voice with the lute or viol : but upon occasion they have since been filled with more parts, which whoso please may use, who like not may leave. Yet do we daily observe that when any shall sing treble to an instrument, the standers by will be offering at an inward part out of their own nature ; and, true or false, out it must, though to the perverting of the whole harmony. Also, if we consider well, the treble tunes (which are with us commonly called Airs) are but tenors mounted eight notes higher ; and therefore an inward part must needs well become them, such as may take up the whole distance of the diapason, and fill up the gaping between the two extreme parts :*

*whereby though they are not three parts in perfection, yet they yield a sweetness and content both to the ear and mind ; which is the aim and perfection of Music.*

*Short Airs, if they be skilfully framed, and naturally expressed, are like quick and good epigrams in poesy : many of them showing as much artifice, and breeding as great difficulty as a larger poem.* Non omnia possumus omnes, *said the Roman epic poet. But some there are who admit only French or Italian airs ; as if every country had not his proper air, which the people thereof naturally usurp in their music. Others taste nothing that comes forth in print ; as if Catullus or Martial's* Epigrams *were the worse for being published.*

*In these English airs, I have chiefly aimed to couple my words and notes lovingly together ; which will be much for him to do that hath not power over both. The light of this, will best appear to him who hath paysed our monosyllables and syllables combined : both of which are so loaded with consonants, as that they will hardly keep company with swift notes, or give the vowel convenient liberty.*

*To conclude ; my own opinion of these songs I deliver thus :*

Omnia nec nostris bona sunt, sed nec mala libris ;
Si placet hac cantes, hac quoque lege lagas.

*Farewell.*

# A TABLE OF ALL THE SONGS CONTAINED IN THESE BOOKS.

## IN THE FIRST BOOK

*Songs of Four Parts.*


1. Author of light.
2. The man of life upright.
3. Where are all thy beauties now?
4. Out of my soul's depth.
5. View me, Lord, a work of Thine.
6. Bravely decked come forth, bright day.
7. To music bent is my retired mind.
8. Tune thy music to thy heart.
9. Most sweet and pleasing.
10. Wise men patience never want.
11. Never weather-beaten sail.
12. Lift up to heaven, sad wretch.
13. Lo, when back mine eye.
14. As by the streams of Babylon.
15. Sing a song of joy.
16. Awake, [awake,] thou heavy sprite.


## IN THE SECOND BOOK

*Songs of Three Parts.*


1. Vain men whose follies.
2. How easily wert thou chained.
3. Harden now thy tired heart.
4. O what unhoped-for sweet supply.
5. Where she her sacred bower adorns.
6. Fain would I my love disclose.
7. Give Beauty all her right.
8. O, dear, that I with thee.
9. Good men, shew if you can tell.
10. What harvest half so sweet is.
11. Sweet, exclude me not.
12. The peaceful western wind.
13. There is none, O none but you.
14. Pined I am and like to die.
15. So many loves have I neglected.

*Songs of Three Parts*

17. Come cheerful day.
18. Seek the Lord.
19. Lighten, heavy heart, thy sprite.
20. Jack and Joan they think no ill.

*Songs of Two Parts.*

21. All looks be pale.

*Songs of Three Parts.*

16. Though your strangeness.
17. Come away, armed with love's.
18. Come, you pretty false-eyed.
19. A secret love or two.
20. Her rosy cheeks.

*Songs of Two Parts.*

21. Where shall I refuge seek?

AUTHOR of light, revive my dying sprite!
Redeem it from the snares of all-confounding night!
Lord, light me to Thy blessed way!
For blind with worldly vain desires, I wander as a stray.
Sun and moon, stars and under-lights I see;
But all their glorious beams are mists and darkness, being compared to Thee.

Fountain of health, my soul's deep wounds recure!
Sweet showers of pity rain, wash my uncleanness pure!
One drop of Thy desired grace
The faint and fading heart can raise, and in joy's bosom place.
Sin and death, hell and tempting fiends may rage.
But God His own will guard, and their sharp pains and grief in time assuage.

THE man of life upright,
Whose cheerful mind is free
From weight of impious deeds
And yoke of vanity;

The man whose silent days
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude
Nor sorrows discontent;

That man needs neither towers,
  Nor armour for defence,
Nor vaults his guilt to shroud
  From thunder's violence ;

He only can behold
  With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
  And terrors of the skies.

Thus, scorning all the cares
  That fate or fortune brings,
His book the heavens he makes,
  His wisdom heavenly things ;

Good thoughts his surest friends,
  His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
  And quiet pilgrimage.

WHERE are all thy beauties now, all hearts enchaining ?
Whither are thy flatterers gone with all their feigning ?
All fled ! and thou alone still here remaining !

Thy rich state of twisted gold to bays is turned !
Cold, as thou art, are thy loves, that so much burned !
Who die in flatterers' arms are seldom mourned.

Yet, in spite of envy, this be still proclaimed,
That none worthier than thyself thy worth hath blamed ;
When their poor names are lost, thou shalt live famed.

When thy story, long time hence, shall be perused,
Let the blemish of thy rule be thus excused,
'None ever lived more just, none more abused.'

OUT of my soul's depth to Thee my cries have sounded :
Let Thine ears my plaints receive, on just fear grounded.
Lord, shouldst Thou weigh our faults, who's not confounded ?

But with grace Thou censurest Thine when they have erred;
Therefore shall Thy blessed Name be loved and feared.
Even to Thy throne my thoughts and eyes are reared.

Thee alone my hopes attend, on Thee relying ;
In Thy sacred word I'll trust, to Thee fast flying,
Long ere the watch shall break, the morn descrying.

In the mercies of our God who live secured,
May of full redemption rest in Him assured,
Their sin-sick souls by Him shall be recured.

VIEW me, Lord, a work of Thine :
Shall I then lie drowned in night ?
Might Thy grace in me but shine,
I should seem made all of light.

But my soul still surfeits so
On the poisoned baits of sin,
That I strange and ugly grow,
All is dark and foul within.

Cleanse me, Lord, that I may kneel
At Thine altar, pure and white :
They that once Thy mercies feel,
Gaze no more on earth's delight.

Worldly joys, like shadows, fade
When the heavenly light appears ;
But the covenants Thou hast made,
Endless, know not days nor years.

In Thy Word, Lord, is my trust,
To Thy mercies fast I fly ;
Though I am but clay and dust,
Yet Thy grace can lift me high.

BRAVELY decked, come forth, bright day !
Thine hours with roses strew the way,
As they well remember.
Thou received shalt be with feasts :
Come, chiefest of the British guests,
Thou Fifth of November !
Thou with triumph shall exceed
In the strictest Ember ;
For by thy return the Lord records His blessed deed.

Britons, frolic at your board !
But first sing praises to the Lord
In your congregations.
He preserved your State alone,
His loving grace hath made you one
Of His chosen nations.
But this light must hallowed be
With your best oblations :
Praise the Lord ! for only great and merciful is He.

Death had entered in the gate,
And Ruin was crept near the State;
But Heaven all revealed.
Fiery powder hell did make
Which, ready long the flame to take,
Lay in shade concealed.
God us helped, of His free grace:
None to Him appealed;
For none was so bad to fear the treason or the place.

God His peaceful monarch chose,
To him the mist He did disclose,
To him, and none other:
This He did, O King, for thee,
That thou thine own renown might'st see,
Which no time can smother.
May blest Charles, thy comfort be,
Firmer than his brother:
May his heart the love of peace and wisdom learn from thee!

To music bent, is my retired mind,
And fain would I some song of pleasure sing;
But in vain joys no comfort now I find,
From heavenly thoughts, all true delight doth spring:
Thy power, O God, Thy mercies, to record,
Will sweeten every note and every word.

All earthly pomp or beauty to express,
Is but to carve in snow, on waves to write;
Celestial things, though men conceive them less,
Yet fullest are they in themselves of light:

Such beams they yield as know no means to die,
Such heat they cast as lifts the spirit high.

TUNE thy music to thy heart,
Sing thy joy with thanks and so thy sorrow :
Though Devotion needs not Art,
Sometimes of the poor the rich may borrow.

Strive not yet for curious ways :
Concord pleaseth more, the less 'tis strained ;
Zeal affects not outward praise,
Only strives to show a love unfeigned.

Love can wondrous things effect,
Sweetest sacrifice all wrath appeasing ;
Love the Highest doth respect ;
Love alone to Him is ever pleasing.

MOST sweet and pleasing are thy ways, O God,
Like meadows decked with crystal streams and flowers :
Thy paths no foot profane hath ever trod,
Nor hath the proud man rested in Thy bowers :
There lives no vulture, no devouring bear,
But only doves and lambs are harboured there.

The wolf his young ones to their prey doth guide ;
The fox his cubs with false deceit endues ;
The lion's whelp sucks from his dam his pride ;
In hers the serpent malice doth infuse :
The darksome desert all such beasts contains,
Not one of them in Paradise remains.

WISE men patience never want ;
Good men pity cannot hide ;

Feeble spirits only vaunt
Of revenge, the poorest pride:
He alone, forgive that can,
Bears the true soul of a man.

Some there are, debate that seek,
Making trouble their content,
Happy if they wrong the meek,
Vex them that to peace are bent:
Such undo the common tie
Of mankind, Society.

Kindness grown is, lately, cold;
Conscience hath forgot her part;
Blessed times were known of old,
Long ere Law became an Art:
Shame deterred, not Statutes then,
Honest love was law to men.

Deeds from love, and words, that flow,
Foster like kind April showers;
In the warm sun all things grow,
Wholesome fruits and pleasant flowers;
All so thrives his gentle rays,
Whereon human love displays.

NEVER weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast.
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest!

Ever blooming are the joys of heaven's high Paradise,

Cold age deafs not there our ears nor vapour dims
our eyes :
Glory there the sun outshines ; whose beams the
Blessed only see.
O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my
sprite to Thee !

LIFT up to heaven, sad wretch, thy heavy sprite !
What though thy sins, thy due destruction
threat ?
The Lord exceeds in mercy as in might ;
His ruth is greater, though thy crimes be great.
Repentance needs not fear the heaven's just rod,
It stays even thunder in the hand of God,

With cheerful voice to Him then cry for grace,
Thy Faith and fainting Hope with Prayer
revive ;
Remorse for all that truly mourn hath place ;
Not God, but men of Him themselves deprive :
Strive then, and He will help ; call Him He'll
hear :
The son needs not the father's fury fear.

Lo, when back mine eye,
Pilgrim-like, I cast,
What fearful ways I spy,
Which, blinded, I securely past !

But now heaven hath drawn
From my brows that night ;
As when the day doth dawn,
So clears my long imprisoned sight.

Straight the caves of hell,
Dressed with flowers I see :

Wherein false pleasures dwell,
That, winning most, most deadly be.

Throngs of masked fiends,
Winged like angels, fly:
Even in the gates of friends
In fair disguise black dangers lie.

Straight to heaven I raised
My restored sight,
And with loud voice I praised
The Lord of ever-during light.

And since I had strayed
From His ways so wide,
His grace I humbly prayed
Henceforth to be my guard and guide.

As by the streams of Babylon
Far from our native soil we sat,
Sweet Sion, thee we thought upon,
And every thought a tear begat.

Aloft the trees, that spring up there
Our silent harps we pensive hung:
Said they that captived us, 'Let's hear
Some song, which you in Sion sung!'

Is then the song of our God fit
To be profaned in foreign land?
O Salem, thee when I forget,
Forget his skill may my right hand!

Fast to the roof cleave may my tongue,
If mindless I of thee be found!
Or if, when all my joys are sung,
Jerusalem be not the ground!

Remember, Lord, how Edom's race
Cried in Jerusalem's sad day,
'Hurl down her walls, her towers deface,
And, stone by stone, all level lay!'

Curst Babel's seed! for Salem's sake
Just ruin yet for thee remains!
Blest shall they be thy babes that take
And 'gainst the stones dash out their brains!

SING a song of joy!
Praise our God with mirth!
His flock who can destroy?
Is He not Lord of Heaven and earth?

Sing we then secure,
Tuning well our strings!
With voice, as echo pure,
Let us renown the King of Kings!

First who taught the day
From the East to rise?
Whom doth the sun obey
When in the seas his glory dies?

He the stars directs
That in order stand:
Who heaven and earth protects
But He that framed them with His hand?

Angels round attend,
Waiting on His will;
Armed millions He doth send
To aid the good or plague the ill.

All that dread His name,
And His 'hests observe,
His arm will shield from shame :
Their steps from truth shall never swerve.

Let us then rejoice,
Sounding loud His praise :
So will He hear our voice
And bless on earth our peaceful days.

AWAKE, awake, thou heavy sprite,
That sleep'st the deadly sin of sleep !
Rise now and walk the ways of light,
'Tis not too late yet to begin.
Seek heaven early, seek it late :
True Faith still finds an open gate.

Get up, get up, thou leaden man !
Thy track to endless joy or pain
Yields but the model of a span ;
Yet burns out thy life's lamp in vain !
One minute bounds thy bane or bliss :
Then watch and labour, while time is !

COME, cheerful day, part of my life to me :
For while thou view'st me with thy fading light,
Part of my life doth still depart with thee.
And I still onward haste to my last night,
Time's fatal wings do ever forward fly :
So every day we live a day we die.

But, O ye nights, ordained for barren rest,
How are my days deprived of life in you,
When heavy sleep my soul hath dispossest,

By feigned death [illegible]
Part of my life in that, you life deny:
So every day we live a day we die.

SEEK the Lord, and in His ways persever!
O faint not, but as eagles fly,
For His steep hill is high!
Then striving gain the top and triumph ever!

When with glory there thy brows are crowned,
New joys so shall abound in thee,
Such sights thy soul shall see,
That worldly thoughts shall by their beams be drowned.

Farewell, World, thou mass of mere confusion!
False light, with many shadows dimmed!
Old witch, with new foils trimmed!
Thou deadly sleep of soul, and charmed illusion!

I the King will seek, of Kings adored;
Spring of light; tree of grace and bliss,
Whose fruit so sovereign is
That all who taste it are from death restored.

LIGHTEN, heavy heart, thy sprite,
The joys recall that thence are fled;
Yield thy breast some living light;
The man that nothing doth is dead.
Tune thy temper to these sounds,
And quicken so thy joyless mind;
Sloth the worst and best confounds:
It is the ruin of mankind.

From her cave rise all distastes,
Which unresolved Despair pursues ;
Whom soon after, Violence hastes,
Herself, ungrateful, to abuse.
Skies are cleared with stirring winds,
Th' unmoved water moorish grows ;
Every eye much pleasure finds
To view a stream that brightly flows.

JACK and Joan they think no ill,
But loving live, and merry still ;
Do their week-days' work, and pray
Devoutly on the holy day :
Skip and trip it on the green,
And help to choose the Summer Queen ;
Lash out, at a country feast,
Their silver penny with the best.

Well can they judge of nappy ale,
And tell at large a winter tale ;
Climb up to the apple loft,
And turn the crabs till they be soft.
Tib is all the father's joy,
And little Tom the mother's boy.
All their pleasure is Content ;
And care, to pay their yearly rent.

Joan can call by name her cows,
And deck her window with green boughs ;
She can wreathes and tuttyes make,
And trim with plums a bridal cake.
Jack knows what brings gain or loss ;
And his long flail can stoutly toss :
Makes the hedge, which others break ;
And ever thinks what he doth speak.

Now, you courtly dames and knights,
That study only strange delights;
Though you scorn the homespun gray,
And revel in your rich array:
Though your tongues dissemble deep,
And can your heads from danger keep;
Yet, for all your pomp and train,
Securer lives the silly swain.

ALL looks be pale, hearts cold as stone,
For Hally now is dead and gone!
Hally, in whose sight,
Most sweet sight,
All the earth late took delight.
Every eye, weep with me!
Joys drowned in tears must be.

His ivory skin, his comely hair,
His rosy cheeks, so clear and fair,
Eyes that once did grace
His bright face,—
Now in him all want their place.
Eyes and hearts weep with me!
For who so kind as he?

His youth was like an April flower,
Adorned with beauty, love, and power.
Glory strewed his way,
Whose wreathes gay
Now are all turned to decay.
Then again weep with me!
None feel more cause than we.

No more may his wished sight return,
His golden lamp no more can burn.
Quenched is all his flame;
His hoped fame
Now hath left him nought but name.
For him all weep with me!
Since more him none shall see.

# THE SECOND BOOK OF AIRS, CONTAINING LIGHT CONCEITS OF LOVERS.

*To be sung to the Lute or Viols in two or three parts, or by one voice to an intrument. Composed by Thomas Campion, London. Printed by Tho. Snodham for Mathew Lounes and I. Brown. Cum Privilegio.*

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VIRTUOUS HENRY, LORD CLIFFORD, SON AND HEIR TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE FRANCIS, EARL OF CUMBERLAND.

SUCH days as wear the badge of holy red
Are for devotion marked and sage delight:
The vulgar low-days, undistinguished,
Are left for labour, games, and sportful sights.

This several and so differing use of time,
Within th' enclosure of one week we find;
Which I resemble in my Notes and Rhyme,
Expressing both in their peculiar kind.

Pure Hymns, such as the Seventh Day loves, do lead;
Grave age did justly challenge those of me:
These weekday works, in order that succeed,
Your youth best fits; and yours, young Lord, they be,
As he is who to them their being gave:
If th' one, the other you of force must have.

Your Honour's,

THOS. CAMPION.

## TO THE READER.

*THAT holy hymns with lovers' cares are knit*
*Both in one quire here, thou mayest think't unfit.*
*Why dost not blame the Stationer as well,*
*Who in the same shop sets all sorts to sell?*
*Divine with styles profane, grave shelved with vain,*
*And some matched worse. Yet none of him com-*
*plain.*

VAIN men, whose follies make a god of Love,
Whose blindness beauty doth immortal deem ;
Praise not what you desire but what you prove,
Count those things good that are, not those that seem :
I cannot call her true that's false to me,
Nor make of women more than women be.

How fair an entrance breaks the way to love !
How rich of golden hope and gay delight !
What heart cannot a modest beauty move ?
Who, seeing clear day once, will dream of night ?
She seemed a saint, that brake her faith with me,
But proved a woman as all other be.

So bitter is their sweet that true content
Unhappy men in them may never find :
Ah ! but without them none. Both must consent,
Else uncouth are the joys of either kind.
Let us then praise their good, forget their ill !
Men must be men, and women women still.

How eas'ly wert thou chained,
Fond heart, by favours feigned !
Why lived thy hopes in grace,
Straight to die disdained ?
But since th' art now beguiled
By love that falsely smiled,
In some less happy place
Mourn alone exiled !

My love still here increaseth,
And with my love my grief,
While her sweet bounty ceaseth,
That gave my woes relief.
Yet 'tis no woman leaves me,
For such may prove unjust;
A goddess thus deceives me,
Whose faith who could mistrust?

A goddess so much graced,
That Paradise is placed
In her most heav'nly breast,
Once by love embraced:
But love, that so kind proved,
Is now from her removed,
Nor will he longer rest
Where no faith is loved.
If powers celestial wound us
And will not yield relief,
Woe then must needs confound us,
For none can cure our grief.
No wonder if I languish
Through burden of my smart:
It is no common anguish
From Paradise to part.

HARDEN now thy tired heart, with more than flinty rage!
Ne'er let her false tears henceforth thy constant grief assuage!
Once true happy days thou saw'st when she stood firm and kind,
Both as one then lived and held one ear, one tongue, one mind:

But now those bright hours be fled, and never
may return ;
What then remains but her untruths to mourn ?

Silly trait'ress, who shall now thy careless tresses
place ?
Who thy pretty talk supply, whose ear thy music
grace ?
Who shall thy bright eyes admire ? what lips
triumph with thine ?
Day by day who'll visit thee and say ' Th'art
only mine ' ?
Such a time there was, God wot, but such shall
never be :
Too oft, I fear, thou wilt remember me.

O WHAT unhoped for sweet supply !
O what joys exceeding !
What an affecting charm feel I,
From delight proceeding !
That which I long despaired to be,
To her I am, and she to me.

She that alone in cloudy grief
Long to me appeared :
She now alone with bright relief
All those clouds hath cleared.
Both are immortal and divine :
Since I am hers, and she is mine.

WHERE she her sacred bower adorns,
The rivers clearly flow ;
The groves and meadows swell with flowers,
The winds all gently blow.

Her sun-like beauty shines so fair,
  Her spring can never fade :
Who then can blame the life that strives
  To harbour in her shade ?

Her grace I sought, her love I wooed,
  Her love thought to obtain ;
No time, no toil, no vow, no faith,
  Her wished grace can gain.
Yet truth can tell my heart is hers,
  And her will I adore ;
And from that love when I depart,
  Let heaven view me no more !

Her roses with my prayers shall spring ·
  And when her trees I praise,
Their boughs shall blossom, mellow fruit
  Shall straw her pleasant ways.
The words of hearty zeal have power
  High wonders to effect ;
O why should then her princely ear
  My words of zeal neglect ?

If she my faith misdeems, or worth,
  Woe worth my hapless fate !
For though time can my truth reveal,
  That time will come too late.
And who can glory in the worth,
  That cannot yield him grace ?
Content in everything is not,
  Nor joy in every place.

But from her bower of joy since I
  Must now excluded be,
And she will not relieve my cares,
  Which none can help but she ;

My comfort in her love shall dwell,
Her love lodge in my breast,
And though not in her bower, yet I
Shall in her temple rest.

FAIN would I my love disclose,
Ask what honour might deny ;
But both love and her I lose,
From my motion if she fly.
Worse than pain is fear to me :
Then hold in fancy though it burn !
If not happy, safe I'll be,
And to my cloistered cares return.

Yet, O yet, in vain I strive
To repress my schooled desire ;
More and more the flames revive,
I consume in mine own fire.
She would pity, might she know
The harms that I for her endure :
Speak then, and get comfort so ;
A wound long hid grows past recure.

Wise she is, and needs must know
All th' attempts that beauty moves :
Fair she is, and honoured so
That she, sure, hath tried some loves.
If with love I tempt her then,
'Tis but her due to be desired :
What would women think of men
If their deserts were not admired ?

Women, courted, have the hand
To discard what they distaste :
But those dames whom none demand
Want oft what their wills embraced.

Could their firmness iron excel,
As they are fair, they should be sought:
When true thieves use falsehood well,
As they are wise they will be caught.

GIVE beauty all her right,
She's not to one form tied;
Each shape yields fair delight,
Where her perfections bide.
Helen, I grant, might pleasing be;
And Ros'mond was as sweet as she.

Some the quick eye commends;
Some swelling lips and red;
Pale looks have many friends,
Through sacred sweetness bred.
Meadows have flowers that pleasure move,
Though roses are the flowers of love.

Free beauty is not bound
To one unmoved clime:
She visits every ground,
And favours every time.
Let the old loves with mine compare,
My Sovereign is as sweet and fair.

O DEAR! that I with thee might live,
From human trace removed!
Where jealous care might neither grieve,
Yet each dote on their loved.
While fond fear may colour find, love's seldom pleased;
But much like a sick man's rest, it's soon diseased.

Why should our minds not mingle so,
When love and faith is plighted,
That either might the other's know,
Alike in all delighted ?
Why should frailty breed suspect, when hearts are fixed ?
Must all human joys of force with grief be mixed ?

How oft have we ev'n smiled in tears,
Our fond mistrust repenting ?
As snow when heavenly fire appears,
So melts love's hate relenting.
Vexed kindness soon falls off and soon returneth :
Such a flame the more you quench the more it burneth.

GOOD men, show, if you can tell,
Where doth Human Pity dwell ?
Far and near her I would seek,
So vexed with sorrow is my breast.
' She ', they say, ' to all, is meek ;
And only makes th' unhappy blest.'

Oh ! if such a saint there be,
Some hope yet remains for me :
Prayer or sacrifice may gain
From her implored grace relief ;
To release me of my pain,
Or at the least to ease my grief.

Young am I, and far from guile,
The more is my woe the while :
Falsehood with a smooth disguise
My simple meaning hath abused :
Casting mists before mine eyes,
By which my senses are confused.

Fair he is, who vowed to me
That he only mine would be ;
But, alas, his mind is caught
With every gaudy bait he sees :
And too late my flame is taught
That too much kindness makes men freeze.

From me all my friends are gone,
While I pine for him alone ;
And not one will rue my case,
But rather my distress deride :
That I think there is no place
Where Pity ever yet did bide.

WHAT harvest half so sweet is
As still to reap the kisses
Grown ripe in sowing ?
And straight to be receiver
Of that which thou art giver,
Rich in bestowing ?
Kiss then, my Harvest Queen,
Full garners heaping !
Kisses, ripest when th' are green,
Want only reaping.

The dove alone expresses
Her fervency in kisses,
Of all most loving :
A creature as offenceless
As those things that are senseless
And void of moving.
Let us so love and kiss,
Though all envy us :
That which kind, and harmless is,
None can deny us.

SWEET, exclude me not, nor be divided
From him that ere long must bed thee :
All thy maiden doubts law hath decided ;
Sure we are, and I must wed thee.
Presume then yet a little more :
Here's the way, bar not the door.

Tenants, to fulfil their landlord's pleasure,
Pay their rent before the quarter :
'Tis my case, if you it rightly measure ;
Put me not then off with laughter.
Consider then a little more :
Here's the way to all my store.

Why were doors in love's despite devised ?
Are not laws enough restraining ?
Women are most apt to be surprised
Sleeping, or sleep wisely feigning.
Then grace me yet a little more :
Here's the way, bar not the door.

THE peaceful western wind
The winter storms hath tamed,
And Nature in each kind
The kind heat hath inflamed :
The forward buds so sweetly breathe
Out of their earthy bowers,
That heaven, which views their pomp beneath,
Would fain be decked with flowers.

See how the morning smiles
On her bright eastern hill,
And with soft steps beguiles
Them that lie slumbering still !

The music-loving birds are come
From cliffs and rocks unknown,
To see the trees and briars bloom
That late were overthrown.

What Saturn did destroy,
Love's Queen revives again ;
And now her naked boy
Doth in the fields remain,
Where he such pleasing change doth view
In every living thing,
As if the world were born anew
To gratify the spring.

If all things life present,
Why die my comforts then ?
Why suffers my content ?
Am I the worst of men ?
O, Beauty, be not thou accused
Too justly in this case !
Unkindly if true love be used,
'Twill yield thee little grace.

THERE is none, O none but you,
That from me estrange your sight,
Whom mine eyes affect to view
Or chained ears hear with delight.

Other beauties others move,
In you I all graces find ;
Such is the effect of love,
To make them happy that are kind.

Women in frail beauty trust,
Only seem you fair to me ;
Yet prove truly kind and just,
For that may not dissembled be.

Sweet, afford me then your sight,
That, surveying all your looks,
Endless volumes I may write
And fill the world with envied books:

Which when after-ages view,
All shall wonder and despair,
Woman to find man so true,
Or man a woman half so fair.

PINED I am and like to die,
And all for lack of that which I
Do every day refuse.
If I musing sit or stand,
Some puts it daily in my hand,
To interrupt my muse:
The same thing I seek and fly,
And want that which none would deny.

In my bed, when I should rest,
It breeds such trouble in my breast
That scarce mine eyes will close;
If I sleep it seems to be
Oft playing in the bed with me,
But, waked, away it goes.
'Tis some spirit sure, I ween,
And yet it may be felt and seen.

Would I had the heart and wit
To make it stand and conjure it,
That haunts me thus with fear.
Doubtless 'tis some harmless sprite,
For it by day as well as night
Is ready to appear.
Be it friend, or be it foe,
Ere long I'll try what it will do.

So many loves have I neglected
Whose good parts might move me,
That now I live of all rejected;
There is none will love me.
Why is maiden heat so coy?
It freezeth when it burneth,
Loseth what it might enjoy,
And, having lost it, mourneth.

Should I then woo, that have been wooed,
Seeking them that fly me?
When I my faith with tears have vowed,
And when all deny me,
Who will pity my disgrace,
Which love might have prevented?
There is no submission base
Where error is repented.

O happy men, whose hopes are licensed
To discourse their passion,
While women are confined to silence,
Losing wished occasion!
Yet our tongues than theirs, men say,
Are apter to be moving:
Women are more dumb than they,
But in their thoughts more moving.

When I compare my former strangeness
With my present doting,
I pity men that speak in plainness,
Their true heart's devoting;
While we (with repentance) jest
At their submissive passion.
Maids, I see, are never blessed
That strange be but for fashion.

THOUGH your strangeness frets my heart,
Yet may not I complain :
You persuade me, 'tis but art,
That secret love must feign.
If another you affect,
'Tis but a show, t'avoid suspect.
Is this fair excusing ? O, no ! all is abusing !

Your wished sight if I desire,
Suspicions you pretend :
Causeless you yourself retire,
While I in vain attend.
This a lover whets, you say,
Still made more eager by delay.
Is this fair excusing ? O, no ! all is abusing !

When another holds your hand,
You swear I hold your heart :
When my rivals close do stand,
And I sit far apart,
I am nearer yet than they,
Hid in your bosom, as you say.
Is this fair excusing ? O, no ! all is abusing !

Would my rival then I were,
Or else your secret friend :
So much lesser should I fear,
And not so much attend.
They enjoy you, every one,
Yet I must seem your friend alone.
Is this fair excusing ? O, no ! all is abusing !

COME away, armed with love's delights !
Thy spriteful graces bring with thee !
When love and longing fights,
They must the sticklers be.

Come quickly, come! the promised hour is well-nigh spent,
And pleasure being too much deferred, loseth her best content.

Is she come? O, how near is she!
How far yet from this friendly place!
How many steps from me!
When shall I her embrace?
These arms I'll spread, which only at her sight shall close,
Attending as the starry flower that the sun's noontide knows.

COME, you pretty false-eyed wanton,
Leave your crafty smiling!
Think you to escape me now
With slippery words beguiling!
No; you mocked me th'other day;
When you got loose, you fled away;
But, since I have caught you now,
I'll clip your wings for flying:
Smothering kisses fast I'll heap,
And keep you so from crying.

Sooner may you count the stars,
And number hail down pouring,
Tell the osiers of the Thames,
Or Goodwin sands devouring,
Than the thick-showered kisses here
Which now thy tired lips must bear.
Such a harvest never was,
So rich and full of pleasure,
But 'tis spent as soon as reaped,
So trustless is love's treasure.

Would it were dumb midnight now,
When all the world lies sleeping!
Would this place some desert were,
Which no man hath in keeping!
My desires should then be safe,
And when you cried then would I laugh:
But if aught might breed offence,
Love only should be blamed:
I would live your servant still,
And you my saint unnamed.

A SECRET love or two I must confess
I kindly welcome for change in close playing,
Yet my dear husband I love ne'ertheless,
His desires, whole or half, quickly allaying,
At all times ready to offer redress:
His own he never wants but hath it duly,
Yet twits me I keep not touch with him truly.

The more a spring is drawn the more it flows,
No lamp less light retains by lightening others:
Is he a loser his loss that ne'er knows?
Or is he wealthy that waste treasure smothers?
My churl vows no man shall scent his sweet rose:
His own enough and more I give him duly,
Yet still he twits me I keep not touch truly.

Wise archers bear more than one shaft to field,
The venturer loads not with one ware his shipping;
Should warriors learn but one weapon to wield,
Or thrive fair plants e'er the worse for the slipping?

One dish cloys, many fresh appetite yield.
Mine own I'll use, and his he shall have duly,
Judge then what debtor can keep touch more truly.

HER rosy cheeks, her ever-smiling eyes,
Are spheres and beds where Love in triumph lies:
Her rubine lips, when they their pearl unlock,
Make them seem as they did rise
All out of one smooth coral rock.
O that of other creatures' store I knew
More worthy and more rare!
For these are old, and she so new,
That her to them none should compare.

O could she love! would she but hear a friend!
Or that she only knew what sighs pretend!
Her looks inflame, yet cold as ice is she.
Do or speak, all's to one end,
For what she is that will she be.
Yet will I never cease her praise to sing,
Though she gives no regard:
For they that grace a worthless thing
Are only greedy of reward.

WHERE shall I refuge seek, if you refuse me?
In you my hope, in you my fortune lies,
In you my life! though you unjust accuse me,
My service scorn, and merit underprize:
O bitter grief! that exile is become
Reward for faith, and pity deaf and dumb!

Why should my firmness find a seat so wavering?
My simple vows, my love you entertained;
Without desert the same again disfav'ring;
Yet I my word and passion hold unstained.
O wretched me! that my chief joy should breed
My only grief and kindness pity need!

FINIS

*The Third and Fourth Book of Airs: Composed by Thomas Campion. So as they may be expressed by one Voice, with a Viol, Lute, or Orpharion. London: Printed by Thomas Snodham. Cum Privilegio.*

# A TABLE OF ALL THE SONGS CONTAINED IN THE TWO BOOKS FOLLOWING.

## *The Table of the First Book.*


1. Oft have I sighed.
2. Now let her change.
3. Were my heart as.
4. Maids are simple, some men say.
5. So tired are all my thoughts.
6. Why presumes thy pride?
7. Kind are her answers.
8. O grief, O spite!
9. O never to be moved.
10. Break now, my heart, and die.
11. If Love loves truth.
12. Now winter nights enlarge.
13. Awake, thou spring.
14. What is it [all] that men possess?
15. Fire that must flame.
16. If thou long'st so much.
17. Shall I come, sweet love?
18. Thrice toss these oaken.
19. Be thou then my Beauty.
20. Fire, fire, fire, fire! lo, here.
21. O sweet delight.
22. Thus I resolve.
23. Come, O come, my life's.
24. Could my heart more.
25. Sleep, angry beauty.
26. Silly boy, 'tis full moon yet.
27. Never love unless you can.
28. So quick, so hot.
29. Shall I then hope.

## *The Table of the Second Book.*

1. Leave prolonging.
2. Respect my faith.
3. Thou joy'st, fond boy.
4. Veil, love, mine eyes.
5. Every dame affects good fame.
6. So sweet is thy discourse.
7. There is a garden in her face.
8. To his sweet lute.
9. Young and simple though I am.
10. Love me or not.
11. What means this folly?
12. Dear, if I with guile.
13. O Love, where are thy shafts?
14. Beauty is but a painted hell.
15. Are you what your?
16. Since she, even she.
17. I must complain.
18. Think'st thou to seduce.
19. Her fair inflaming eyes.
20. Turn all thy thoughts.
21. If any hath the heart to kill.
22. Beauty, since you.
23. Your fair looks.
24. Fain would I wed.

## TO MY HONOURABLE FRIEND, SIR THOMAS MOUNSON, KNIGHT AND BARONET.

SINCE now these clouds, that lately over-cast
Your fame and fortune, are dispersed at last:
And now since all to you fair greetings make;
Some out of love, and some for pity's sake:
Shall I but with a common style salute
Your new enlargement? or stand only mute?
I, to whose trust and care you durst commit
Your pined health, when art despaired of it?
I, that in your affliction often viewed
In you the fruits of manly fortitude,
Patience, and even constancy of mind
That rock-like stood, and scorned both wave and wind?
Should I, for all your ancient love to me,
Endowed with weighty favours, silent be?
Your merits and my gratitude forbid
That either should in Lethean gulf lie hid;
But how shall I this work of fame express?
How can I better, after pensiveness,
Than with light strains of Music, made to move
Sweetly with the wide spreading plumes of Love?
These youth-born Airs, then, prisoned in this book,
Which in your bowers much of their being took,
Accept as a kind offering from that hand
Which, joined with heart, your virtue may command!

Who love a sure friend, as all good men do,
Since such you are, let these affect you too.
And may the joys of that Crown never end,
That innocence doth pity and defend.

Your devoted,
THOMAS CAMPION.

OFT have I sighed for him that hears me not;
Who absent hath both love and me forgot.
O yet I languish still through his delay:
Days seem as years when wished friends break
their day.

Had he but loved as common lovers use,
His faithless stay some kindness would excuse:
O yet I languish still, still constant mourn
For him that can break vows but not return.

Now let her change and spare not!
Since she proves strange I care not:
Feigned love charmed so my delight
That still I doted on her sight.
But she is gone, new joys embracing
And my desires disgracing.

When did I err in blindness,
Or vex her with unkindness?
If my cares served her alone,
Why is she thus untimely gone?
True love abides to th' hour of dying:
False love is ever flying.

False! then, farewell for ever!
Once false proves faithful never:
He that boasts now of thy love,
Shall soon my present fortunes prove.
Were he as fair as bright Adonis,
Faith is not had, where none is.

WERE my heart as some men's are, thy errors
would not move me;

But thy faults I curious find and speak because I
love thee :
Patience is a thing divine and far, I grant, above
me.

Foes sometimes befriend us more, our blacker
deeds objecting,
Than th' obsequious bosom guest, with false
respect affecting.
Friendship is the Glass of Truth, our hidden
stains detecting.

While I use of eyes enjoy and inward light of
reason,
Thy observer will I be and censor, but in season :
Hidden mischief to conceal in State and Love is
treason.

'MAIDS are simple', some men say,
'They, forsooth, will trust no men.'
But should they men's wills obey,
Maids were very simple then.

Truth, a rare flower now is grown,
Few men wear it in their hearts ;
Lovers are more easily known
By their follies than deserts.

Safer may we credit give
To a faithless wandering Jew
Than a young man's vows believe
When he swears his love is true.

Love they make a poor blind chi d,
But let none trust such as he :
Rather than to be beguiled,
Ever let me simple be.

So tired are all my thoughts, that, sense and spirits fail :
Mourning I pine, and know not what I ail.
O what can yield ease to a mind
Joy in nothing that can find ?

How are my powers fore-spoke ? What strange distaste is this ?
Hence, cruel hate of that which sweetest is !
Come, come delight ! make my dull brain
Feel once heat of joy again.

The lover's tears are sweet, their mover makes them so ;
Proud of a wound the bleeding soldiers grow.
Poor I alone, dreaming, endure
Grief that knows nor cause nor cure.

And whence can all this grow ? even from an idle mind,
That no delight in any good can find.
Action alone makes the soul blest :
Virtue dies with too much rest.

WHY presumes thy pride on that that must so private be,
Scarce that it can good be called, though it seems best to thee,
Best of all that Nature framed or curious eye can see ?

'Tis thy beauty, foolish Maid, that, like a blossom, grows ;
Which who views no more enjoys than on a bush a rose,
That, by many's handling, fades : and thou art one of those.

If to one thou shalt prove true and all beside reject,
Then art thou but one man's good ; which yields a poor effect :
For the commonest good by far deserves the best respect.

But if for this goodness thou thyself wilt common make,
Thou art then not good at all : so thou canst no way take
But to prove the meanest good or else all good forsake.

Be not then of beauty proud, but so her colours bear
That they prove not stains to her, that them for grace should wear :
So shalt thou to all more fair than thou wert born appear.

KIND are her answers,
But her performance keeps no day ;
Breaks time, as dancers
From their own music when they stray.
All her free favours and smooth words,
Wing my hopes in vain.
O did ever voice so sweet but only feign ?
Can true love yield such delay,
Converting joy to pain ?

Lost is our freedom,
When we submit to women so :
Why do we need them
When, in their best they work our woe ?

There is no wisdom
Can alter ends, by Fate prefixed.
O why is the good of man with evil mixed ?
Never were days yet called two,
But one night went betwixt.

O GRIEF, O spite, to see poor Virtue scorned,
Truth far exiled, False Art loved, Vice adored,
Free Justice sold, worst causes best adorned,
Right cast by Power, Pity in vain implored !
O who in such an age could wish to live,
When none can have or hold, but such as give ?

O times, O men to Nature rebels grown,
Poor in desert, in name rich, proud of shame,
Wise but in ill ! Your styles are not your own
Though dearly bought ; Honour is honest fame.
Old stories, only, goodness now contain,
And the true wisdom that is just and plain.

O NEVER to be moved,
O beauty unrelenting !
Hard heart, too dearly loved !
Fond love, too late repenting !
Why did I dream of too much bliss ?
Deceitful hope was cause of this.
O hear me speak this, and no more,
' Live you in joy, while I my woes deplore ! '

All comforts despaired
Distaste your bitter scorning ;
Great sorrows unrepaired
Admit no mean in mourning :

Die, wretch, since hope from thee is fled.
He that must die, is better dead.
O dear delight yet, ere I die,
Some pity show, though you relief deny !

BREAK now, my heart, and die ! O no, she may relent.
Let my despair prevail ! O stay, hope is not spent.
Should she now fix one smile on thee, where were despair ?
The loss is but easy, while smiles can repair.
A stranger would please thee, if she were as fair.

Her must I love or none, so sweet none breathes as she ;
The more is my despair, alas, she loves not me !
But cannot time make way for love through ribs of steel ?
The Grecian, enchanted all parts but the heel,
At last a shaft daunted, which his heart did feel.

IF love loves truth, then women do not love ;
Their passions all are but dissembled shows ;
Now kind and free of favour if they prove,
Their kindness straight a tempest overthrows.
Then as a seaman the poor lover fares ;
The storm drowns him ere he can drown his cares.

But why accuse I women that deceive ?
Blame then the foxes for their subtle wile :
They first from Nature did their craft receive :
It is a woman's nature to beguile.
Yet some, I grant, in loving steadfast grow ;
But such by use are made, not Nature, so.

O why had Nature power at once to frame
Deceit and Beauty, traitors both to Love ?
O would Deceit had died when Beauty came
With her divineness every heart to move !
Yet do we rather wish, whate'er befall,
To have fair women false than none at all.

Now winter nights enlarge
The number of their hours ;
And clouds their storms discharge
Upon the airy towers.
Let now the chimneys blaze
And cups o'erflow with wine,
Let well-tuned words amaze
With harmony divine !
Now yellow waxen lights
Shall wait on honey love
While youthful revels, masques, and Courtly sights,
Sleep's leaden spells remove.

This time doth well dispense
With lovers' long discourse ;
Much speech hath some defence,
Though beauty no remorse.
All do not all things well ;
Some measures comely tread

Some knotted riddles tell,
  Some poems smoothly read.
The summer hath his joys,
  And winter his delights;
Though love and all his pleasures are but toys,
  They shorten tedious nights.

AWAKE, thou spring of speaking grace! mute rest
  becomes not thee!
The fairest women, while they sleep, and pictures,
  equal be.
    O come and dwell in love's discourses!
      Old renewing, new creating.
    The words which thy rich tongue discourses
      Are not of the common rating!

Thy voice is as an Echo clear which Music doth
  beget,
Thy speech is as an Oracle which none can
  counterfeit:
    For thou alone, without offending,
      Hast obtained power of enchanting;
    And I could hear thee without ending,
      Other comfort never wanting.

Some little reason brutish lives with human
  glory share;
But language is our proper grace, from which
  they severed are.
    As brutes in reason man surpasses,
      Men in speech excel each other:
    If speech be then the best of graces,
      Do it not in slumber smother!

WHAT is it all that men possess, among themselves conversing ?
Wealth or fame, or some such boast, scarce worthy the rehearsing.
Women only are men's good, with them in love conversing.

If weary, they prepare us rest ; if sick, their hand attends us ;
When with grief our hearts are prest, their comfort best befriends us :
Sweet or sour, they willing go to share what fortune sends us.

What pretty babes with pain they bear, our name and form presenting !
What we get, how wise they keep ! by sparing, wants preventing ;
Sorting all their household cares to our observed contenting.

All this, of whose large use I sing, in two words is expressed :
Good Wife is the good I praise, if by good men possessed ;
Bad with bad in ill suit well ; but good with good live blessed.

FIRE that must flame is with apt fuel fed,
Flowers that will thrive in sunny soil are bred.
How can a heart feel heat that no hope finds ?
Or can he love on whom no comfort shines ?

Fair ! I confess there's pleasure in your sight !
Sweet ! you have power, I grant, of all delight !

But what is all to me, if I have none ?
Churl, that you are, t'enjoy such wealth alone !

Prayers move the heavens but find no grace with you ;
Yet in your looks a heavenly form I view,
Then will I pray again, hoping to find,
As well as in your looks heaven in your mind !

Saint of my heart, Queen of my life and love,
O let my vows thy loving spirit move !
Let me no longer mourn through thy disdain ;
But with one touch of grace cure all my pain.

If thou longest so much to learn, sweet boy, what 'tis to love,
Do but fix thy thought on me and thou shalt quickly prove.
Little suit, at first, shall win
Way to thy abashed desire,
But then will I hedge thee in
Salamander-like with fire !

With thee dance I will, and sing, and thy fond dalliance bear ;
We the grovy hills will climb, and play the wantons there ;
Other whiles we'll gather flowers,
Lying dallying on the grass !
And thus our delightful hours
Full of waking dreams shall pass !

When thy joys were thus at height, my love should turn from thee ;
Old acquaintance then should grow as strange as strange might be ;

Twenty rivals thou shouldst find,
Breaking all their hearts for me,
While to all I'll prove more kind
And more forward than to thee.

Thus, thy silly youth, enraged, would soon my love defy;
But, alas, poor soul too late! clipt wings can never fly.
Those sweet hours which we had past,
Called to mind, thy heart would burn;
And couldst thou fly ne'er so fast,
They would make thee straight return.

SHALL I come, sweet love, to thee,
When the evening beams are set?
Shall I not excluded be?
Will you find no feigned let?
Let me not, for pity, more,
Tell the long hours at your door!

Who can tell what thief or foe,
In the covert of the night,
For his prey will work my woe,
Or through wicked foul despite?
So may I die unredressed,
Ere my long love be possessed.

But to let such dangers pass,
Which a lover's thoughts disdain,
'Tis enough in such a place
To attend love's joys in vain.
Do not mock me in thy bed,
While these cold nights freeze me dead.

THRICE toss these oaken ashes in the air,
Thrice sit thou mute in this enchanted chair;
And thrice three times, tie up this true love's knot!
And murmur soft 'She will, or she will not.'

Go burn these poisonous weeds in yon blue fire,
These screech-owl's feathers and this prickling briar;
This cypress gathered at a dead man's grave;
That all thy fears and cares an end may have.

Then come, you Fairies, dance with me a round!
Melt her hard heart with your melodious sound!
In vain are all the charms I can devise:
She hath an art to break them with her eyes.

BE thou then my Beauty named,
Since thy will is to be mine!
For by that I am enflamed,
Which on all alike doth shine.
Others may the light admire,
I only truly feel the fire.

But if lofty titles move thee,
Challenge then a Sovereign's place!
Say I honour when I love thee;
Let me call thy kindness Grace.
State and Love things diverse be,
Yet will we teach them to agree!

Or if this be not sufficing;
Be thou styled my Goddess then:
I will love thee, sacrificing;
In thine honour, hymns I'll pen.

To be thine what canst thou more ?
I'll love thee, serve thee, and adore.

FIRE, fire, fire, fire !
Lo here I burn in such desire
That all the tears that I can strain
Out of mine idle empty brain
Cannot allay my scorching pain.
Come Trent, and Humber, and fair Thames !
Dread Ocean, haste with all thy streams !
And if you cannot quench my fire,
O drown both me and my desire !

Fire, fire, fire, fire !
There is no hell to my desire.
See, all the rivers backward fly !
And th' Ocean doth his waves deny,
For fear my heat should drink them dry !
Come, heavenly showers, then, pouring down !
Come you, that once the world did drown !
Some then you spared, but now save all,
That else must burn, and with me fall !

O SWEET delight, O more than human bliss,
With her to live that ever loving is ;
To hear her speak, whose words are so well placed,
That she by them, as they in her are graced :
Those looks to view, that feast the viewer's eye,
How blest is he that may so live and die !
Such love as this the golden times did know,
When all did reap, yet none took care to sow ;
Such love as this an endless summer makes,
And all distaste from frail affection takes.

So loved, so blessed, in my beloved am I;
Which till their eyes ache, let iron men envy!

Thus I resolve, and time hath taught me so;
Since she is fair and ever kind to me,
Though she be wild and wanton-like in show,
Those little stains in youth I will not see.
That she be constant, heaven I oft implore:
If prayers prevail not, I can do no more.

Palm tree the more you press, the more it grows:
Leave it alone, it will not much exceed.
Free beauty if you strive to yoke, you lose:
And for affection, strange distaste you breed.
What Nature hath not taught, no Art can frame:
Wild born be wild still, though by force you tame.

Come, O come, my life's delight,
Let me not in languor pine!
Love loves no delay; thy sight,
The more enjoyed, the more divine:
O come, and take from me
The pain of being deprived of thee!

Thou all sweetness dost enclose,
Like a little world of bliss.
Beauty guards thy looks: the rose
In them pure and eternal is.
Come, then, and make thy flight
As swift to me, as heavenly light.

Could my heart more tongues employ
Than it harbours thoughts of grief;
It is now so far from joy,
That it scarce could ask relief.

Truest hearts by deeds unkind
To despair are most inclined.

Happy minds, that can redeem
Their engagements how they please!
That no joys or hopes esteem,
Half so precious as their ease!
Wisdom should prepare men so
As if they did all foreknow.

Yet no art or caution can
Grown affections easily change;
Use is such a lord of man
That he brooks worst what is strange
Better never to be blest
Than to lose all at the best.

SLEEP, angry beauty, sleep, and fear not me.
For who a sleeping lion dares provoke?
It shall suffice me here to sit and see
Those lips shut up, that never kindly spoke.
What sight can more content a lover's mind
Than beauty seeming harmless, if not kind?

My words have charmed her, for secure she sleeps;
Though guilty much of wrong done to my love;
And in her slumber, see! she, close-eyed, weeps!
Dreams often more than waking passions move.
Plead, Sleep, my cause, and make her soft like thee,
That she in peace may wake and pity me.

SILLY boy, 'tis full moon yet, thy night as day shines clearly;

Had thy youth but wit to fear, thou couldst not
love so dearly.
Shortly wilt thou mourn when all thy
pleasures are bereaved ;
Little knows he how to love that never was
deceived.

This is thy first maiden flame, that triumphs yet
unstained ;
All is artless now you speak, not one word, yet, is
feigned ;
All is heaven that you behold, and all your
thoughts are blessed ;
But no spring can want his fall, each Troilus hath
his Cressid.

Thy well-ordered locks ere long shall rudely
hang neglected ;
And thy lively pleasant cheer read grief on earth
dejected.
Much then wilt thou blame thy Saint, that made
thy heart so holy,
And with sighs confess, in love that too much
faith is folly.

Yet be just and constant still ! Love may beget
a wonder,
Not unlike a summer's frost, or winter's fatal
thunder.
He that holds his sweetheart true, unto his day
of dying,
Lives, of all that ever breathed, most worthy the
envying.

NEVER love unless you can
Bear with all the faults of man :

Men sometimes will jealous be,
Though but little cause they see ;
And hang the head, as discontent,
And speak what straight they will repent.

Men that but one saint adore,
Make a show of love to more :
Beauty must be scorned in none,
Though but truly served in one :
For what is courtship, but disguise ?
True hearts may have dissembling eyes.

Men when their affairs require,
Must a while themselves retire :
Sometimes hunt, and sometimes hawk,
And not ever sit and talk.
If these, and such like you can bear,
Then like, and love, and never fear !

So quick, so hot, so mad is thy fond suit,
  So rude, so tedious grown, in urging me,
That fain I would, with loss, make thy tongue mute,
  And yield some little grace to quiet thee :
An hour with thee I care not to converse,
For I would not be counted too perverse.

But roofs too hot would prove for me all fire ;
  And hills too high for my unused pace ;
The grove is charged with thorns and the bold briar ;
  Grey snakes the meadows shroud in every place :
A yellow frog, alas, will fright me so,
As I should start and tremble as I go.

Since then I can on earth no fit room find,
In heaven I am resolved with you to meet:
Till then, for hope's sweet sake, rest your tired mind
And not so much as see me in the street:
A heavenly meeting one day we shall have,
But never, as you dream, in bed, or grave.

SHALL I then hope when faith is fled?
Can I seek love when hope is gone?
Or can I live when love is dead?
Poorly he lives, that can love none.
Her vows are broke and I am free;
She lost her faith in losing me.

When I compare mine own events,
When I weigh others' like annoy:
All do but heap up discontents
That on a beauty build their joy.
Thus I of all complain, since she
All faith hath lost in losing me.

So my dear freedom have I gained,
Through her unkindness and disgrace:
Yet could I ever live enchained,
As she my service did embrace.
But she is changed, and I am free:
Faith failing her, love died in me.

## FOURTH BOOK OF AIRS.

### TO MY WORTHY FRIEND MASTER JOHN MOUNSON, SON AND HEIR TO SIR THOMAS MOUNSON, KNIGHT AND BARONET.

On you th' affections of your father's friends,
With his inheritance, by right descends :
But you your graceful youth so wisely guide
That his you hold, and purchase much beside.
Love is the fruit of Virtue ; for whose sake
Men only liking each to other take.
If sparks of virtue shined not in you then
So well, how could you win the hearts of men ?
And since that honour and well-suited praise
Is Virtue's golden spur, let me now raise
Unto an act mature your tender age ;
This half commending to your patronage,
Which from your noble father's, but one side,
Ordained to do you honour, doth divide.
And so my love betwixt you both I part,
On each side placing you as near my heart !

Yours ever,

Thomas Campion.

## TO THE READER.

*THE Apothecaries have Books of Gold, whose leaves, being opened, are so light as that they are subject to be shaken with the least breath ; yet rightly handled, they serve both for ornament and use. Such are light Airs.*

*But if any squeamish stomachs shall check at two or three vain ditties in the end of this book, let them pour off the clearest and leave those as dregs in the bottom. Howsoever, if they be but conferred with the* Canterbury Tales *of that venerable poet* Chaucer, *they will then appear toothsome enough.*

*Some words are in these Books, which have been clothed in music by others, and I am content they then served their turn : yet give me now leave to make use of mine own. Likewise you may find here some three or four Songs that have been published before : but for them, I refer you to the Player's bill, that is styled,* Newly revived, with Additions *; for you shall find all of them reformed, either in words or notes.*

*To be brief. All these Songs are mine, if you express them well ; otherwise they are your own. Farewell.*

*Yours, as you are his,*

THOMAS CAMPION.

LEAVE prolonging thy distress!
All delays afflict the dying.
Many lost sighs long I spent, to her for mercy crying;
But now, vain mourning, cease!
I'll die, and mine own griefs release.

Thus departing from this light
To those shades that end in sorrow,
Yet a small time of complaint a little breath I'll borrow,
To tell my once delight
I die alone through her despite.

RESPECT my faith, regard my service past;
The hope you winged call home to you at last.
Great price it is that I in you shall gain,
So great for you hath been my loss and pain.
My wits I spent and time for you alone,
Observing you and losing all for one.

Some raised to rich estates in this time are,
That held their hopes to mine, inferior far:
Such, scoffing me, or pitying me, say thus,
'Had he not loved, he might have lived like us.'
O then, dear sweet, for love and pity's sake
My faith reward and from me scandal take.

THOU joyest, fond boy, to be by many loved,
To have thy beauty of most dames approved;
For this dost thou thy native worth disguise
And playest the sycophant t'observe their eyes;
Thy glass thou counsellest more to adorn thy skin,
That first should school thee to be fair within.

'Tis childish to be caught with pearl or amber,
And woman-like too much to cloy the chamber ;
Youths should the fields affect, heat their rough steeds,
Their hardened nerves to fit for better deeds.
Is't not more joy strongholds to force with swords
Than women's weakness take with looks or words ?

Men that do noble things all purchase glory :
One man for one brave act have proved a story :
But if that one ten thousand dames o'ercame,
Who would record it, if not to his shame ?
'Tis far more conquest with one to live true
Than every hour to triumph lord of new.

VEIL, Love, mine eyes ! O hide from me
The plagues that charge the curious mind !
If beauty private will not be,
Suffice it yet that she proves kind.
Who can usurp heaven's light alone ?
Stars were not made to shine on one !

Griefs past recure, fools try to heal,
That greater harms on less inflict,
The pure offend by too much zeal ;
Affection should not be too strict.
He that a true embrace will find,
To beauty's faults must still be blind.

EVERY dame affects good fame, whate'er her doings be,
But true praise is Virtue's bays which none may wear but she.

Borrowed guise fits not the wise, a simple look is best ;
Native grace becomes a face, though ne'er so rudely dressed.
Now such new found toys are sold, these women to disguise.
That before the year grows old the newest fashion dies.

Dames of yore contended more in goodness to exceed
Than in pride to be envied, for that which least they need.
Little lawn then served the Pawn, if Pawn at all there were ;
Homespun thread, and household bread, then held out all the year.
But th'attires of women now wear out both house and land ;
That the wives in silks may flow, at ebb the good men stand.

Once again, Astrea, then, from heaven to earth descend,
And vouchsafe in their behalf these errors to amend !
Aid from heaven must make all even, things are so out of frame ;
For let man strive all he can, he needs must please his dame.
Happy man, content that gives and what he gives, enjoys !
Happy dame, content that lives and breaks no sleep for toys !

So sweet is thy discourse to me,
And so delightful is thy sight,
As I taste nothing right but thee.
O why invented Nature light ?
Was it alone for beauty's sake,
That her graced words might better take ?

No more can I old joys recall :
They now to me become unknown,
Not seeming to have been at all.
Alas ! how soon is this love grown
To such a spreading height in me
As with it all must shadowed be !

THERE is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow ;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
There cherries grow, which none may buy
Till ' Cherry ripe ' themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row ;
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds filled with snow.
Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy
Till ' Cherry ripe ' themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still ;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that attempt, with eye or hand,
Those sacred cherries to come nigh
Till ' Cherry ripe ' themselves do cry.

To his sweet lute Apollo sung the motions of the spheres ;
The wondrous order of the stars, whose course divides the years ;
And all the mysteries above :
But none of this could Midas move,
Which purchased him his ass's ears.

Then Pan with his rude pipe began the country wealth t'advance,
To boast of cattle, flocks of sheep, and goats on hills that dance ;
With much more of this churlish kind,
That quite transported Midas' mind,
And held him rapt as in a trance.

This wrong the God of Music scorned from such a sottish judge,
And bent his angry bow at Pan, which made the piper trudge :
Then Midas' head he so did trim
That every age yet talks of him
And Phœbus' right-revenged grudge.

YOUNG and simple though I am,
I have heard of Cupid's name :
Guess I can what thing it is
Men desire when they do kiss.
Smoke can never burn, they say,
But the flames that follow may.

I am not so foul or fair
To be proud nor to despair ;
Yet my lips have oft observed :
Men that kiss them press them hard,

As glad lovers use to do
When their new-met loves they woo.

Faith, 'tis but a foolish mind!
Yet, methinks, a heat I find,
Like thirst-longing, that doth bide
Ever on my weaker side,
Where they say my heart doth move.
Venus, grant it be not love!

If it be, alas, what then!
Were not women made for men?
As good 'twere a thing were past,
That must needs be done at last.
Roses that are overblown,
Grow less sweet; then fall alone.

Yet not churl, nor silken gull,
Shall my maiden blossom pull;
Who shall not I soon can tell;
Who shall, would I could as well!
This I know, whoe'er he be,
Love he must or flatter me.

Love me or not, love her I must or die;
Leave me or not, follow her, needs must I.
O that her grace would my wished comforts give!
How rich in her, how happy should I live!

All my desire, all my delight should be,
Her to enjoy, her to unite to me:
Envy should cease, her would I love alone:
Who loves by looks, is seldom true to one.

Could I enchant, and that it lawful were,
Her would I charm softly that none should hear.

But love enforced rarely yields firm content;
So would I love that neither should repent.

WHAT means this folly, now to brave it so,
And then to use submission?
Is that a friend that straight can play the foe?
Who loves on such condition?

Though briars breed roses, none the briar affect:
But with the flower are pleased.
Love only loves delight and soft respect:
He must not be diseased.

These thorny passions spring from barren breasts,
Or such as need much weeding.
Love only loves delight and soft respect;
But sends them not home bleeding.

Command thy humour, strive to give content,
And shame not love's profession.
Of kindness never any could repent
That made choice with discretion.

DEAR, if I with guile would gild a true intent
Heaping flatt'ries that in heart were never meant:
Easily could I then obtain
What now in vain I force;
Falsehood much doth gain,
Truth yet holds the better course.

Love forbid that through dissembling I should thrive,
Or in praising you myself of truth deprive!
Let not your high thoughts debase
A simple truth in me:
Great is Beauty's grace,
Truth is yet as fair as she!

Praise is but the wind of pride, if it exceeds ;
Wealth, prized in itself, no outward value needs.
Fair you are, and passing fair ;
You know it, and 'tis true :
Yet let none despair
But to find as fair as you.

O LOVE, where are thy shafts, thy quiver, and thy bow ?
Shall my wounds only weep, and he ungaged go ?
Be just, and strike him, too, that dares contemn thee so !

No eyes are like to thine, though men suppose thee blind ;
So fair they level when the mark they list to find :
Then, strike, O strike the heart that bears the cruel mind !

Is my fond sight deceived ? or do I Cupid spy,
Close aiming at his breast by whom, despised, I die ?
Shoot home, sweet Love, and wound him, that he may not fly !

O then we both will sit in some unhaunted shade,
And heal each other's wound which Love hath justly made :
O hope, O thought too vain ! how quickly dost thou fade !

At large he wanders still : his heart is free from pain,
While secret sighs I spend, and tears, but all in vain.

Yet, Love, thou knowest, by right, I should not thus complain.

BEAUTY is but a painted hell :
Ay me, ay me !
She wounds them that admire it,
She kills them that desire it.
Give her pride but fuel,
No fire is more cruel.

Pity from every heart is fled :
Ay me, ay me !
Since false desire could borrow
Tears of dissembled sorrow,
Constant vows turn truthless,
Love cruel, Beauty ruthless.

Sorrow can laugh, and Fury sing :
Ay me, ay me !
My raving griefs discover
I lived too true a lover.
The first step to madness
Is the excess of sadness.

ARE you, what your fair looks express ?
O then be kind !
From law of nature they digress
Whose form suits not their mind :
Fairness seen in th' outward shape,
Is but th' inward beauty's ape.

Eyes that of earth are mortal made,
What can they view ?
All's but a colour or a shade,
And neither always true :

Reason's sight, that is etern,
E'en the substance can discern.

Soul is the Man : for who will so
The body name ?
And to that power all grace we owe
That decks our living frame.
What, or how had housen bin,
But for them that dwell therein ?

Love in the bosom is begot,
Not in the eyes ;
No beauty makes the eye more hot,
Her flames the sprite surprise :
Let our loving minds then meet,
For pure meetings are most sweet.

SINCE she, even she, for whom I lived,
Sweet she by fate from me is torn,
Why am not I of sense deprived,
Forgetting I was ever born ?
Why should I languish, hating light ?
Better to sleep an endless night.

Be it either true, or haply feigned,
That some of Lethe's water write,
'Tis their best medicine that are pained
All thought to lose of past delight.
O would my anguish vanish so !
Happy are they that neither know.

I MUST complain, yet do enjoy my love ;
She is too fair, too rich in lovely parts :
Thence is my grief, for Nature, while she strove
With all her graces and divinest arts

To form her too too beautiful of hue,
She had no leisure left to make her true.

Should I, aggrieved, then wish she were less fair ?
That were repugnant to mine own desires.
She is admired, new lovers still repair,
That kindles daily love's forgetful fires.
Rest, jealous thoughts, and thus resolve at last,—
She hath more beauty than becomes the chaste.

THINK'ST thou to seduce me then with words that have no meaning ?
Parrots so can learn to prate, our speech by pieces gleaning :
Nurses teach their children so about the time of weaning.

Learn to speak first, then to woo : to wooing, much pertaineth :
He that courts us, wanting art, soon falters when he feigneth,
Looks asquint on his discourse, and smiles, when he complaineth.

Skilful anglers hide their hooks, fit baits for every season ;
But with crooked pins fish thou, as babes do, that want reason :
Gudgeons only can be caught with such poor tricks of treason.

Ruth forgive me, if I erred, from human heart's compassion,
When I laughed sometimes too much to see thy foolish fashion :

But, alas, who less could do that found so good occasion!

Her fair inflaming eyes,
Chief authors of my cares,
I prayed in humblest wise
With grace to view my tears:
They beheld me broad awake,
But alas, no ruth would take.

Her lips with kisses rich,
And words of fair delight,
I fairly did beseech,
To pity my sad plight:
But a voice from them brake forth,
As a whirlwind from the north.

Then to her hands I fled,
That can give heart and all;
To them I long did plead,
And loud for pity call:
But, alas, they put me off,
With a touch worse than a scoff.

So back I straight returned,
And at her breast I knocked;
Where long in vain I mourned,
Her heart, so fast was locked:
Not a word could passage find,
For a rock enclosed her mind.

Then down my prayers made way
To those most comely parts,
That make her fly or stay,
As they affect deserts:
But her angry feet, thus moved,
Fled with all the parts I loved.

Yet fled they not so fast,
As her enraged mind :
Still did I after haste,
Still was I left behind ;
Till I found 'twas to no end,
With a spirit to contend.

TURN all thy thoughts to eyes,
Turn all thy hairs to ears,
Change all thy friends to spies,
And all thy joys to fears :
True love will yet be free,
In spite of jealousy.

Turn darkness into day,
Conjectures into truth,
Believe what th' envious say,
Let age interpret youth :
True love will yet be free,
In spite of jealousy.

Wrest every word and look,
Rack every hidden thought,
Or fish with golden hook ;
True love cannot be caught.
For that will still be free,
In spite of jealousy !

IF any hath the heart to kill,
Come rid me of this woeful pain !
For while I live I suffer still
This cruel torment all in vain :
Yet none alive but one can guess
What is the cause of my distress.

Thanks be to heaven, no grievous smart,
No maladies my limbs annoy ;
I bear a fond and sprightful heart,
Yet live I quite deprived of joy :
Since what I had in vain I crave,
And what I had not now I have.

A love I had, so fair, so sweet,
As ever wanton eye did see :
Once by appointment we did meet :
She would, but ah, it would not be !
She gave her heart, her hand she gave ;
All did I give, she nought could have.

What hag did then my powers forespeak,
That never yet such taint did feel !
Now she rejects me as one weak,
Yet am I all composed of steel.
Ah, this is it my heart doth grieve :
Now though she sees, she'll not believe.

BEAUTY, since you so much desire
To know the place of Cupid's fire,
About you somewhere doth it rest,
Yet never harbour'd in your breast,
Nor gout-like in your heel or toe,—
What fool would seek Love's flame so low ?
But a little higher, but a little higher,
There, there, O there lies Cupid's fire.

Think not, when Cupid most you scorn,
Men judge that you of ice were born ;
For though you cast love at your heel,
His fury yet sometimes you feel :
And whereabouts if you would know,
I tell you still not in your toe :

But a little higher, but a little higher,
There, there, O there lies Cupid's fire.

YOUR fair looks urge my desire:
Calm it, sweet, with love!
Stay; O why will you retire?
Can you churlish prove?
If love may persuade,
Love's pleasures, dear, deny not:
Here is a grove secured with shade:
O then be wise, and fly not.

Hark, the birds delighted sing,
Yet our pleasure sleeps:
Wealth to none can profit bring,
Which the miser keeps.
O come, while we may,
Let's chain love with embraces;
We have not all times time to stay,
Nor safety in all places.

What ill find you now in this,
Or who can complain?
There is nothing done amiss
That breeds no man pain.
'Tis now flowery May;
But even in cold December,
When all these leaves are blown away,
This place shall I remember.

FAIN would I wed a fair young man that day and night could please me,
When my mind or body grieved that had the power to ease me.

Maids are full of longing thoughts that breed a
bloodless sickness,
And that, oft I hear men say, is only cured by
quickness.
Oft I have been wooed and prayed, but never
could be moved ;
Many for a day or so I have most dearly loved,
But this foolish mind of mine straight loathes the
thing resolved ;
If to love be sin in me that sin is soon absolved.
Sure I think I shall at last fly to some holy order ;
When I once am settled there then can I fly no
farther.
Yet I would not die a maid, because I had a
mother :
As I was by one brought forth I would bring
forth another.

*Songs of Mourning : Bewailing the untimely death of Prince Henry. Worded by Tho. Campion. And set forth to be sung with one voice to the Lute, or Viol : by John Coprario. London : Printed for John Browne, and are to be sold in S. Dunstan's Churchyard.* 1613.

## *ILLUSTRISSIMO POTENTISSIMOQUE PRINCIPI, FREDRICO QUINTO, RHENI COMITI PALATINO, DUCI BAVARIAE, ETC.*

COGIMUR ; *invitis* (*Clarissime*) *parce querelis*
*Te salvo ; laetis non sinit esse Deus :*
*Nec speratus Hymen procedit lumine claro ;*
*Principis extincti nubila fata vetant.*
*Illius inferias maesto jam Musica cantu*
*Prosequitur, miseros hæc Dea sola juvat.*
*Illa suos tibi summittit* (*Dux inclite*) *quaestus,*
*Fraternus fleto quem sociavit amor :*
*Sed nova gaudia, sed tam dulcia foedera rupit*
*Fati infelicis livor, et hora nocens.*
*Quod superest, nimios nobis omni arte dolores*
*Est mollire animus, spes meliora dabit :*
*Cunctatosque olim cantabimus ipsi Hymenaeos,*
*Laeta simul fas sit reddere vota Deo.*

## AN ELEGY UPON THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF PRINCE HENRY.

READ, you that have some tears left yet unspent,
Now weep yourselves heart-sick, and ne'er repent:
For I will open to your free access
The sanctuary of all heaviness,
Where men their fill may mourn, and never sin:
And I their humble Priest thus first begin.
Fly from the skies, ye blessed beams of light!
Rise up in horrid vapours, ugly night,
And fettered bring that ravenous monster Fate,
The felon and the traitor to our state!
Law-eloquence we need not to convince
His guilt; all know it, 'tis he stole our Prince,
The Prince of men, the Prince of all that bore
Ever that princely name: O now no more
Shall his perfections, like the sunbeams, dare
The purblind world! in heav'n those glories are.
What could the greatest artist, Nature, add
T' increase his graces? divine form he had,
Striving in all his parts which should surpass;
And like a well-tuned chime his carriage was
Full of celestial witchcraft, winning all
To admiration and love personal.
His lance appeared to the beholders' eyes,
When his fair hand advanced it to the skies,
Larger than truth, for well could he it wield,
And make it promise honour in the field.
When Court and Music called him, off fell arms
And as he had been shaped for love's alarms,

In harmony he spake, and trod the ground
In more proportion than the measured sound.
How fit for peace was he, and rosy beds!
How fit to stand in troops of iron heads,
When time had with his circles made complete
His charmed rounds! All things in time grow great.
This fear, even like a comet that hangs high,
And shoots his threat'ning flashes through the sky,
Held all the eyes of Christendom intent
Upon his youthful hopes, casting th' event
Of what was in his power, not in his will:
For that was close concealed, and must lie still,
As deeply hid as that design which late
With the French Lion died. O earthly state,
How doth thy greatness in a moment fall,
And feasts in highest pomp turn funeral!
But our young Henry armed with all the arts
That suit with Empire, and the gain of hearts,
Bearing before him fortune, power, and love,
Appeared first in perfection, fit to move
Fixt admiration: though his years were green
Their fruit was yet mature: his care had been
Surveying India, and implanting there
The knowledge of that God which he did fear:
And ev'n now, though he breathless lies, his sails
Are struggling with the winds, for our avails
T' explore a passage hid from human tract,
Will fame him in the enterprise or fact.
O Spirit full of hope, why art thou fled
From deeds of honour? why's that virtue dead
Which dwelt so well in thee? a bower more sweet,
If Paradise were found, it could not meet.
Curst then be Fate that stole our blessing so,

And had for us now nothing left but woe,
Had not th' All-seeing Providence yet kept
Another joy safe, that in silence slept:
And that same Royal workman, who could frame
A Prince so worthy of immortal fame,
Lives; and long may he live, to form the other
His expressed image, and grace of his brother,
To whose eternal peace we offer now
Gifts which he loved, and fed; musics that flow
Out of a sour and melancholic vein,
Which best sort with the sorrows we sustain.

## TO THE MOST SACRED KING JAMES.

### 1.

O GRIEF, how divers are thy shapes wherein men
languish!
The face sometime with tears thou fill'st,
Sometime the heart thou kill'st
With unseen anguish.
Sometime thou smilest to view how Fate
Plays with our human state:
So far from surety here
Are all our earthly joys,
That what our strong hope builds, when least we
fear,
A stronger power destroys.

### 2.

O Fate, why shouldst thou take from Kings
their joy and treasure?
Their image if men should deface

'Twere death, which thou dost race
Even at thy pleasure.
Wisdom of holy kings yet knows
Both what it hath, and owes.
Heaven's hostage, which you bred
And nursed with such choice care,
Is ravished now, great King, and from us fled
When we were least aware.

## TO THE MOST SACRED QUEEN ANNE.

### 1.

'Tis now dead night, and not a light on earth,
Or star in heaven, doth shine:
Let now a mother mourn the noblest birth
That ever was both mortal and divine.
O sweetness peerless! more than human grace!
O flowery beauty! O untimely death!
Now, Music, fill this place
With thy most doleful breath:
O singing wail a fate more truly funeral,
Than when with all his sons the sire of Troy did fall.

### 2.

Sleep, Joy! die, Mirth! and not a smile be seen,
Or show of heart's content!
For never sorrow nearer touched a Queen,
Nor were there ever tears more duly spent.
O dear remembrance, full of rueful woe!
O ceaseless passion! O unhuman hour!
No pleasure now can grow,
For withered is her flower.

O anguish do thy worst and fury tragical,
Since fate in taking one hath thus disordered all.

## TO THE MOST HIGH AND MIGHTY PRINCE CHARLES.

1.

FORTUNE and Glory may be lost and won,
But when the work of Nature is undone
That loss flies past returning;
No help is left but mourning.
What can to kind youth more despiteful prove
Than to be robbed of one sole brother?
Father and Mother
Ask reverence, a brother only love.
Like age and birth like thoughts and pleasures move:
What gain can he heap up, though showers of crowns descend,
Who for that good must change a brother and a friend?

2.

Follow, O follow yet thy brother's fame,
But not his fate: let's only change the name,
And find his worth presented
In thee, by him prevented.
O'er past example of the dead be great,
Out of thyself begin thy story:
Virtue and glory
Are eminent being placed in princely seat.
Oh, heaven, his age prolong with sacred heat,
And on his honoured head let all the blessings light

Which to his brother's life men wished, and
wished them right.

## TO THE MOST PRINCELY AND VIRTUOUS THE LADY ELIZABETH.

1.

So parted you as if the world for ever
Had lost with him her light:
Now could your tears hard flint to ruth excite,
Yet may you never
Your loves again partake in human sight:
O why should fate such two kind hearts dissever
As nature never knit more fair or firm together?

2.

So loved you as sister should a brother
Not in a common strain,
For princely blood doeth vulgar fire disdain:
But you each other
On earth embraced in a celestial chain.
Alas, for love! that heavenly-born affection
To change should subject be and suffer earth's
infection!

## TO THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND MIGHTY FREDERICK THE FIFTH, COUNT PALATINE OF THE RHINE.

1.

How like a golden dream you met and parted,
That pleasing straight doth vanish!

O who can ever banish
The thought of one so princely and free-hearted !
But he was pulled up in his prime by fate,
And love for him must mourn though all too late.
Tears to the dead are due, let none forbid
Sad hearts to sigh : true grief cannot be hid.

2.

Yet the most bitter storm to height increased
By heaven again is ceased :
O time, that all things movest,
In grief and joy thou equal measure lovest :
Such the condition is of human life,
Care must with pleasure mix and peace with strife :
Thoughts with the days must change ; as tapers waste,
So must our griefs ; day breaks when night is past.

## TO THE MOST DISCONSOLATE GREAT BRITAIN.

1.

WHEN pale famine fed on thee,
With her unsatiate jaws ;
When civil broils set murder free
Contemning all thy laws ;
When heav'n enraged consumed thee so
With plagues that none thy face could know,
Yet in thy looks affliction then showed less
Than now for one's fate all thy parts express.

2.

Now thy highest states lament
A son, and brother's loss ;
Thy nobles mourn in discontent,
And rue this fatal cross ;
Thy commons are with passion sad
To think how brave a Prince they had :
If all thy rocks from white to black should turn
Yet could'st thou not in show more amply mourn.

## TO THE WORLD.

1.

O POOR distracted world, partly a slave
To pagans' sinful rage, partly obscured
With ignorance of all the means that save !
And ev'n those parts of thee that live assured
Of heavenly grace, oh how they are divided
With doubts late by a kingly pen decided !
O happy world, if what the sire begun
Had been closed up by his religious son !

2.

Mourn all you souls oppressed under the yoke
Of Christian-hating Thrace ! never appeared
More likelihood to have that black league broke,
For such a heavenly Prince might well be feared
Of earthly fiends. Oh how is Zeal inflamed
With power, when Truth wanting defence is shamed !
O princely soul, rest thou in peace, while we
In thine expect the hopes were ripe in thee.

## A TABLE OF ALL THE SONGS CONTAINED IN THIS BOOK.

1. O Grief.
2. 'Tis now dead night.
3. Fortune and glory.
4. So parted you.
5. How like a golden dream.
6. When pale famine.
7. O poor distracted world.

FINIS

*The Description of a Masque, Presented before the King's Majesty at White-Hall, on Twelfth Night last, in honour of the Lord Hayes, and his Bride, Daughter and Heir to the Honourable the Lord Denny, their Marriage having been the same day at Court solemnized. To this by occasion other small poems are adjoined. Invented and set forth by Thomas Campion Doctor of Physic. London Imprinted by Iohn Windet for Iohn Brown and are to be sold at his shop in S. Dunstan's Churchyard in Fleet Street.* 1607. 4to.

## TO THE MOST PUISSANT AND GRACIOUS JAMES KING OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE disunited Scythians when they sought
To gather strength by parties, and combine
That perfect league of friends which once being wrought
No turn of time or fortune could untwine,
This rite they held : a massy bowl was brought,
And every right arm shot his several blood
Into the mazer till 'twas fully fraught.
Then having stirred it to an equal flood
They quaffed to th' union, which till death should last,
In spite of private foe, or foreign fear ;
And this blood-sacrament being known t' have past,
Their names grew dreadful to all far and near.
O then, great Monarch, with how wise a care
Do you these bloods divided mix in one,
And with like consanguinities prepare
The high, and everliving Union
'Tween Scots and English ! who can wonder then
If he that marries kingdoms, marries men ?

## AN EPIGRAM.

*MERLIN, the great King Arthur being slain,*
*Foretold that he should come to life again,*
*And long time after wield great Britain's state*
*More powerful ten-fold, and more fortunate.*
*Prophet, 'tis true, and well we find the same,*
*Save only that thou didst mistake the name.*

## AD INVICTISSIMUM SERENISSIMUMQUE IACOBUM, MAGNAE BRITANNIAE REGEM.

*ANGLIAE, et unanimis Scotiae pater, anne maritus*
*Sis dubito, an neuter, (Rex) vel uterque simul.*
*Uxores pariter binas sibi jungat ut unus,*
*Credimus hoc, ipso te prohibente, nefas.*
*Atque, maritali natas violare parentem*
*Complexu, quis non cogitat esse scelus?*
*At tibi divinis successibus utraque nubit;*
*Una tamen conjux, conjugis unus amor.*
*Connubium O mirum, binas qui ducere et unam*
*Possis! tu solus sic, Iacobe, potes.*
*Divisas leviter terras componis in unam*
*Atque unam aeternum nomine reque facis:*
*Natisque, et nuptis, pater et vir factus utrisque es;*
*Unitis conjux vere, et amore parens.*

## TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VIRTUOUS THEOPHILUS HOWARD,

LORD OF WALDEN, SON AND HEIR TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF SUFFOLK.

If to be sprung of high and princely blood,
If to inherit virtue, honour, grace,
If to be great in all things, and yet good,
If to be facile, yet t' have power and place,
If to be just, and bountiful, may get
The love of men, your right may challenge it.

The course of foreign manners far and wide,
The courts, the countries, cities, towns and state,
The blossom of your springing youth hath tried,

Honoured in every place and fortunate,
Which now grown fairer doth adorn our Court
With princely revelling and timely sport.

But if th' admired virtues of your youth
Breed such despairing to my daunted muse,
That it can scarcely utter naked truth,
How shall it mount as ravished spirits use
Under the burden of your riper days,
Or hope to reach the so far distant bays?

My slender Muse shall yet my love express,
And by the fair Thames' side of you she'll sing;
The double streams shall bear her willing verse
Far hence with murmur of their ebb and spring.
But if you favour her light tunes, ere long
She'll strive to raise you with a loftier song.

## TO THE RIGHT VIRTUOUS, AND HONOURABLE, THE LORD AND LADY HAYES.

SHOULD I presume to separate you now,
That were so lately joined by holy vow,
For whom this golden dream which I report
Begot so many waking eyes at Court,
And for whose grace so many nobles changed,
Their names and habits, from themselves estranged?
Accept together, and together view
This little work which all belongs to you,
And live together many blessed days,
To propagate the honoured name of Hayes.

EPIGRAMMA.

*HÆREDEM (ut spes est) pariet nova nupta Scot' Anglum ;*
*Quem gignet posthac ille, Britannus erit :*
*Sic nova posteritas, ex regnis orta duobus,*
*Utrinque egregios nobilitabit avos.*

## THE DESCRIPTION OF A MASQUE,

*Presented before the King's Majesty at White Hall, on twelfth night last, in honour of the Lord Hayes and his bride, daughter and heir to the honourable the Lord Denny, their marriage having been the same day at Court solemnized.*

As in battles, so in all other actions that are to be reported, the first, and most necessary part is the description of the place, with his opportunities and properties, whether they be natural or artificial. The great hall (wherein the Masque was presented) received this division, and order. The upper part where the cloth and chair of state were placed, had scaffolds and seats on either side continued to the screen ; right before it was made a partition for the dancing-place ; on the right hand whereof were consorted ten musicians, with bass and mean lutes, a bandora, a double sackbut, and an harpsichord, with two treble violins ;

on the other side somewhat nearer the screen were placed nine violins and three lutes, and to answer both the consorts (as it were in a triangle) six cornets, and six chapel voices, were seated almost right against them, in a place raised higher in respect of the piercing sound of those instruments ; eighteen foot from the screen, another stage was raised higher by a yard than that which was prepared for dancing. This higher stage was all enclosed with a double veil, so artificially painted, that it seemed as if dark clouds had hung before it : within that shroud was concealed a green valley, with green trees round about it, and in the midst of them nine golden trees of fifteen foot high, with arms and branches very glorious to behold. From the which grove toward the state was made a broad descent to the dancing place, just in the midst of it ; on either hand were two ascents, like the sides of two hills, drest with shrubs and trees ; that on the right hand leading to the bower of Flora : the other to the house of Night ; which bower and house were placed opposite at either end of the screen, and between them both was raised a hill, hanging like a cliff over the grove below, and on the top of it a goodly large tree was set, supposed to be the tree of Diana ; behind the which toward the window was a small descent, with

another spreading hill that climbed up to the top of the window, with many trees on the height of it, whereby those that played on the hautboys at the King's entrance into the hall were shadowed. The bower of Flora was very spacious, garnished with all kind of flowers, and flowery branches with lights in them ; the house of Night ample and stately, with black pillars, whereon many stars of gold were fixed : within it, when it was empty, appeared nothing but clouds and stars, and on the top of it stood three turrets underpropt with small black starred pillars, the middlemost being highest and greatest, the other two of equal proportion : about it were placed on wire artificial bats and owls, continually moving ; with many other inventions, the which for brevity sake I pass by with silence.

Thus much for the place, and now from thence let us come to the persons.

The Masquers' names were these (whom both for order and honour I mention in the first place).

1. *Lord Walden.*
2. *Sir Thomas Howard.*
3. *Sir Henry Carey, Master of the Jewel house.*
4. *Sir Richard Preston* } *Gent. of the K. Privy*
5. *Sir John Ashley* } *Chamber.*
6. *Sir Thomas Jarret, Pensioner.*

7. *Sir John Digby, one of the King's Carvers.*
8. *Sir Thomas Badger, Master of the King's Harriers.*
9. *Master Goring.*

Their number nine, the best and amplest of numbers, for as in music seven notes contain all variety, the eighth being in nature the same with the first, so in numbering after the ninth we begin again, the tenth being as it were the diapason in arithmetic. The number of *nine* is framed by the Muses and Worthies, and it is of all the most apt for change and diversity of proportion. The chief habit which the Masquers did use is set forth to your view in the first leaf: they presented in their feigned persons the knights of Apollo, who is the father of heat and youth, and consequently of amorous affections.

*The Speakers were in number four.*

*Flora*, the queen of flowers, attired in a changeable taffeta gown, with a large veil embroidered with flowers, a crown of flowers, and white buskins painted with flowers.

*Zephyrus*, in a white loose robe of sky-coloured taffeta, with a mantle of white silk, propped with wire, still waving behind him as he moved; on his head he wore a wreath of palm decked with primroses and

violets, the hair of his head and beard were flaxen, and his buskins white, and painted with flowers.

*Night*, in a close robe of black silk and gold, a black mantle embroidered with stars, a crown of stars on her head, her hair black and spangled with gold, her face black, her buskins black, and painted with stars; in her hand she bore a black wand, wreathed with gold.

*Hesperus*, in a close robe of a deep crimson taffeta mingled with sky-colour, and over that a large loose robe of a lighter crimson taffeta; on his head he wore a wreathed band of gold, with a star in the front thereof, his hair and beard red, and buskins yellow.

These are the principal persons that bear sway in this invention, others that are but seconders to these, I will describe in their proper places, discoursing the Masque in order as it was performed.

As soon as the King was entered the great Hall, the Hautboys (out of the wood on the top of the hill) entertained the time till his Majesty and his train were placed, and then after a little expectation the consort of ten began to play an air, at the sound whereof the veil on the right hand was withdrawn, and the ascent of the hill with the bower of Flora were discovered, where Flora and Zephyrus were busily plucking flowers from

the bower, and throwing them into two baskets, which two Sylvans held, who were attired in changeable taffeta, with wreathes of flowers on their heads. As soon as the baskets were filled, they came down in this order; first Zephyrus and Flora, then the two Sylvans with baskets after them; four Sylvans in green taffeta and wreathes, two bearing mean lutes, the third, a bass lute, and the fourth a deep bandora.

As soon as they came to the descent toward the dancing place, the consort of ten ceased, and the four Sylvans played the same air, to which Zephyrus and the two other Sylvans did sing these words in a bass, tenor, and treble voice, and going up and down as they sung they strewed flowers all about the place.

SONG.

*Now hath Flora robbed her bowers*
*To befriend this place with flowers:*
*Strow about, strow about!*
*The sky rained never kindlier showers.*
*Flowers with bridals well agree,*
*Fresh as brides and bridegrooms be:*
*Strow about, strow about!*
*And mix them with fit melody.*
*Earth hath no princelier flowers*
*Than roses white and roses red,*

*But they must still be mingled :*
*And as a rose new plucked from Venus' thorn,*
*So doth a bride her bridegroom's bed adorn.*

*Divers divers flowers affect*
*For some private dear respect :*
*Strow about, strow about !*
*Let every one his own protect ;*
*But he's none of Flora's friend*
*That will not the rose commend.*
*Strow about, strow about !*
*Let princes princely flowers defend :*
*Roses, the garden's pride,*
*Are flowers for love and flowers for king ,*
*In courts desired and weddings :*
*And as a rose in Venus' bosom worn,*
*So doth a bridegroom his bride's bed adorn.*

The music ceaseth and Flora speaks.

Flora. *Flowers and good wishes Flora doth present,*
*Sweet flowers, the ceremonious ornament*
*Of maiden marriage, Beauty figuring,*
*And blooming youth ; which though we careless fling*
*About this sacred place, let none profane*
*Think that these fruits from common hills are ta'en,*
*Or vulgar vallies which do subject lie*
*To winter's wrath and cold mortality.*
*But these are hallowed and immortal flowers*
*With Flora's hands gathered from Flora's bowers.*

*Such are her presents, endless as her love,*
*And such for ever may this night's joy prove.*
Zeph. *For ever endless may this night's joy prove!*
*So echoes Zephyrus the friend of Love,*
*Whose aid Venus implores when she doth bring*
*Into the naked world the green-leaved spring.*
*When of the sun's warm beams the nets we weave*
*That can the stubborn'st heart with love deceive.*
*That Queen of Beauty and Desire by me*
*Breathes gently forth this bridal prophecy:*
*Faithful and fruitful shall these bedmates prove,*
*Blest in their fortunes, honoured in their love.*
Flor. *All grace this night, and, Sylvans, so must you,*
*Off'ring your marriage song with changes new.*

*Zephyrus, the western wind, of all the most mild and pleasant, who with Venus, the Queen of love, is said to bring in the spring, when natural heat and appetite reviveth, and the glad earth begins to be beautified with flowers.*

THE SONG IN FORM OF A DIALOGUE.

Can. *Who is the happier of the two,*
*A maid, or wife?*
Ten. *Which is more to be desired,*
*Peace or strife?*
Can. *What strife can be where two are one,*
*Or what delight to pine alone?*
Bas. *None such true friends, none so sweet life,*
*As that between the man and wife.*
Ten. *A maid is free, a wife is tied.*
Can. *No maid but fain would be a bride.*
Ten. *Why live so many single then?*
*'Tis not I hope for want of men.*
Can. *The bow and arrow both may fit,*
*And yet 'tis hard the mark to hit.*
Bas. *He levels fair that by his side*
*Lays at night his lovely Bride.*
Cho. *Sing Io, Hymen! Io, Io, Hymen!*

This song being ended the whole veil is suddenly drawn, the grove and trees of gold, and the hill with Diana's tree are at once discovered.

Night appears in her house with her Nine Hours, appareled in large robes of black taffeta, painted thick with stars, their hairs long, black, and spangled with gold, on their heads coronets of stars, and their faces black. Every Hour bore in his hand a black torch, painted with stars, and lighted. Night presently descending from her house spake as followeth.

*Diana, the Moon and Queen of Virginity, is said to be Regent and Empress of Night, and is therefore by night defended, as in her quarrel for the loss of the Bride, her virgin.*

Night. *Vanish, dark veils! let night in glory shine*
*As she doth burn in rage: come leave our shrine*
*You black-haired Hours, and guide us with your lights,*
*Flora hath wakened wide our drowsy sprites:*
*See where she triumphs, see her flowers are thrown,*
*And all about the seeds of malice sown!*
*Despiteful Flora, is't not enough of grief*
*That Cynthia's robbed, but thou must grace the thief?*
*Or didst not hear Night's sovereign Queen complain*
*Hymen had stolen a Nymph out of her train,*
*And matched her here, plighted henceforth to be*
*Love's friend, and stranger to virginity?*
*And makest thou sport for this?*
Flora. *Be mild, stern Night;*
*Flora doth honour Cynthia, and her right.*
*Virginity is a voluntary power,*

*Free from constraint, even like an untouched flower*
*Meet to be gathered when 'tis throughly blown.*
*The Nymph was Cynthia's while she was her own,*
*But now another claims in her a right,*
*By fate reserved thereto and wise foresight.*
Zeph. *Can Cynthia one kind virgin's loss bemoan?*
*How if perhaps she brings her ten for one?*
*Or can she miss one in so full a train?*
*Your Goddess doth of too much store complain.*
*If all her Nymphs would ask advice of me*
*There should be fewer virgins than there be.*
*Nature ordained not men to live alone,*
*Where there are two a woman should be one.*
Night. *Thou breath'st sweet poison, wanton Zephyrus,*
*But Cynthia must not be deluded thus.*
*Her holy forests are by thieves profaned,*
*Her virgins frighted, and lo, where they stand*
*That late were Phœbus' knights, turned now to trees*
*By Cynthia's vengement for their injuries*
*In seeking to seduce her nymphs with love:*
*Here they are fixed, and never may remove*
*But by Diana's power that stuck them here.*
*Apollo's love to them doth yet appear,*
*In that his beams hath gilt them as they grow,*
*To make their misery yield the greater show.*
*But they shall tremble when sad Night doth speak,*
*And at her stormy words their boughs shall break.*

Toward the end of this speech Hesperus begins to descend by the house of Night, and

by that time the speech was finished he was ready to speak.

*esperus, : Evening ır, fore- ews that e wished arriage- ght is at nd, and r that use is sup- osed to be e friend of idegrooms id brides.*

Hesp. *Hail reverend angry Night, hail Queen of Flowers,*
*Mild spirited Zephyrus, hail, Sylvans and Hours.*
*Hesperus brings peace, cease then your needless jars*
*Here in this little firmament of stars.*
*Cynthia is now by Phœbus pacified,*
*And well content her nymph is made a bride.*
*Since the fair match was by that Phœbus graced*
*Which in this happy Western Isle is placed*
*As he in heaven, one lamp enlightening all*
*That under his benign aspect doth fall.*
*Deep oracles he speaks, and he alone*
*For arts and wisdom's meet for Phœbus' throne.*
*The nymph is honoured, and Diana's pleased :*
*Night, be you then, and your black Hours appeased :*
*And friendly listen what your queen by me*
*Farther commands : let this my credence be,*
*View it, and know it for the highest gem,*
*That hung on her imperial diadem.*
Night. *I know, and honour it, lovely Hesperus,*
*Speak then your message, both are welcome to us.*
Hesp. *Your Sovereign from the virtuous gem she sends*
*Bids you take power to retransform the friends*
*Of Phœbus, metamorphosed here to trees,*
*And give them straight the shapes which they did lese.*
*This is her pleasure.*
Night. *Hesperus, I obey,*
*Night must needs yield when Phœbus gets the day.*

Flora. *Honoured be Cynthia for this generous deed.*

Zeph. *Pity grows only from celestial seed.*

Night. *If all seem glad, why should we only lower?*

*Since t'express gladness we have now most power.*
*Frolic, graced captives, we present you here*
*This glass, wherein your liberties appear:*
*Cynthia is pacified, and now blithe Night*
*Begins to shake off melancholy quite.*

Zeph. *Who should grace mirth and revels but the Night?*

*Next Love she should be goddess of delight.*

Night. *'Tis now a time when (Zephyrus) all with dancing*
*Honour me, above Day my state advancing.*
*I'll now be frolic, all is full of heart,*
*And ev'n these trees for joy shall bear a part:*
*Zephyrus, they shall dance.*

Zeph. *Dance, Goddess? how?*

Night. *Seems that so full of strangeness to you now?*

*Did not the Thracian harp long since the same?*
*And (if we rip the old records of fame)*
*Did not Amphion's lyre the deaf stones call,*
*When they came dancing to the Theban wall?*
*Can music then joy? joy mountains moves*
*And why not trees? joy's powerful when it loves.*
*Could the religious Oak speak Oracle*
*Like to the Gods? and the tree wounded tell*
*T'Æneas his sad story? have trees therefore*
*The instruments of speech and hearing more*
*Than th' have of pacing, and to whom but Night*
*Belong enchantments? who can more affright*
*The eye with magic wonders? Night alone*

*Is fit for miracles, and this shall be one*
*Apt for this Nuptial dancing jollity.*
*Earth, then be soft and passable to free*
*These fettered roots: joy, trees! the time draws near*
*When in your better forms you shall appear.*
*Dancing and music must prepare the way,*
*There's little tedious time in such delay.*

This spoken, the four Sylvans played on their instruments the first strain of this song following · and at the repetition thereof the voices fell in with the instruments which were thus divided: a treble and a bass were placed near his Majesty, and another treble and bass near the grove, that the words of the song might be heard of all, because the trees of gold instantly at the first sound of their voices began to move and dance according to the measure of the time which the musicians kept in singing, and the nature of the words which they delivered.

SONG.

*Move now with measured sound,*
*You charmed grove of gold,*
*Trace forth the sacred ground*
*That shall your forms unfold.*

***Diana and the starry Night for your Apollo's sake***
***Endue your Sylvan shapes with power this strange delight to make.***

*Much joy must needs the place betide where trees for gladness move :*
*A fairer sight was ne'er beheld, or more expressing love.*
*Yet nearer Phœbus' throne*
*Meet on your winding ways,*
*Your bridal mirth make known*
*In your high-graced Hayes.*
*Let Hymen lead your sliding rounds, and guide them with his light,*
*While we do Io Hymen sing in honour of this night,*
*Join three by three, for so the night by triple spell decrees,*
*Now to release Apollo's knights from these enchanted trees.*

This dancing-song being ended, the golden trees stood in ranks three by three, and Night ascended up to the grove, and spake thus, touching the first three severally with her wand.

Night. *By virtue of this wand, and touch divine,*
*These Sylvan shadows back to earth resign :*
*Your native forms resume, with habit fair,*
*While solemn music shall enchant the air.*

Presently the Sylvans with their four instruments, and five voices, began to play, and sing together the song following ; at the beginning whereof that part of the stage whereon the first three trees stood began to yield, and the three foremost trees gently to sink, and this was effected by an engine placed under

*Either by the simplicity, negligence, or conspiracy of the painter, the passing away of the trees was somewhat hasarded ;*

*the pattern of them the same day having been shown with much advantage and the nine trees being left unset together even to the same night.*

the stage. When the trees had sunk a yard they cleft in three parts, and the Masquers appeared out of the tops of them, the trees were suddenly conveyed away, and the first three Masquers were raised again by the engine. They appeared then in a false habit, yet very fair, and in form not much unlike their principal and true robe. It was made of green taffeta cut into leaves, and laid upon cloth of silver, and their hats were suitable to the same.

SONG OF TRANSFORMATION.

*Night and Diana charge,*
*And th' Earth obeys,*
*Opening large*
*Her secret ways,*
*While Apollo's charmed men*
*Their forms receive again.*
*Give gracious Phœbus honour then,*
*And so fall down, and rest behind the train,*
*Give gracious Phœbus honour then*
*And so fall, etc.*

When those words were sung, the three Masquers made an honour to the King, and so falling back the other six trees, three by three, came forward, and when they were in their appointed places, Night spake again thus:

Night. *Thus can celestials work in human fate,*
*Transform and form as they do love or hate;*

*Like touch and change receive. The Gods agree :*
*The best of numbers is contained in three.*

THE SONG OF TRANSFORMATION AGAIN.

*Night and Diana, etc.*

Then Night touched the second three trees and the stage sunk with them as before : and in brief the second three did in all points as the first. Then Night spake again.

Night. *The last, and third of nine, touch, magic wand,*
*And give them back their forms at Night's command.*

Night touched the third three trees, and the same charm of Night and Diana was sung the third time ; the last three trees were transformed, and the Masquers raised, when presently the first Music began his full Chorus.

*Again this song revive and sound it high :*
*Long live Apollo, Britain's glorious eye !*

This chorus was in manner of an Echo, seconded by the cornets, then by the consort of ten, then by the consort of twelve, and by a double chorus of voices standing on either side, the one against the other, bearing five voices apiece, and sometime every chorus was heard severally, sometime mixed, but in the end all together : which kind of harmony so distinguished by the place, and by

the several nature of instruments, and changeable conveyance of the song, and performed by so many excellent masters as were actors in that music, (their number in all amounting to forty-two voices and instruments) could not but yield great satisfaction to the hearers.

While this chorus was repeated twice over, the nine masters in their green habits solemnly descended to the dancing-place, in such order as they were to begin their dance, and as soon as the chorus ended, the violins, or consort of twelve began to play the second new dance, which was taken in form of an echo by the cornets, and then catched in like manner by the consort of ten, (sometime they mingled two musics together ; sometime played all at once ;) which kind of echoing music rarely became their sylvan attire, and was so truly mixed together, that no dance could ever be better graced than that, as (in such distraction of music) it was performed by the masquers. After this dance Night descended from the grove, and addressed her speech to the masquers, as followeth.

Night. *Phœbus is pleased, and all rejoice to see*
*His servants from their golden prison free.*
*But yet since Cynthia hath so friendly smiled,*
*And to you tree-born knights is reconciled,*
*First ere you any more work undertake,*

*About her tree solemn procession make,*
*Diana's tree, the tree of Chastity,*
*That placed alone on yonder hill you see.*
*These green-leaved robes, wherein disguised you made*
*Stealths to her nymphs through the thick forest's shade,*
*There to the goddess offer thankfully,*
*That she may not in vain appeased be.*
*The Night shall guide you, and her Hours attend you*
*That no ill eyes, or spirits shall offend you.*

At the end of this speech Night began to lead the way alone, and after her an Hour with his torch, and after the Hour a masquer; and so in order one by one, a torch-bearer and a masquer, they march on towards Diana's tree. When the masquers came by the house of Night, every one by his Hour received his helmet, and had his false robe plucked off, and, bearing it in his hand, with a low honour offered it at the tree of Chastity, and so in his glorious habit, with his Hour before him marched to the bower of Flora. The shape of their habit the picture before discovers, the stuff was of carnation satin laid thick with broad silver lace, their helmets being made of the same stuff. So through the bower of Flora they came, where they joined two torch-bearers, and two masquers, and when they past down to the grove, the Hours

parted on either side, and made way between them for the masquers, who descended to the dancing-place in such order as they were to begin their third new dance. All this time of procession the six cornets, and six chapel voices sung a solemn motet of six parts made upon these words.

*With spotless minds now mount we to the tree*
*Of single chastity.*
*The root is temperance grounded deep,*
*Which the cold-juiced earth doth steep:*
*Water it desires alone,*
*Other drink it thirsts for none:*
*Therewith the sober branches it doth feed,*
*Which though they fruitless be,*
*Yet comely leaves they breed,*
*To beautify the tree.*

*Cynthia protectress is, and for her sake*
*We this grave procession make.*
*Chaste eyes and ears, pure hearts and voices,*
*Are graces wherein Phœbe most rejoices.*

The motet being ended, the violins began the third new dance, which was lively performed by the masquers, after which they took forth the ladies, and danced the measures with them; which being finished, the masquers brought the ladies back again to their places: and Hesperus with the rest descended from the grove into the dancing-place, and spake to the masquers as followeth.

Hesperus. *Knights of Apollo, proud of your new birth,*
*Pursue your triumphs still with joy and mirth:*
*Your changed fortunes, and redeemed estate,*
*Hesperus to your Sovereign will relate.*
*'Tis now high time he were far hence retired,*
*Th' old bridal friend, that ushers Night desired*
*Through the dim evening shades, then taking flight*
*Gives place and honour to the nuptial Night.*
*I, that wished evening star, must now make way*
*To Hymen's rights much wronged by my delay.*
*But on Night's princely state you ought t' attend,*
*And t' honour your new reconciled friend.*

Night. *Hesperus as you with concord came, ev'n so*
*'Tis meet that you with concord hence should go.*
*Then join you, that in voice and art excel,*
*To give this star a musical farewell.*

A DIALOGUE OF FOUR VOICES, TWO BASSES AND TWO TREBLES.

1. *Of all the stars which is the kindest*
*To a loving Bride?*
2. *Hesperus when in the west*
*He doth the day from night divide.*
1. *What message can be more respected*
*Than that which tells wished joys shall be effected?*
2. *Do not Brides watch the evening star?*
1. *O they can discern it far.*
2. *Love Bridegrooms revels?*
1. *But for fashion.*
2. *And why?* 1. *They hinder wished occasion.*

2. *Longing hearts and new delights,*
*Love short days and long nights.*
Chorus. *Hesperus, since you all stars excel*
*In bridal kindness, kindly farewell, farewell.*

While these words of the Chorus (*kindly farewell, farewell*) were in singing often repeated, Hesperus took his leave severally of Night, Flora, and Zephyrus, the Hours and Sylvans, and so while the chorus was sung over the second time, he was got up to the grove, where turning again to the singers, and they to him, Hesperus took a second farewell of them, and so past away by the house of Night. Then Night spake these two lines, and therewith all retired to the grove where they stood before.

Night. *Come, Flora, let us now withdraw our train*
*That th' eclipsed revels may shine forth again.*

Now the masquers began their lighter dances as corantoes, levaltas and galliards, wherein when they had spent as much time as they thought fit, Night spake thus from the grove, and in her speech descended a little into the dancing-place.

Night. *Here stay: Night leaden-eyed and sprited grows,*
*And her late Hours begin to hang their brows.*
*Hymen long since the bridal bed hath dressed,*

*And longs to bring the turtles to their nest.*
*Then with one quick dance sound up your delight,*
*And with one song we'll bid you all good-night.*

At the end of these words, the violins began the 4 new dance, which was excellently discharged by the Masquers, and it ended with a light change of music and measure. After the dance followed this dialogue of 2 voices, a bass and tenor sung by a Sylvan and an Hour.

Ten. Sylvan. *Tell me, gentle Hour of Night,*
*Wherein dost thou most delight?*
Bas. Ho. *Not in sleep.* Syl. *Wherein then?*
Hour. *In the frolic view of men?*
Syl. *Lovest thou music?* Hour. *O 'tis sweet.*
Syl. *What's dancing?* Hour. *Ev'n the mirth of feet.*
Syl. *Joy you in fairies and in elves?*
Hour. *We are of that sort ourselves.*
*But, Sylvan, say why do you love*
*Only to frequent the grove?*
Syl. *Life is fullest of content,*
*Where delight is innocent.*
Hour. *Pleasure must vary, not be long.*
*Come then let's close, and end our song.*
Chorus. *Yet, ere we vanish from this princely sight,*
*Let us bid Phœbus and his states good-night.*

This chorus was performed with several Echoes of music, and voices, in manner as the great chorus before. At the end whereof the Masquers, putting off their vizards and helmets, made a low honour to the King, and attended his Majesty to the banqueting place.

To the Reader.

*Neither buskin now, nor bays*
*Challenge I : a Lady's praise*
*Shall content my proudest hope.*
*Their applause was all my scope ;*
*And to their shrines properly*
*Revels dedicated be :*
*Whose soft ears none ought to pierce*
*But with smooth and gentle verse.*
*Let the tragic poem swell,*
*Raising raging fiends from hell ;*
*And let epic dactyls range*
*Swelling seas and countries strange :*
*Little room small things contains ;*
*Easy praise quits easy pains.*
*Suffer them whose brows do sweat*
*To gain honour by the great :*
*It's enough if men me name*
*A retailer of such fame.*

*Epigramma.*

Quid tu te numeris immisces ? anne medentem
Metra cathedratum ludicra scripta decent ?
Musicus et medicus, celebris quoque, Phœbe, poeta es,

Et lepor aegrotos, arte rogante, juvat.
Crede mihi doctum qui carmen non sapit, idem
Non habet ingenuum, nec genium medici.

FINIS.

*Song* 3.

*Shows and nightly revels, signs of joy and peace,*
*Fill royal Britain's Court while cruel war far off*
*doth rage, for ever hence exiled.*
*Fair and princely branches with strong arms*
*increase*
*From that deep-rooted tree whose sacred strength and*
*glory foreign malice hath beguiled.*
*Our divided kingdoms now in friendly kindred*
*meet*
*And old debate to love and kindness turns, our*
*power with double force uniting;*
*Truly reconciled, grief appears at last more sweet*
*Both to ourselves and faithful friends, our under-*
*mining foes affrighting.*

*Song* 4.

*Triumph now with joy and mirth!*
*The God of Peace hath blessed our land:*
*We enjoy the fruits of earth*
*Through favour of His bounteous hand.*

*We through His most loving grace*
*A king and kingly seed behold,*
*Like a sun with lesser stars*
*Or careful shepherd to his fold:*
*Triumph then, and yield Him praise*
*That gives us blest and joyful days.*

*Song* 5.

*Time, that leads the fatal round,*
*Hath made his centre in our ground,*
*With swelling seas embraced;*
*And there at one stay he rests,*
*And with the Fates keeps holy feasts,*
*With pomp and pastime graced.*
*Light Cupids there do dance and Venus sweetly sings*
*With heavenly notes tuned to sound of silver strings:*
*Their songs are all of joy, no sign of sorrow there,*
*But all as starres glist'ring fair and blithe appear.*

*A Relation Of the Late Royal Entertainment Given By The Right Honourable The Lord Knowles, At Cawsome-House near Reading: to our most Gracious Queen, Queen Anne, in her Progress toward the Bath, upon the seven and eight and twenty days of April,* 1613. *Whereunto is annexed the Description, Speeches, and Songs of the Lord's Masque, presented in the Banqueting-house on the Marriage night of the High and Mighty, Count Palatine, and the Royally descended the Lady Elizabeth. Written by Thomas Campion. London, Printed for Iohn Budge, and are to be sold at his Shop at the South-door of S. Pauls, and at Britain's Burse.* 1613. 4to.

## A Relation of the late Royal Entertainment given by the Right Honourable the Lord Knowles at Cawsome-House near Reading to our most gracious Queen, Queen Anne, in her Progress toward the Bath upon the seven and eight and twenty days of April, 1613.

*Forasmuch as this late Entertainment hath been much desired in writing, both of such as were present at the performance thereof, as also of many which are yet strangers both to the business and place, it shall be convenient, in this general publication, a little to touch at the description and situation of Cawsome seat. The house is fairly built of brick, mounted on the hillside of a park, within view of Reading, they being severed about the space of two miles. Before the park-gate, directly opposite to the house, a new passage was forced through earable land, that was lately paled in, it being from the park about two flight-shots in length; at the further end whereof, upon the Queen's approach, a Cynic appeared out of a bower, drest in a skin-coat, with bases, of green calico, set thick with leaves and boughs: his nakedness being also artificially shadowed with*

*leaves; on his head he wore a false hair, black and disordered, stuck carelessly with flowers.*

*The speech of the Cynic to the Queen and her Train.*

*Cynic.* Stay; whether you human be or divine, here is no passage; see you not the earth furrowed? the region solitary? Cities and Courts fit tumultuous multitudes: this is a place of silence; here a kingdom I enjoy without people; myself commands, myself obeys; host, cook, and guest myself; I reap without sowing, owe all to Nature, to none other beholding: my skin is my coat, my ornaments these boughs and flowers, this bower my house, the earth my bed, herbs my food, water my drink; I want no sleep, nor health; I envy none, nor am envied, neither fear I nor hope, nor joy, nor grieve: if this be happiness, I have it; which you all that depend on others' service, or command, want: will you be happy? be private, turn palaces to hermitages, noises to silence, outward felicity to inward content.

*A stranger on horse-back was purposely thrust into the troupe disguised, and wrapt in a cloak that he might pass unknown, who at the conclusion of this speech began to discover himself as a fantastic Traveller in a silken suit of strange checker-work, made up after*

*the Italian cut, with an Italian hat, and a band of gold and silk, answering the colours of his suit, with a courtly feather, long gilt spurs, and all things answerable.*

*The Traveller's speech on horse-back.*

*Travell.* Whither travels thy tongue, ill nurtured man ? thy manners shew madness, thy nakedness poverty, thy resolution folly. Since none will undertake thy presumption, let me descend, that I may make thy ignorance know how much it hath injured sacred ears.

*The Traveller then dismounts and gives his cloak and horse to his foot-man : in the meantime the Cynic speaks.*

*Cyn.* Naked I am, and so is truth ; plain, and so is honesty ; I fear no man's encounter, since my cause deserves neither excuse, nor blame.

*Trav.* Shall I now chide or pity thee ? thou art as miserable in life, as foolish in thy opinion. Answer me ? dost thou think that all happiness consists in solitariness ?

*Cyn.* I do.

*Trav.* And are they unhappy that abide in society ?

*Cyn.* They are.

*Trav.* Dost thou esteem it a good thing to live ?

*Cyn.* The best of things.

*Trav.* Hadst thou not a father and mother?

*Cyn.* Yes.

*Trav.* Did they not live in society?

*Cyn.* They did.

*Trav.* And wert not thou one of their society when they bred thee, instructing thee to go and speak?

*Cyn.* True.

*Trav.* Thy birth then and speech in spite of thy spleen make thee sociable; go, thou art but a vain-glorious counterfeit, and wanting that which should make thee happy, contemnest the means. View but the heavens: is there not above us a sun and moon, giving and receiving light? are there not millions of stars that participate their glorious beams? is there any element simple? is there not a mixture of all things? and wouldst thou only be singular? action is the end of life, virtue the crown of action, society the subject of virtue, friendship the band of society, solitariness the breach. Thou art yet young, and fair enough, wert thou not barbarous; thy soul, poor wretch, is far out of tune, make it musical; come, follow me, and learn to live.

*Cyn.* I am conquered by reason, and humbly ask pardon for my error, henceforth my heart shall honour greatness, and love society; lead now, and I will follow, as good a fellow as the best.

*The Traveller and Cynic instantly mount on horse-back, and hasten to the park-gate, where they are received by two Keepers, formally attired in green perpetuana, with jerkins and long hose, all things else being in colour suitable, having either of them a horn hanging formally at their backs, and on their heads they had green Monmouth-caps, with greenfeathers, the one of them in his hand bearing a hook-bill, and the other a long pike-staff, both painted green : with them stood two Robin-Hood men in suits of green striped with black, drest in doublets with great bellies and wide sleeves, shaped fardingale-wise at the shoulders, without wings ; their hose were round, with long green stockings ; on their heads they wore broad flat caps with green feathers cross quite over them, carrying green bows in their hands, and green arrows by their sides.*

*In this space cornets at sundry places entertain the time, till the Queen with her train is entered into the park : and then one of the Keepers presents her with this short speech.*

*Keeper.* More than most welcome, renowned and gracious Queen, since your presence vouchsafes to beautify these woods, whereof I am keeper, be it your pleasure to accept such rude entertainment, as a rough woodman can yield. This is to us a high

holiday, and henceforth yearly shall be kept and celebrated with our country sports, in honour of so royal a guest ; come, friends and fellows, now prepare your voices, and present your joys in a sylvan dance.

*Here standing on a smooth green, and environed with the horse-men, they present a song of five parts, and withall a lively sylvan-dance of six persons : the Robin-Hood men feign two trebles ; one of the Keepers with the Cynic sing two counter-tenors, the other Keeper the bass ; but the Traveller being not able to sing, gapes in silence, and expresseth his humour in antic gestures.*

A song and dance of six, two Keepers, two Robin-Hood men, the fantastic Traveller, and the Cynic.

I.

*Dance now and sing ; the joy and love we owe*
*Let cheerful voices and glad gestures show :*
*The Queen of grace is she whom we receive :*
*Honour and state are her guides,*
*Her presence they can never leave.*
*Then in a stately sylvan form salute*
*Her ever-flowing grace ;*
*Fill all the woods with echoed welcomes,*
*And strew with flowers this place ;*
*Let every bough and plant fresh blossoms yield,*
*And all the air refine :*

*Let pleasure strive to please our goddess,*
*For she is all divine.*

2.

*Yet once again let us our measures move,*
*And with sweet notes record our joyful love.*
*An object more divine none ever had :*
*Beauty, and heaven-born worth,*
*Mixt in perfection never fade.*
*Then with a dance triumphant let us sing*
*Her high advanced praise,*
*And ev'n to heaven our gladsome welcomes*
*With wings of music raise ;*
*Welcome, O welcome, ever-honoured Queen,*
*To this now-blessed place !*
*That grove, that bower, that house is happy*
*Which you vouchsafe to grace.*

This song being sung and danced twice over, they fall instantly into a kind of coranto, with these words following :—

*No longer delay her,*
*'Twere sin now to stay her*
*From her ease with tedious sport ;*
*Then welcome still crying*
*And swiftly hence flying,*
*Let us to our homes resort.*

***In the end whereof the two Keepers carry away the Cynic ; and the two Robin-Hood men the Traveller ; when presently cornets begin again to sound in several places, and so continue with variety, while the Queen passeth***

*through a long smooth green way, set on each side with trees in equal distance; all this while her Majesty being carried in her caroch.*

*But because some wet had fallen that day in the forenoon (though the garden-walks were made artificially smooth and dry) yet all her foot-way was spread with broad-cloth, and so soon as her Majesty with her train were all entered into the lower garden, a Gardener, with his man and boy, issued out of an arbour to give her Highness entertainment. The Gardener was suited in gray with a jerkin double jagged all about the wings and skirts; he had a pair of great slops with a cod-piece, and buttoned gamachios all of the same stuff: on his head he had a strawn hat, piebaldly drest with flowers, and in his hand a silvered spade. His man was also suited in gray with a great buttoned flap on his jerkin, having large wings and skirts, with a pair of great slops and gamachios of the same; on his head he had a strawn hat, and in his hand a silvered mattox. The Gardener's boy was in a pretty suit of flowery stuff, with a silvered rake in his hand. When they approached near the Queen, they all vailed bonnet; and lowting low, the Gardener began after his antic fashion this speech.*

*Gard.* Most magnificent and peerless deity, lo, I the surveyor of Lady Flora's works, welcome your grace with fragrant

phrases into her bowers, beseeching your greatness to bear with the late wooden entertainment of the wood-men ; for woods are more full of weeds than wits, but gardens are weeded, and gardeners witty, as may appear by me. I have flowers for all fancies. Thyme for truth, rosemary for remembrance, roses for love, heartsease for joy, and thousands more, which all harmoniously rejoice at your presence ; but myself, with these my Paradisians here, will make you such music as the wild woodists shall be ashamed to hear the report of it. Come, sirs, prune your pipes, and tune your strings, and agree together like birds of a feather.

*A song of a treble and bass, sung by the Gardener's boy and man, to music of instruments, that was ready to second them in the arbour.*

1.

Welcome to this flowery place,
Fair Goddess and sole Queen of grace :
All eyes triumph in your sight,
Which through all this empty space
Casts such glorious beams of light.

2.

Paradise were meeter far
To entertain so bright a star :

But why errs my folly so ?
Paradise is where you are :
Heaven above, and heaven below.

3.

Could our powers and wishes meet,
How well would they your graces greet !
Yet accept of our desire :
Roses, of all flowers most sweet,
Spring out of the silly briar.

*After this song, the Gardener speaks again.*

*Gard.* Wonder not (great goddess) at the sweetness of our garden-air (though passing sweet it be). Flora hath perfumed it for you (Flora our mistress, and your servant) who invites you yet further into her Paradise ; she invisibly will lead your grace the way, and we (as our duty is) visibly stay behind.

*From thence the Queen ascends by a few steps into the upper garden, at the end whereof, near the house, this song was sung by an excellent counter-tenor voice, with rare variety of division unto two unusual instruments, all being concealed within the arbour.*

1.

O joys exceeding,
From love, from power of your wished sight proceeding !
As a fair morn shines divinely,
Such is your view, appearing more divinely.

2.

Your steps ascending,
Raise high your thoughts for your content contending ;
All our hearts of this grace vaunting,
Now leap as they were moved by enchanting.

*So ended the entertainment without the house for that time ; and the Queen's pleasure being that night to sup privately, the King's violins attended her with their solemnest music, as an excellent consort in like manner did the next day at dinner.*

*Supper ended, her Majesty, accompanied with many Lords and Ladies, came into the hall, and rested herself in her chair of state, the scaffolds of the hall being on all parts filled with beholders of worth. Suddenly forth came the Traveller, Gardener, Cynic, with the rest of their crew, and others furnished with their instruments, and in manner following entertain the time.*

*Traveller.* A hall ! a hall ! for men of moment, rationals and irrationals, but yet not all of one breeding. For I an Academic am, refined by travel, that have learned what to courtship belongs, and so divine a presence as this ; if we press past good manners, laugh at our follies, for you cannot shew us more favour than to laugh at us. If

we prove ridiculous in your sights, we are gracious ; and therefore we beseech you to laugh at us. For mine own part (I thank my stars for it) I have been laughed at in most parts of Christendom.

*Gardener.* I can neither brag of my travels, nor yet am ashamed of my profession; I make sweet walks for fair ladies ; flowers I prepare to adorn them ; close arbours I build wherein their loves unseen may court them ; and who can do ladies better service, or more acceptable ? When I was a child and lay in my cradle, (a very pretty child) I remember well that Lady Venus appeared unto me, and setting a silver spade and rake by my pillow, bade me prove a gardener. I told my mother of it (as became the duty of a good child) whereupon she provided straight for me two great platters full of pap ; which having dutifully devoured, I grew to this portraiture you see, sprung suddenly out of my cabin, and fell to my profession.

*Trav.* Verily by thy discourse thou hast travelled much, and I am ashamed of myself that I come so far behind thee, as not once to have yet mentioned Venus or Cupid, or any other of the gods to have appeared to me. But I will henceforth boast truly, that I have now seen a deity as far beyond theirs, as the beauty of light is beyond darkness, or this

feast, whereof we have had our share, is beyond thy sallets.

*Cynic.* Sure I am, it hath stirred up strange thoughts in me ; never knew I the difference between wine and water before. Bacchus hath opened mine eyes ; I now see bravery and admire it, beauty and adore it. I find my arms naked, my discourse rude, but my heart soft as wax, ready to melt with the least beam of a fair eye ; which (till this time) was as untractable as iron.

*Gard.* I much joy in thy conversion, thou hast long been a mad fellow, and now provest a good fellow ; let us all therefore join together sociably in a song, to the honour of good fellowship.

*Cyn.* A very musical motion, and I agree to it.

*Trav.* Sing that sing can, for my part I will only, while you sing, keep time with my gestures, *à la mode de France.*

*A song of three voices with divers instruments.*

I.

Night as well as brightest day hath her delight.
Let us then with mirth and music deck the night,
Never did glad day such store
Of joy to night bequeath :
Her stars then adore,
Both in Heaven, and here beneath.

2.

Love and beauty, mirth and music yield true joys,
Though the cynics in their folly count them toys,
Raise your spirits ne'er so high,
They will be apt to fall:
None brave thoughts envy,
Who had e'er brave thoughts at all.

3.

Joy is the sweet friend of life, the nurse of blood,
Patron of all health, and fountain of all good:
Never may joy hence depart,
But all your thoughts attend;
Nought can hurt the heart,
That retains so sweet a friend.

*At the end of this song enters Sylvanus, shaped after the description of the ancient writers; his lower parts like a goat, and his upper parts in an antic habit of rich taffeta, cut into leaves, and on his head he had a false hair, with a wreath of long boughs and lilies, that hung dangling about his neck, and in his hand a cypress branch, in memory of his love Cyparissus. The Gardener, espying him, speaks thus.*

*Gard.* Silence, sirs, here comes Sylvanus, god of these woods, whose presence is rare, and imports some novelty.

*Trav.* Let us give place, for this place is fitter for deities than us.

*They all vanish and leave Sylvanus alone, who coming nearer to the state, and making a low congee, speaks.*

*Sylvanus.*

That health which harbours in the fresh-aired groves,
Those pleasures which green hill and valley moves,
Sylvanus, the commander of them all,
Here offers to this state imperial;
Which as a homager he visits now,
And to a greater power his power doth bow.
Withal, thus much his duty signifies:
That there are certain semi-deities,
Belonging to his sylvan walks, who come
Led with the music of a sprightly drum,
To keep the night awake and honour you
(Great Queen) to whom all honours they hold due.
So rest you full of joy and wished content,
Which though it be not given, 'tis fairly meant.

*At the end of this speech there is suddenly heard a great noise of drums and fifes, and way being made, eight pages first enter, with green torches in their hands lighted; their suits were of green satin, with cloaks and caps of the same, richly and strangely set forth. Presently after them the eight Masquers came, in rich embroidered suits of green satin, with high hats of the same, and all their accoutrements answerable to such noble and princely personages, as they concealed under their vizards, and*

*so they instantly fell into a new dance: at the end whereof they took forth the Ladies, and danced with them; and so well was the Queen pleased with her entertainment, that she vouchsafed to make herself the head of their revels, and graciously to adorn the place with her personal dancing: much of the night being thus spent with variety of dances, the Masquers made a conclusion with a second new dance.*

*At the Queen's parting on Wednesday in the afternoon, the Gardener with his man and boy and three handsome country maids, the one bearing a rich bag with linen in it, the second a rich apron, and a third a rich mantle, appear all out of an arbour in the lower garden, and meeting the Queen, the Gardener presents this speech.*

*Gardener.*

Stay, goddess! stay a little space,
Our poor country love to grace,
Since we dare not too long stay you,
Accept at our hands, we pray you,
These mean presents, to express
Greater love than we profess,
Or can we utter now for woe
Of your parting hastened so.
Gifts these are, such as were wrought
By their hands that them have brought,
Home-bred things, which they presumed,
After I had them perfumed

With my flowery incantation,
To give you in presentation
At your parting. Come, feat lassies,
With fine curtsies, and smooth faces,
Offer up your simple toys
To the mistress of our joys ;
While we the sad time prolong
With a mournful parting song.

*A song of three voices continuing while the presents are delivered and received.*

1.

Can you, the author of our joy,
So soon depart ?
Will you revive, and straight destroy ?
New mirth to tears convert ?
O that ever cause of gladness
Should so swiftly turn to sadness !

2.

Now as we droop, so will these flowers,
Barred of your sight :
Nothing avail them heavenly showers
Without your heav'nly light.
When the glorious sun forsakes us,
Winter quickly overtakes us.

3.

Yet shall our prayers your ways attend,
When you are gone ;
And we the tedious time will spend,
Remembering you alone.
Welcome here shall you hear ever
But the word of parting never.

Thus ends this ample entertainment, which as it was most nobly performed by the right honourable the lord and lady of the house, and fortunately executed by all that any way were actors in it, so was it as graciously received of her Majesty, and celebrated with her most royal applause.

## The Description, Speeches, and Songs, of The Lords' Masque, Presented in the Banqueting-house on the marriage night of the high and mighty Count Palatine, and the royally descended the Lady Elizabeth.

*I have now taken occasion to satisfy many who long since were desirous that the Lords' masque should be published, which, but for some private lets, had in due time come forth. The Scene was divided into two parts. From the roof to the floor, the lower part being first discovered (upon the sound of a double consort, expressed by several instruments, placed on either side of the room) there appeared a wood in prospective, the innermost part being of relief, or whole round, the rest painted. On the left hand from the seat was a cave, and on the right a thicket, out of which came Orpheus, who was attired after the old Greek manner, his hair curled and long, a laurel wreath on his head, and in his hand he bare a silver bird; about him tamely placed several wild beasts: and upon the ceasing of the consort Orpheus spake.*

*Orpheus.*

Again, again, fresh kindle Phœbus' sounds,

T'exhale Mania from her earthy den ;
Allay the fury that her sense confounds,
And call her gently forth ; sound, sound again.

*The consorts both sound again, and Mania, the goddess of madness, appears wildly out of her cave. Her habit was confused and strange, but yet graceful ; she as one amazed speaks.*

*Mania.* What powerful noise is this importunes me,
T'abandon darkness which my humour fits ?
Jove's hand in it I feel, and ever he
Must be obeyed ev'n of the frantic'st wits.
*Orpheus.* Mania !
*Mania.* Hah !
*Orpheus.* Brain-sick, why start'st thou so ?
Approach yet nearer, and thou then shall know
The will of Jove, which he will breathe from me.
*Mania.* Who art thou ? if my dazzled eyes can see,
Thou art the sweet enchanter heav'nly Orpheus.
*Orpheus.* The same, Mania, and Jove greets thee thus :
Though several power to thee and charge he gave
T'enclose in thy dominions such as rave
Through blood's distemper, how durst thou attempt
T'imprison Entheus whose rage is exempt
From vulgar censure ? it is all divine,
Full of celestial rapture, that can shine
Through darkest shadows : therefore Jove by me
Commands thy power straight to set Entheus free.

*Mania.* How can I? Frantics with him many more
In one cave are locked up; ope once the door,
All will fly out, and through the world disturb
The peace of Jove; for what power then can curb
Their reinless fury?
*Orpheus.* Let not fear in vain
Trouble thy crazed fancy; all again,
Save Entheus, to thy safeguard shall retire,
For Jove into our music will inspire
The power of passion, that their thoughts shall bend
To any form or motion we intend.
Obey Jove's will then; go, set Entheus free.
*Mania.* I willing go, so Jove obeyed must be.
*Orph.* Let Music put on Protean changes now;
Wild beasts it once tamed, now let Frantics bow.

*At the sound of a strange music twelve Frantics enter, six men and six women, all presented in sundry habits and humours. There was the lover, the self-lover, the melancholic-man full of fear, the school-man overcome with fantasy, the over-watched usurer, with others that made an absolute medley of madness; in midst of whom Entheus (or poetic fury) was hurried forth, and tossed up and down, till by virtue of a new change in the music, the Lunatics fell into a mad measure, fitted to a loud fantastic tune; but in the end thereof the music changed into a very solemn*

*air, which they softly played, while Orpheus spake.*

*Orph.* Through these soft and calm sounds, Mania, pass
With thy Fantastics hence; here is no place
Longer for them or thee; Entheus alone
Must do Jove's bidding now: all else be gone.

*During this speech Mania with her Frantics depart, leaving Entheus behind them, who was attired in a close curace of the antic fashion, bases with labels, a robe fastened to his shoulders, and hanging down behind; on his head a wreath of laurels, out of which grew a pair of wings; in the one hand he held a book, and in the other a pen.*

*Enth.* Divinest Orpheus, O how all from thee
Proceed with wondrous sweetness! Am I free?
Is my affliction vanished?
*Orph.* Too, too long,
Alas, good Entheus, hast thou brooked this wrong.
What! number thee with madmen! O mad age,
Senseless of thee, and thy celestial rage!
For thy excelling rapture, ev'n through things
That seems most light, is borne with sacred wings:
Nor are these musics, shows, or revels vain,
When thou adorn'st them with thy Phœbean brain.
Th'are palate-sick of much more vanity,
That cannot taste them in their dignity.
Jove therefore lets thy prisoned sprite obtain

Her liberty and fiery scope again ;
And here by me commands thee to create
Inventions rare, this night to celebrate,
Such as become a nuptial by his will
Begun and ended.

*Enth.* Jove I honour still,
And must obey. Orpheus, I feel the fires
Are ready in my brain, which Jove inspires.
Lo, through that veil I see Prometheus stand
Before those glorious lights which his false hand
Stole out of heaven, the dull earth to inflame
With the affects of Love and honoured Fame.
I view them plain in pomp and majesty,
Such as being seen might hold rivality
With the best triumphs. Orpheus, give a call
With thy charmed music, and discover all.

*Orph.* Fly, cheerful voices, through the air, and clear.
These clouds, that yon hid beauty may appear.

*A Song.*

1.

Come away ; bring thy golden theft,
Bring, bright Prometheus, all thy lights ;
Thy fires from Heav'n bereft
Show now to human sights.
Come quickly, come ! thy stars to our stars straight present
For pleasure being too much deferred loseth her best content.
What fair dames wish, should wish as their own thoughts appear ;
To loving and to longing hearts every hour seems a year.

2.

See how fair, O how fair, they shine!
What yields more pomp beneath the skies?
Their birth is yet divine,
And such their form implies.
Large grow their beams, their near approach afford them so;
By nature sights that pleasing are, cannot too amply show.
O might these flames in human shapes descend this place,
How lovely would their presence be, how full of grace!

*In the end of the first part of this song, the upper part of the scene was discovered by the sudden fall of a curtain; then in clouds of several colours (the upper part of them being fiery, and the middle heightened with silver) appeared eight stars of extraordinary bigness, which so were placed, as that they seemed to be fixed between the firmament and the earth. In the front of the scene stood Prometheus, attired as one of the ancient heroes.*

*Enth.* Patron of mankind, powerful and bounteous,
Rich in thy flames, reverend Prometheus,
In Hymen's place aid us to solemnise
These royal nuptials; fill the lookers' eyes
With admiration of thy fire and light,
And from thy hand let wonders flow to-night.
*Prom.* Entheus and Orpheus, names both dear to me,

In equal balance I your third will be
In this night's honour. View these heaven-born stars,
Who by my stealth are become sublunars;
How well their native beauties fit this place,
Which with a choral dance they first shall grace;
Then shall their forms to human figures turn,
And these bright fires within their bosoms burn.
Orpheus, apply thy music, for it well
Helps to induce a courtly miracle.
*Orp.* Sound, best of musics, raise yet higher our sprites,
While we admire Prometheus' dancing lights.

*A Song.*

1.

Advance your choral motions now,
You music-loving lights:
This night concludes the nuptial vow,
Make this the best of nights:
So bravely crown it with your beams
That it may live in fame
As long as Rhenus or the Thames
Are known by either name.

2.

Once more again, yet nearer move
Your forms at willing view;
Such fair effects of joy and love
None can express but you.
Then revel midst your airy bowers
Till all the clouds do sweat,
That pleasure may be poured in showers
On this triumphant seat.

3.

Long since hath lovely Flora thrown
Her flowers and garlands here ;
Rich Ceres all her wealth hath shown,
Proud of her dainty cheer.
Changed then to human shape, descend,
Clad in familiar weed,
That every eye may here commend
The kind delights you breed.

*According to the humour of this song, the stars moved in an exceeding strange and delightful manner, and I suppose few have ever seen more neat artifice than Master Inigo Jones shewed in contriving their motion, who in all the rest of the workmanship which belonged to the whole invention shewed extraordinary industry and skill, which if it be not as lively expressed in writing as it appeared in view, rob not him of his due, but lay the blame on my want of right apprehending his instructions for the adorning of his art. But to return to our purpose ; about the end of this song, the stars suddenly vanished, as if they had been drowned amongst the clouds, and the eight masquers appeared in their habits, which were infinitely rich, befitting states (such as indeed they all were) as also a time so far heightened the day before with all the richest show of solemnity that could be invented. The ground of their attires was massy cloth of silver, embossed with flames of embroidery ; on their heads, they had*

*crowns, flames made all of gold-plate enameled, and on the top a feather of silk, representing a cloud of smoke. Upon their new transformation, the whole scene being clouds dispersed, and there appeared an element of artificial fires, with several circles of lights, in continual motion, representing the house of Prometheus, who then thus applies his speech to the masquers.*

*They are transformed.*

*Prometh.* So pause awhile, and come, ye fiery sprites,
Break forth the earth like sparks t'attend these knights.

*Sixteen pages, like fiery spirits, all their attires being alike composed of flames, with fiery wings and bases, bearing in either hand a torch of virgin wax, come forth below dancing a lively measure, and the dance being ended, Prometheus speaks to them from above.*

*The Torch-bearers' Dance.*

*Pro.* Wait, spirits, wait, while through the clouds we pace,
And by descending gain a higher place.

*The pages return toward the scene, to give their attendance to the masquers with their lights: from the side of the scene appeared a bright and transparent cloud, which reached from the*

*top of the heavens to the earth : on this cloud the masquers, led by Prometheus, descended with the music of a full song ; and at the end of their descent, the cloud brake in twain, and one part of it (as with a wind) was blown overthwart the scene.*

*While this cloud was vanishing, the wood being the under-part of the scene, was insensibly changed, and in place thereof appeared four noble women-statues of silver, standing in several niches, accompanied with ornaments of architecture, which filled all the end of the house, and seemed to be all of gold-smith's work. The first order consisted of pilasters all of gold, set with rubies, sapphires, emeralds, opals and such like. The capitals were composed, and of a new invention. Over this was a bastard order with cartouches reversed coming from the capitals of every pilaster, which made the upper part rich and full of ornament. Over every statue was placed a history in gold, which seemed to be of base relief ; the conceits which were figured in them were these. In the first was Prometheus, embossing in clay the figure of a woman, in the second he was represented stealing fire from the chariot-wheel of the sun ; in the third he is exprest putting life with this fire into his figure of clay ; and in the fourth square Jupiter, enraged, turns these new-made women into statues. Above all, for finishing, ran a*

*cornice, which returned over every pilaster seeming all of gold and richly carved.*

*A full Song.*

Supported now by clouds descend,
Divine Prometheus, Hymen's friend:
Lead down the new transformed fires
And fill their breasts with love's desires,
That they may revel with delight,
And celebrate this nuptial night.
So celebrate this nuptial night
That all which see may say
They never viewed so fair a sight
Even on the clearest day.

*While this song is sung, and the masquers court the four new transformed ladies, four other statues appear in their places.*

*Entheus.* See, see, Prometheus, four of these first dames
Which thou long since out of thy purchased flames,
Didst forge with heav'nly fire, as they were then
By Jove transformed to statues, so again
They suddenly appear by his command
At thy arrival. Lo, how fixed they stand;
So did Jove's wrath too long, but now at last,
It by degrees relents, and he hath placed
These statues, that we might his aid implore,
First for the life of these, and then for more.
*Prom.* Entheus, thy counsels are divine and just,
Let Orpheus deck thy hymn, since pray we must.

*The first invocation in a full song.*

Powerful Jove, that of bright stars,
Now hast made men fit for wars,
Thy power in these statues prove
And make them women fit for love.

*Orpheus.* See, Jove is pleased; statues have life and move!
Go, new-born men, and entertain with love
The new-born women, though your number yet
Exceeds their's double, they are armed with wit
To bear your best encounters. Court them fair:
When words and music please, let none despair.

*The Song.*

1.

Woo her, and win her, he that can!
Each woman hath two lovers,
So she must take and leave a man,
Till time more grace discovers.
This doth Jove to shew that want
Makes beauty most respected;
If fair women were more scant,
They would be more affected.

2.

Courtship and music suit with love,
They both are works of passion;
Happy is he whose words can move,
Yet sweet notes help persuasion.
Mix your words with music then,
That they the more may enter;
Bold assaults are fit for men,
That on strange beauties venter.

*Promet.* Cease, cease your wooing strife! see,
Jove intends
To fill your number up, and make all friends.
Orpheus and Entheus, join your skills once more,
And with a hymn the deity implore.

*The second invocation to the tune of the first.*

Powerful Jove, that hast given four,
Raise this number but once more,
That complete, their numerous feet
May aptly in just measures meet.

*The other four statues are transformed into women, in the time of this invocation.*

*Enth.* The number's now complete, thanks be
to Jove!
No man needs fear a rival in his love;
For all are sped, and now begins delight
To fill with glory this triumphant night.

*The masquers, having every one entertained his lady, begin their first new entering dance: after it, while they breathe, the time is entertained with a dialogue song.*

Breathe you now, while Io Hymen
To the bride we sing:
O how many joys and honours,
From this match will spring!
Ever firm the league will prove,
Where only goodness causeth love.
Some for profit seek
What their fancies most disleek:
These love for virtue's sake alone:
Beauty and youth unite them both in one.

*Chorus.*

Live with thy bridegroom happy, sacred bride ;
How blest is he that is for love envied !

*The masquers' second dance.*

Breathe again, while we with music
Fill the empty space :
O but do not in your dances
Yourselves only grace.
Ev'ry one fetch out your fere,
Whom chiefly you will honour here.
Sights most pleasure breed,
When their numbers most exceed.
Choose then, for choice to all is free ;
Taken or left, none discontent must be.

*Chorus.*

Now in thy revels frolic-fair delight,
To heap joy on this ever-honoured night.

*The masquers during this dialogue take out others to dance with them ; men women, and women men ; and first of all the princely bridegroom and bride were drawn into these solemn revels, which continued a long space, but in the end were broken off with this short song.*

*A Song.*

Cease, cease you revels, rest a space ;
New pleasures press into this place,
Full of beauty and of grace.

*The whole scene was now again changed, and became a prospective with porticoes on each side, which seemed to go in a great way; in the middle was erected an obelisk, all of silver, and in it lights of several colours; on the side of this obelisk, standing on pedestals, were the statues of bridegroom and bride, all of gold in gracious postures. This obelisk was of that height, that the top thereof touched the highest clouds, and yet Sibylla did draw it forth with a thread of gold. The grave sage was in a robe of gold tuckt up before to her girdle, a kirtle gathered full and of silver; with a veil on her head, being bare-necked, and bearing in her hands a scroll of parchment.*

*Entheus.* Make clear the passage to Sibylla's sight,
Who with her trophy comes to crown this night;
And, as herself with music shall be led,
So shall she pull on with a golden thread
A high vast obelisk, dedicate to Fame,
Which immortality itself did frame.
Raise high your voices now; like trumpets fill
The room with sounds of triumph, sweet and shrill.

*A Song.*

Come triumphing, come with state,
Old Sibylla, reverend dame;
Thou keep'st the secret key of fate,
Preventing swiftest Fame.
This night breathe only words of joy,
And speak them plain, now be not coy.

*Sibylla.*

*Debetur alto jure principium Jovi,*
*Votis det ipse vim meis, dictis fidem.*
*Utrinque decoris splendet egregium jubar ;*
*Medio triumphus mole stat dignus sua,*
*Cælumque summo capite dilectum petit.*
*Quam pulchra pulchro sponsa respondet viro !*
*Quam plena numinis ! Patrem vultu exprimit,*
*Parens futura masculae prolis, parens*
*Regum, imperatorum. Additur Germaniae*
*Robur Britannicum : ecquid esse par potest ?*
*Utramque junget una mens gentem, fides,*
*Deique cultus unus, et simplex amor.*
*Idem erit utrique hostis, sodalis idem, idem*
*Votum periclitantium, atque eadem manus.*
*Favebit illis pax, favebit bellica*
*Fortuna, semper aderit adjutor Deus.*
*Sic, sic Sibylla ; vocibus nec his deest*
*Pondus, nec hoc inane monumentum trahit.*
*Et aureum est, et quale nec flammas timet,*
*Nec fulgura, ipsi quippe sacratur Jovi.*

*Pro.* The good old sage is silenced, her free tongue
That made such melody, is now unstrung :
Then grace her trophy with a dance triumphant ;
Where Orpheus is, none can fit music want.

*A song and dance triumphant of the masquers.*

I.

Dance, dance ! and visit now the shadows of our joy,
All in height, and pleasing state, your changed forms employ.

And as the bird of Jove salutes with lofty wing
the morn,
So mount, so fly, these trophies to adorn.
Grace them with all the sounds and motions of
delight,
Since all the earth cannot express a lovelier sight.
View them with triumph, and in shades the truth
adore :
No pomp or sacrifice can please Jove's greatness
more.

2.

Turn, turn ! and honour now the life these figures
bear :
Lo, how heav'nly natures far above all art
appear !
Let their aspects revive in you the fire that
shined so late,
Still mount and still retain your heavenly state.
Gods were with dance and with music served of
old,
Those happy days derived their glorious style from
gold :
This pair, by Hymen joined, grace you with
measures then,
Since they are both divine and you are more than
men.

*Orph.* Let here Sibylla's trophy stand,
Lead her now by either hand,
That she may approach yet nearer,
And the bride and bridegroom hear her
Bless them in her native tongue,
Wherein old prophecies she sung,
Which time to light hath brought.
She speaks that which Jove hath taught :

Well may he inspire her now,
To make a joyful and true vow.
*Sib. Sponsam sponse toro tene pudicam,*
*Sponsum sponsa tene toro pudicum.*
*Non haec unica nox datur beatis,*
*At vos perpetuo haec beabit una*
*Prole multiplici, parique amore.*
*Laeta, ac vera refert Sibylla ; ab alto*
*Ipse Juppiter annuit loquenti.*
*Pro.* So be it ever, joy and peace,
And mutual love give you increase,
That your posterity may grow
In fame, as long as seas do flow.
*Enth.* Live you long to see your joys,
In fair nymphs and princely boys ;
Breeding like the garden flowers,
Which kind heav'n draws with her warm showers
*Orph.* Enough of blessing, though too much
Never can be said to such ;
But night doth waste, and Hymen chides,
Kind to bridegrooms and to brides.
Then, singing, the last dance induce,
So let good night present excuse.

*The Song.*

No longer wrong the night
Of her Hymenæan right ;
A thousand Cupids call away,
Fearing the approaching day ;
The cocks already crow :
Dance then and go !

***The last new dance of the masquers, which concludes all with a lively strain at their going out.***

FINIS.

*The description of a Masque : presented in the Banqueting room at Whitehall, on Saint Stephen's night last, At the Marriage of the Right Honourable the Earl of Somerset : And the right noble the Lady Frances Howard. Written by Thomas Campion. Whereunto are annexed divers choice Airs composed for this Masque that may be sung with a single voice to the Lute or Bass-Viol. London, Printed by E. A. for Laurence Li'sle, dwelling in Paul's Church-yard, at the sign of the Tiger's head.* 1614. 4to.

*Pulchro pulchra datur sociali fœdere ; amanti*
*Tandem nubit amans ; ecquid amabilius ?*

---

*Veræ ut supersint nuptiæ*
*Præite duplica face :*
*Prætendat alteram necesse*
*Hymen, alteram par est Amor.*

---

*Uni ego mallem placuisse docto,*
*Candido, et fastu sine judicanti,*
*Millium quam millibus imperitorum*
*Inque videntûm.*

*The description of a Masque, presented in the Banqueting room at Whitehall, on St. Stephen's night last: At the Marriage of the right Honourable the Earl of Somerset, and the right noble the Lady Frances Howard.*

In ancient times, when any man sought to shadow or heighten his invention, he had store of feigned persons ready for his purpose, as satyrs, nymphs, and their like: such were then in request and belief among the vulgar. But in our days, although they have not utterly lost their use, yet find they so little credit, that our modern writers have rather transferred their fictions to the persons of enchanters and commanders of spirits, as that excellent poet Torquato Tasso hath done, and many others.

In imitation of them (having a presentation in hand for persons of high state) I grounded my whole invention upon enchantments and several transformations. The workmanship whereof was undertaken by M. Constantine, an Italian, architect to our late Prince Henry: but he being too much of himself, and no way to be drawn to impart his intentions, failed so far in the assurance he gave that

the main invention, even at the last cast, was of force drawn into a far narrower compass than was from the beginning intended: the description whereof, as it was performed, I will as briefly as I can deliver. The place wherein the masque was presented being the Banqueting house at Whitehall: the upper part, where the state is placed, was theatred with pillars, scaffolds, and all things answerable to the sides of the room. At the lower end of the hall, before the scene, was made an arch triumphal, passing beautiful, which enclosed the whole works. The scene itself (the curtain being drawn) was in this manner divided.

On the upper part there was formed a sky of clouds very artificially shadowed. On either side of the scene below was set a high promontory, and on either of them stood three large pillars of gold: the one promontory was bounded with a rock standing in the sea, the other with a wood. In the midst between them appeared a sea in perspective with ships, some cunningly painted, some artificially sailing. On the front of the scene, on either side, was a beautiful garden, with six seats apiece to receive the masquers: behind them the main land, and in the midst a pair of stairs made exceeding curiously in the form of a scallop shell. And in this manner was the eye first of all entertained.

After the King, Queen, and Prince were placed, and preparation was made for the beginning of the masque, there entered four Squires, who as soon as they approached near the presence, humbly bowing themselves, spake as followeth.

*The first Squire.*

That fruit that neither dreads the Syrian heats,
Nor the sharp frosts which churlish Boreas threats,
The fruit of peace and joy our wishes bring
To this high state, in a perpetual spring.
Then pardon (sacred majesty) our grief
Unreasonably that presseth for relief.
The ground whereof (if your blest ears can spare
A short space of attention) we'll declare.
Great Honour's herald, Fame, having proclaimed
This nuptial feast, and with it all enflamed,
From every quarter of the earth three knights
(In courtship seen, as well as martial fights)
Assembled in the continent, and there
Decreed this night a solemn service here.
For which, by six and six embarked they were
In several keels; their sails for Britain bent.
But (they that never favoured good intent)
Deformed Error, that enchanting fiend,
And wing-tongued Rumour, his infernal friend,
With Curiosity and Credulity,
Both sorceresses, all in hate agree
Our purpose to divert; in vain they strive,
For we in spite of them came near t'arrive,
When suddenly (as heaven and hell had met)
A storm confused against our tackle beat,

Severing the ships : but after what befel
Let these relate, my tongue's too weak to tell.

*The second Squire.*

A strange and sad osten our knights distressed ;
For while the tempest's fiery rage increased,
About our decks and hatches, lo, appear
Serpents, as Lerna had been poured out there,
Crawling about us ; which fear to eschew,
The knights the tackle climbed, and hung in view,
When violently a flash of lightning came,
And from our sights did bear them in the flame :
Which past, no serpent there was to be seen,
And all was hushed, as storm had never been.

*The third Squire.*

At sea their mischiefs grew, but ours at land,
For being by chance arrived, while our knights
stand
To view their storm-tossed friends on two cliffs
near,
Thence, lo, they vanished, and six pillars were
Fixed in their footsteps ; pillars all of gold,
Fair to our eyes, but woeful to behold.

*The fourth Squire.*

Thus with prodigious hate and cruelty,
Our good knights for their love afflicted be ;
But, O, protect us now, majestic grace,
For see, those curst enchanters press in place
That our past sorrows wrought : these, these
alone
Turn all the world into confusion.

Towards the end of this speech, two

enchanters, and two enchantresses appear: Error first, in a skin coat scaled like a serpent, and an antic habit painted with snakes, a hair of curled snakes, and a deformed vizard. With him Rumour in a skin coat full of winged tongues, and over it an antic robe; on his head a cap like a tongue, with a large pair of wings to it.

Curiosity in a skin coat full of eyes, and an antic habit over it, a fantastic cap full of eyes.

Credulity in the like habit painted with ears, and an antic cap full of ears.

When they had whispered awhile as if they had rejoiced at the wrongs which they had done to the knights, the music and their dance began: straight forth rushed the four Winds confusedly.

The Eastern Wind in a skin coat of the colour of the sun-rising, with a yellow hair, and wings both on his shoulders and feet.

The Western Wind in a skin coat of dark crimson, with crimson hair and wings.

The Southern Wind in a dark russet skin coat, hair and wings suitable.

The Northern Wind in a grisled skin coat, with hair and wings accordingly.

After them in confusion came the four Elements:

Earth, in a skin coat of grass green, a mantle painted full of trees, plants and flowers, and on his head an oak growing.

Water, in a skin coat waved, with a mantle full of fishes, on his head a dolphin.

Air, in a sky-coloured skin coat, with a mantle painted with fowl, and on his head an eagle.

Fire, in a skin coat, and a mantle painted with flames, on his head a cap of flames, with a salamander in the midst thereof.

Then entered the four parts of the earth in a confused measure.

Europe in the habit of an empress, with an imperial crown on her head.

Asia in a Persian lady's habit, with a crown on her head.

Africa like a queen of the Moors, with a crown.

America in a skin coat of the colour of the juice of mulberries, on her head large round brims of many-coloured feathers, and in the midst of it a small crown.

All these having danced together in a strange kind of confusion, passed away, by four and four.

At which time, Eternity appeared in a long blue taffeta robe, painted with stars, and on her head a crown.

Next, came the three Destinies, in long robes of white taffeta like aged women, with garlands of Narcissus flowers on their heads ; and in their left hands they carried distaffs according to the descriptions of Plato and

Catullus, but in their right hands they carried altogether a tree of gold.

After them, came Harmony with nine musicians more, in long taffeta robes and caps of tinsel, with garlands gilt, playing and singing this song.

Chorus.

*Vanish, vanish hence, confusion!*
*Dim not Hymen's golden light*
*With false illusion.*
*The Fates shall do him right,*
*And fair Eternity,*
*Who pass through all enchantments free.*

Eternity sings alone.

*Bring away this sacred tree,*
*The tree of grace and bounty,*
*Set it in Bel-Anna's eye,*
*For she, she, only she*
*Can all knotted spells untie.*
*Pulled from the stock, let her blest hands convey*
*To any suppliant hand a bough,*
*And let that hand advance it now*
*Against a charm, that charm shall fade away.*

Toward the end of this song the three Destinies set the tree of gold before the Queen.

Chorus.

***Since knightly valour rescues dames distressed,***
***By virtuous dames let charmed knights be released.***

*After this Chorus, one of the Squires speaks.*

Since knights by valour rescue dames distrest,
Let them be by the Queen of Dames released.
So sing the Destinies, who never err,
Fixing this tree of grace and bounty here,
From which for our enchanted knights we crave
A branch, pulled by your sacred hand, to have;
That we may bear it as the Fates direct,
And manifest your glory in th'effect.
In virtue's favour then, and pity now,
(Great Queen) vouchsafe us a divine touched
bough.

At the end of this speech, the Queen pulled a branch from the tree and gave it to a nobleman, who delivered it to one of the squires.

A song while the Squires descend with the bough toward the scene.

*Go, happy man, like th' evening star,*
*Whose beams to bridegrooms welcome are:*
*May neither hag, nor fiend withstand*
*The power of thy victorious hand.*
*The uncharmed knights surrender now,*
*By virtue of thy raised bough.*

*Away, enchantments! vanish quite,*
*No more delay our longing sight:*
*'Tis fruitless to contend with Fate,*
*Who gives us power against your hate.*
*Brave knights, in courtly pomp appear*
*For now are you long-looked-for here.*

Then out of the air a cloud descends, discovering six of the knights alike, in strange and sumptuous attires, and withall on either side of the cloud, on the two promontories, the other six masquers are suddenly transformed out of the pillars of gold ; at which time, while they all come forward to the dancing-place, this chorus is sung, and on the sudden the whole scene is changed : for whereas before all seemed to be done at the sea and sea coast, now the promontories are suddenly removed, and London with the Thames is very artificially presented in their place.

The Squire lifts up the bough.

Chorus.

*Virtue and grace, in spite of charms,*
*Have now redeemed our men-at-arms,*
*There's no enchantment can withstand,*
*Where Fate directs the happy hand.*

The masquers' first dance.

The third song of three parts, with a chorus of five parts, sung after the first dance.

*While dancing rests, fit place to music granting,*
*Good spells the Fates shall breathe, all envy daunting,*
*Kind ears with joy enchanting, chanting.*

Chorus.

*Io, Io Hymen!*

*Like looks, like hearts, like loves are linked together:*
*So must the Fates be pleased, so come they hither,*
*To make this joy persever, ever.*

Chorus.

*Io, Io Hymen!*

*Love decks the spring, her buds to th' air exposing,*
*Such fire here in these bridal breasts reposing,*
*We leave with charms enclosing, closing.*

Chorus.

*Io, Io Hymen!*

The masquers' second dance.

The fourth song, a dialogue of three, with a chorus after the second dance.

1. *Let us now sing of Love's delight,*
   *For he alone is lord to-night.*
2. *Some friendship between man and man prefer,*
   *But I th' affection between man and wife.*
3. *What good can be in life,*
   *Whereof no fruits appear?*
1. *Set is that tree in ill hour,*
   *That yields neither fruit nor flower.*
2. *How can man perpetual be,*
   *But in his own posterity?*

Chorus.

*That pleasure is of all most bountiful and kind,*
*That fades not straight, but leaves a living joy behind.*

After this dialogue the masquers dance with the ladies, wherein spending as much time as they held fitting, they returned to the seats provided for them.

Straight in the Thames appeared four barges with skippers in them, and withall this song was sung.

*Come ashore, come, merry mates,*
*With your nimble heels and pates :*
*Summon every man his knight,*
*Enough honoured is this night.*
*Now, let your sea-born goddess come,*
*Quench these lights, and make all dumb.*
*Some sleep ; others let her call :*
*And so good-night to all, good-night to all.*

At the conclusion of this song arrived twelve skippers in red caps, with short cassocks and long flaps wide at the knees, of white canvas striped with crimson, white gloves and pumps, and red stockings : these twelve danced a brave and lively dance, shouting and triumphing after their manner.

After this followed the masquers' last dance, wherewith they retired.

At the embarking of the Knights, the Squires approach the state and speak.

*The first Squire.*

All that was ever asked, by vow of Jove,
To bless a state with, plenty, honour, love,
Power, triumph, private pleasure, public peace,

Sweet springs, and Autumns filled with due increase,
All these, and what good else thought can supply,
Ever attend your triple majesty.

*The second Squire.*

All blessings which the Fates prophetic sung
At Peleus' nuptials, and whatever tongue
Can figure more, this night, and aye betide,
The honoured bridegroom and the honoured bride.

*All the Squires together.*

Thus speaks in us th' affection of our knights,
Wishing your health, and myriads of good nights.

The squires' speeches being ended, this song is sung while the boats pass way.

*Haste aboard, haste now away!*
*Hymen frowns at your delay.*
*Hymen doth long nights affect;*
*Yield him then his due respect.*
*The sea-born goddess straight will come,*
*Quench these lights, and make all dumb.*
*Some sleep; others she will call:*
*And so good-night to all, good-night to all.*

FINIS.

"The names of the masquers.

1. The Duke of Lenox.
2. The Earl of Pembroke.
3. The Earl of Dorset.
4. The Earl of Salisbury.
5. The Earl of Montgomery.
6. The Lord Walden.
7. The Lord Scroope.
8. The Lord North.
9. The Lord Hayes.
10. Sir Thomas Howard.
11. Sir Henry Howard.
12. Sir Charles Howard."

# POEMS AND EPIGRAMS FROM THE OBSERVATIONS IN THE ART OF ENGLISH POESY

## The Writer to his Book.

*Whither thus hastes my little book so fast?*
*To Paul's Churchyard. What? in those cells to stand,*
*With one leaf like a rider's cloak put up*
*To catch a termer? or lie musty there*
*With rimes a term set out, or two, before?*
*Some will redeem me. Few. Yes, read me too.*
*Fewer. Nay love me. Now thou doat'st, I see.*
*Will not our English Athens art defend?*
*Perhaps. Will lofty courtly wits not aim*
*Still at perfection? If I grant? I fly.*
*Whither? To Paul's. Alas, poor book, I rue*
*Thy rash self-love. Go, spread thy pap'ry wings;*
*Thy lightness cannot help or hurt my fame.*

# POEMS AND EPIGRAMS FROM THE OBSERVATIONS ETC.

*Go, numbers, boldly pass, stay not for aid*
*Of shifting rime, that easy flatterer,*
*Whose witchcraft can the ruder ears beguile ;*
*Let your smooth feet, inured to purer art,*
*True measures tread. What if your pace be slow,*
*And hops not like the Grecian elegies ?*
*It is yet graceful, and well fits the state*
*Of words ill-breathed and not shaped to run.*
*Go then, but slowly, till your steps be firm ;*
*Tell them that pity, or perversely scorn,*
*Poor English poesy as the slave to rime,*
*You are those lofty numbers that revive*
*Triumphs of princes, and stern tragedies :*
*And learn henceforth t'attend those happy sprites*
*Whose bounding fury height and weight affects.*
*Assist their labour, and sit close to them,*
*Never to part away till for desert*
*Their brows with great Apollo's bays are hid.*
*He first taught number and true harmony,*
*Nor is the laurel his for rime bequeathed ;*
*Call him with numerous accents paised by art,*
*He'll turn his glory from the sunny climes*
*The North-bred wits alone to patronise :*
*Let France their Bartas, Italy Tasso praise ;*
*Phœbus shuns none but in their flight from him.*

*Some from the starry throne his fame derives,*
*Some from the mines beneath, from trees or herbs :*
*Each hath his glory, each his sundry gift,*
*Renowned in every art there lives not any.*

*Raving war, begot*
*In the thirsty sands*
*Of the Libyan Isles,*
*Wastes our empty fields ;*
*What the greedy rage*
*Of fell wintry storms*
*Could not turn to spoil,*
*Fierce Bellona now*
*Hath laid desolate,*
*Void of fruit, or hope.*
*Th' eager thrifty hind,*
*Whose rude toil revived*
*Our sky-blasted earth,*
*Himself is but earth,*
*Left a scorn to fate*
*Through seditious arms :*
*And that soil, alive*
*Which he duly nurst,*
*Which him duly fed,*
*Dead his body feeds :*
*Yet not all the glebe*
*His tough hands manured*
*Now one turf affords*
*His poor funeral.*
*Thus still needy lives,*
*Thus still needy dies*
*Th' unknown multitude.*

*Greatest in thy wars,*
*Greater in thy peace,*
*Dread Elizabeth ;*
*Our muse only truth,*
*Figments cannot use,*
*Thy rich name to deck*
*That itself adorns :*

*But should now this age*
*Let all poesy feign,*
*Feigning poesy could*
*Nothing feign at all*
*Worthy half thy fame.*

*Kind in every kind*
*This, dear Ned, resolve.*
*Never of thy praise*
*Be too prodigal;*
*He that praiseth all*
*Can praise truly none.*

*Lockly spits apace, the rheum he calls it,*
*But no drop (though often urged) he straineth*
*From his thirsty jaws, yet all the morning*
*And all day he spits, in ev'ry corner;*
*At his meals he spits, at ev'ry meeting;*
*At the bar he spits before the fathers;*
*In the court he spits before the graces;*
*In the church he spits, thus all profaning*
*With that rude disease, that empty spitting:*
*Yet no cost he spares, he sees the doctors,*
*Keeps a strict diet, precisely useth*
*Drinks and baths drying, yet all prevails not.*
*'Tis not China (Lockly), Salsa Guacum,*
*Nor dry Sassafras can help, or ease thee;*
*'Tis no humour hurts, it is thy humour.*

*Cease, fond wretch, to love, so oft deluded,*
*Still made rich with hopes, still unrelieved.*
*Now fly her delays; she that debateth,*
*Feels not true desire; he that, deferred,*
*Others' times attends, his own betrayeth:*
*Learn t'affect thyself, thy cheeks deformed*

*With pale care revive by timely pleasure,*
*Or with scarlet heat them, or by paintings*
*Make thee lovely ; for such art she useth*
*Whom in vain so long thy folly loved.*

*Kate can fancy only beardless husbands,*
*That's the cause she shakes off every suitor,*
*That's the cause she lives so stale a virgin,*
*For before her heart can heat her answer,*
*Her smooth youths she finds all hugely bearded.*

*All in satin Oteny will be suited,*
*Beaten satin (as by chance he calls it) ;*
*Oteny sure will have the bastinado.*

*Toasts as snakes or as the mortal henbane*
*Hunks detests when huffcap ale he tipples,*
*Yet the bread he grants the fumes abateth :*
*Therefore apt in ale : true, and he grants it ;*
*But it drinks up ale : that Hunks detesteth.*

*What though Harry brags, let him be noble ;*
*Noble Harry hath not half a noble.*

*Phœbe, all the rights Elisa claimeth,*
*Mighty rival, in this only diff'ring*
*That she's only true, thou only feigned.*

*Barnzy stiffly vows that he's no cuckold,*
*Yet the vulgar everywhere salutes him*
*With strange signs of horns, from ev'ry corner ;*
*Wheresoe'er he comes a sundry cuckoo*
*Still frequents his ears, yet he's no cuckold.*
*But this Barnzy knows that his Matilda*
*Scorning him with Harvy plays the wanton ;*
*Knows it ? nay desires it, and by prayers*
*Daily begs of heav'n, that it for ever*

*May stand firm for him, yet he's no cuckold :*
*And 'tis true, for Harvy keeps Matilda,*
*Fosters Barnzy, and relieves his household,*
*Buys the cradle, and begets the children,*
*Pays the nurses, ev'ry charge defraying,*
*And thus truly plays Matilda's husband :*
*So that Barnzy now becomes a cipher*
*And himself th' adult'rer of Matilda.*
*Mock not him with horns, the case is altered ;*
*Harvy bears the wrong, he proves the cuckold.*

*Buffe loves fat viands, fat ale, fat all things.*
*Keeps fat whores, fat offices, yet all men*
*Him fat only wish to feast the gallows.*

*Smith, by suit divorced, the known adult'ress*
*Freshly weds again ; what ails the mad-cap*
*By this fury ? ev'n so thieves by frailty*
*Of their hemp reserved, again the dismal*
*Tree embrace, again the fatal halter.*

*His late loss the wiveless Higs in order*
*Everywhere bewails to friends, to strangers ;*
*Tells them how by night a youngster armed*
*Sought his wife (as hand in hand he held her)*
*With drawn sword to force ; she cried, he mainly*
*Roaring ran for aid, but (ah), returning,*
*Fled was with the prize the beauty-forcer,*
*Whom in vain he seeks, he threats, he follows.*
*Changed is Helen, Helen hugs the stranger*
*Safe as Paris in the Greek triumphing.*
*Therewith his reports to tears he turneth,*
*Pierced through with the lovely dame's remembrance ;*
*Straight he sighs, he raves, his hair he teareth,*
*Forcing pity still by fresh lamenting.*

*Cease, unworthy, worthy of thy fortunes.*
*Thou that couldst so fair a prize deliver,*
*For fear unregarded, undefended,*
*Hadst no heart I think, I know no liver.*

*Why droopst thou, Trefeild? will Hurst the banker*
*Make dice of thy bones? by heav'n he cannot.*
*Cannot? What's the reason? I'll declare it,*
*They're all grown so pocky and so rotten.*

*Constant to none, but ever false to me,*
*Traitor still to love through thy faint desires,*
*Not hope of pity now nor vain redress*
*Turns my griefs to tears and renewed laments.*
*Too well thy empty vows and hollow thoughts*
*Witness both thy wrongs and remorseless heart.*
*Rue not my sorrow, but blush at my name,*
*Let thy bloody cheeks guilty thoughts betray.*
*My flames did truly burn, thine made a show,*
*As fires painted are which no heat retain,*
*Or as the glossy pyrop feigns to blaze,*
*But, touched, cold appears, and an earthy stone.*
*True colours deck thy cheeks, false foils thy breast,*
*Frailer than thy light beauty is thy mind.*
*None canst thou long refuse, nor long affect,*
*But turn'st fear with hopes, sorrow with delight,*
*Delaying, and deluding ev'ry way*
*Those whose eyes are once with thy beauty chained.*
*Thrice happy man that entering first thy love,*
*Can so guide the straight reins of his desires,*
*That both he can regard thee, and refrain:*
*If graced firm he stands, if not, eas'ly falls.*

*Arthur brooks only those that brook not him.*
*Those he most regards, and devoutly serves:*

*But them that grace him his great brav'ry scorns*
*Counting kindness all duty, not desert :*
*Arthur wants forty pounds, tries ev'ry friend,*
*But finds none that holds twenty due for him.*

*If fancy cannot err which virtue guides,*
*In thee, Laura, then fancy cannot err.*

*Drue feasts no Puritans ; the churls, he saith,*
*Thank no men, but eat, praise God, and depart.*

*A wise man wary lives, yet most secure,*
*Sorrows move not him greatly, nor delights.*
*Fortune and death he scorning, only makes*
*Th' earth his sober inn, but still heav'n his home*

*Thou tell'st me, Barnzy, Dawson hath a wife :*
*Thine he hath, I grant ; Dawson hath a wife,*

*Drue gives thee money, yet thou thank'st not him,*
*But thank'st God for him, like a godly man.*
*Suppose, rude Puritan, thou begst of him,*
*And he saith ' God help ! ' who's the godly man ?*

*All wonders Barnzy speaks, all grossly feigned :*
*Speak some wonder once, Barnzy ; speak the truth.*

*None then should through thy beauty, Laura, pine,*
*Might sweet words alone ease a love-sick heart :*
*But your sweet words alone, that quit so well*
*Hope of friendly deeds, kill the love-sick heart.*

*At all thou frankly throw'st, while Frank, thy wife*
*Bars not Luke the main ; Oteny bar the bye.*

*Faith's pure shield, the Christian Diana,*
*England's glory crowned with all divineness,*

*Live long with triumphs to bless thy people*
*At thy sight triumphing.*
*Lo, they sound ; the knights, in order armed,*
*Ent'ring threat the list, addressed to combat*
*For their courtly loves ; he, he's the wonder*
*Whom Eliza graceth.*
*Their plumed pomp the vulgar heaps detaineth,*
*And rough steeds : let us the still devices*
*Close observe, the speeches and the musics*
*Peaceful arms adorning.*
*But whence show'rs so fast this angry tempest,*
*Clouding dim the place ? behold, Eliza*
*This day shines not here ! this heard, the lances*
*And thick heads do vanish.*

*Rose-cheeked Laura, come ;*
*Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty's*
*Silent music, either other*
*Sweetly gracing.*
*Lovely forms do flow*
*From concent divinely framed ;*
*Heaven is music, and thy beauty's*
*Birth is heavenly.*
*These dull notes we sing*
*Discords need for helps to grace them,*
*Only beauty purely loving*
*Knows no discord,*
*But still moves delight,*
*Like clear springs renewed by flowing,*
*Ever perfect, ever in them-*
*selves eternal.*

*Just beguiler,*
*Kindest love, yet only chastest,*
*Royal in thy smooth denials,*

*Frowning or demurely smiling,*
*Still my pure delight.*

*Let me view thee*
*With thoughts and with eyes affected,*
*And if then the flames do murmur,*
*Quench them with thy virtue, charm them*
*With thy stormy brows.*

*Heav'n so cheerful*
*Laughs not ever, hoary winter*
*Knows his season ; even the freshest*
*Summer morns from angry thunder*
*Jet not still secure.*

*Follow, follow,*
*Though with mischief*
*Armed, like whirlwind*
*Now she flies thee ;*
*Time can conquer*
*Love's unkindness ;*
*Love can alter*
*Time's disgraces :*
*Till death faint not*
*Then, but follow.*
*Could I catch that*
*Nimble traitor*
*Scornful Laura,*
*Swift-foot Laura,*
*Soon then would I*
*Seek avengement.*
*What's th' avengement ?*
*Ev'n submissly*
*Prostrate then to*
*Beg for mercy.*

# OCCASIONAL VERSES

*A Hymn in praise of Neptune.*

Of Neptune's empire let us sing,
At whose commands the waves obey ;
To whom the rivers tribute pay,
Down the high mountains sliding,
To whom the scaly nation yields
Homage for the crystal fields
Wherein they dwell :
And every sea-god pays a gem
Yearly out of his watery cell
To deck great Neptune's diadem.

The Tritons dancing in a ring
Before his palace gates do make
The water with their echoes quake
Like the great thunder sounding :
The sea-nymphs chant their accents shrill,
And the sirens taught to kill
With their sweet voice,
Make every echoing rock reply
Unto their gentle murmuring noise
The praise of Neptune's empery.

What if a day, or a month, or a year
Crown thy delights with a thousand sweet contentings ?
Cannot a chance of a night or an hour
Cross thy desires with as many sad tormentings ?
Fortune, Honour, Beauty, Youth
Are but blossoms dying ;
Wanton Pleasure, doting Love,
Are but shadows flying.

All our joys are but toys,
Idle thoughts deceiving ;
None hath power of an hour
In our lives' bereaving.

Earth's but a point to the world, and a man
Is but a point to the world's compared centre :
Shall then the point of a point be so vain
As to triumph in a silly point's adventure ?
All is hazard that we have,
There is nothing biding ;
Days of pleasure are like streams
Through fair meadows gliding.
Weal and woe, time doth go,
Time is never turning :
Secret fates guide our states,
Both in mirth and mourning.

Prefixed to BARNABE BARNES' *Four Books of Offices* (1606)

*In Honour of the Author by Tho. Campion, Doctor in Physic.*

To the Reader.

THOUGH neither thou dost keep the keys of state
Nor yet the counsels, reader, what of that ?
Though th'art no law-pronouncer marked by fate,
Nor field-commander, reader, what of that ?
Blanch not this book ; for if thou mind'st to be
Virtuous and honest, it belongs to thee.
Here is the school of temperance and wit,
Of Justice and all forms that tend to it ;
Here Fortitude doth teach to live and die:
Then, Reader, love this book, or rather buy.

Ejusdem ad Authorem.

Personas propriis recte virtutibus ornas,
  Barnesi; liber hic vivet, habet genium.
Personae virtus umbra est, hanc illa refulcit;
  Nec scio splendescat corpus an umbra magis.

Prefixed to ALPHONSO FERRABOSCO'S *Airs* (1609)
*To the Worthy Author.*

Music's rich master and the offspring
  Of rich music's father,
Old Alfonso's image living,
  These fair flowers you gather
Scatter through the British soil;
  Give thy fame free wing,
And gain the merit of thy toil.
  We whose loves affect to praise thee,
  Beyond thine own deserts can never raise thee.

By T. Campion, Doctor in Physic.

Prefixed to THOMAS RAVENSCROFT'S *A Brief Discourse of the true (but neglected) use of Charact'ring the Degrees by their Perfection, Imperfection and Diminution in Measurable Music* (1614).

Marks that did limit lands in former times
  None durst remove; so much the common good
Prevailed with all men: 'twas the worst of crimes.
  The like in Music may be understood,
For that the treasure of the soul is next
  To the rich store-house of divinity:
Both comfort souls that are with care perplext,
And set the spirit both from passions free.

The marks that limit Music here are taught,
So fixed of old, which none by right can change.
Though Use much alteration hath wrought,
To Music's fathers that would now seen strange.
The best embrace, which herein you may find,
And th' author praise for his good work and mind.

# APPENDIX OF DOUBTFUL POEMS

UNDER this head I have included such poems as have been attributed to Campion on any evidence, external or internal, where their attribution is not contradicted on any other grounds.

The evidence for the inclusion of the 'Airs Sung at Brougham Castle' (1618) is this. The music is stated in the edition printed by Thos. Snodham to have been composed by Mason and Earsden, but the author is not given. In a letter, however, addressed to Lord Clifford, the Earl of Cumberland (for whom the Airs were written and composed on the occasion of his entertaining the king in the autumn of 1617), wrote: 'Sonn, I have till now expected your letters according to your promise at your departure: so did George Minson (Mason), your directions touching the musicke, whereupon he mought the better have writt to Dr. Campion.' This appears to

me sufficient evidence, and in my opinion the 'Airs', though inferior to Campion's best work, exhibit similarities of style, the song 'Robin is a lovely lad' being particularly characteristic. We know, moreover, that the Earl of Cumberland was a patron of Campion, who had apparently been present at similar musical entertainments at his house (see p. 39). In 1591 a surreptitious edition of Sidney's 'Astrophel and Stella' is known to have been published by Thos. Newman. This surreptitious edition is generally identified with Newman's quarto edition, which appeared with an introduction by Nashe and a sort of appendix entitled 'Poems and Sonnets of sundry other Noblemen and Gentlemen'. However this may be, that appendix of 'Poems and Sonnets' includes a set of five poems which no one has hitherto as far as I know attributed to Campion, but which in my opinion are certainly his. They are headed respectively 'Canto primo', 'Canto secundo', 'Canto tertio', 'Canto quarto' and 'Canto quinto', and at the end of the last-named occurs the signature 'Content'. My reasons for attributing them to Campion are as follows.

'Canto primo' is a version of Campion's 'Hark, all you ladies that do sleep', from *A Book of Airs*, defaced by two corruptions or misprints, but with one correction which

is a distinct improvement. It reads: 'Holds watch with sweet Love', instead of 'Holds a watch', the reading of 'A Book'; 'Diana's dove', for 'Dione's dove', and in the last verse, 'They that have not yet fed', a reading which by the addition of the word 'yet' renders the whole poem of uniform metre (see Introduction, p. xlix).

'Canto tertio' is the first stanza of a poem found in Robert Jones' *Second Book of Songs and Airs* (1601), 'My love bound me with a kiss', which Mr. Bullen has already suspected to be Campion's on account of its close resemblance to his epigram 'In Melleam' (Bk. II, 12).

'Mellea mî si abeam promittit basia septem;
Basia dat septem, nec minus inde moror:
Euge, licet vafras fugit haec fraus una puellas,
Basia majores ingerere usque moras.'

The verses in brackets are the additional ones found in Robert Jones' songbook.

'Canto quarto' is Campion's on similar evidence, being an exact translation of the Ep. 54 of Bk. II.

'Cogis ut insipidus sapiat, damnose Cupido,
Mollis at insipidos qui sapuere facis.
Qui sapit ex damno misere sapit; O ego semper
Desipuisse velim, sis modo mollis, Amor.'

'Canto quinto', from which the nom de

guerre 'Content' is obviously taken, is very much in Campion's vein, and contains reminiscences of others of his poems. It is curious to note that the middle stanza is an example of what Puttenham calls 'a heel-treading kind of verse, (Art of Poetry) in which the last words of each line become the first of the next.

'Canto secundo' is extremely interesting in connexion with Campion's experiments in classical metres. It appears to be a deliberate attempt of his to write *rhymed* English verse in the metre of the Latin First Asclepiad.

On all these points and assuming what appears to be the case, that the five poems are a set written by one person, I think that there can be no human doubt that all five are by Campion. At the same time an interesting confirmation is afforded of Mr. Bullen's suspicions about the poem, 'My love bound me with a kiss'.

'Hide not, sweetest Love, a sight so pleasing.'

This song, from a MS. commonplace book of about the middle of the seventeenth century, in the possession of the Duke of Buccleugh, is attributed to Campion by Mr Bullen on account of its resemblance to 'Sweet, exclude me not' (p. 69), of which it appears to be a version.

Do not, O do not prize'

I think that this song, which occurs in Jones' *Ultimum Vale* (1608), is by Campion, mainly on account of similarity in the style. Lines nine to eleven are, however, curiously reminiscent of the lines :—

'Helen, I grant, might pleasing be;
And Ros'mond was as sweet as she.'

from the song 'Give beauty all her right' (p. 66). Campion seems to have been fond of allusions to Rosamond. Her name occurs also in the Latin poem 'Umbra' :—

'Prima suo celerem tenuit Rosamunda decore
Ingenti, cui Shora comes,' etc.

*The Masque of Flowers*, presented by the Gentlemen of Gray's Inn on Twelfth Night, 1613–14, on the occasion of the Earl of Somerset's marriage, has been attributed to Campion, but I entirely agree with Mr. Bullen that he had no hand in it. The greater part of it is sheer doggerel.

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## AIRS SUNG AT BROUGHAM CASTLE,

Printed by Thos. Snodham (1618).

*Dialogue sung the first night, the King being at supper.*

Tune thy cheerful voice to mine;
Music helps digesting,

Music is as good as wine,
  And as fit for feasting.
Melody now is needful here;
It will help to mend our cheer
  Join then, one joy expressing.
Here is a guest for whose content
  All excess were sparing:
All to him present
  Hourly new delights preparing.

Earth and air and sea consent
  In thy entertaining.
All is old which they present,
  Yet all choice containing.
Music alone the soul can feast,
It being new and well expressed;
  Join then sweet cords enchaining:
Could we to our wished ends aspire,
  Joy should crown thy dishes.
Proud is our desire
  If thou dost accept our wishes.

Joy at thy board, health in thy dish,
  Mirth in thy cup, and in thy bed,
Soft sleep and pleasing rest we wish.

Now is the time, now is the hour,
When joy first blest this happy bower:
Here is a sight that sweetens every sour.
  So shines the moon by night,
    So looks the sun by day;
  Heavenly is his light,
    And never shall decay.

There is no voice enough can sing
The praise of our great King:
  Fall showers of sweet delight,
    Spring flowers of pleasant mirth;
  What heaven hath beams that shine more
      bright?
    Here heaven is now; stars shine on earth.
      In one all honour groweth,
      From one all comfort floweth,
      Duty saith that to this one
      All it hath it oweth.
Let then that one of all be praised
      That hath our fortunes raised.

*The King's Good-night.*

Welcome, welcome, king of guests,
  With thy princely train,
With joyful triumphs and with feasts
  Be welcomed home again.
      Frolic mirth,
      The soul of earth,
  Shall watch for thy delight:
      Knees shall bend
      From friend to friend
  While full cups do thee right
  And so, great King, good-night.

Welcome, welcome as the sun
  When the night is past:
With us the day is now begun:
  May it for ever last.
      Such a morn
      Did ne'er adorn
  The roses of the East

As the North
Hath now brought forth:
The Northern morn is best;
And so, best King, good rest.

Come follow me, my wand'ring mates,
Sons and daughters of the Fates,
Friends of night that oft have done
Homage to the hornèd moon,
Fairly march and shun not light
With such stars as these made bright;
Yet bend you low your curlèd tops,
Touch the hallowed earth, and then
Rise again with antic hops
Unused of men.
Here no danger is, nor fear,
For true Honour harbours here
Whom Grace attends;
Grace can make our foes our friends.

*Dance.*

Robin is a lovely lad,
No lass a smoother ever had;
Tommy hath a look as bright
As is the rosy morning light:
Tib is dark and brown of hue,
But like her colour, firm and true.
Jenny hath a lip to kiss
Wherein a spring of nectar is:
Simkin well his mirth can place,
And words to win a woman's grace:
Sib is all in all to me,
There is no Queen of Love but she.

Let us in a lover's round
Circle all this hallowed ground
Softly, softly trip and go;
The lightfoot Fairies jet it so.
Forward then and back again,
  Here and there and everywhere
Winding to and winding fro,
Skipping high and lowting low,
And like lovers hand in hand
March around and make a stand.

The shadows dark'ning our intents
  Must fade, and Truth now take her place,
  Who in our right Egyptian race
A chain of prophecy presents,
With which the starry sky consents,
And all the under elements.
Thou that art all divine, give ear
  And grace our humble songs,
  That speak what to thy state belongs,
Unmasked now and clear,
Which we in several strains divide,
And heavenborn Truth our notes shall guide,
One by one while we relate
That which shall tie both Time and Fate.
  Truth sprung from Heaven shall shine
      With her beams divine
      On all thy land,
  And there for ever steadfast stand:
      Lovely peace,
      Spring of increase,
Shall like a precious gem
Adorn thy royal diadem;
      Love that binds
      Loyal minds

Shall make all hearts agree
To magnify thy state and thee.
Honour, that proceeds
Out of noble deeds,
Shall wait on thee alone,
And cast a sacred light about thy throne.
Long shall thy three crowns remain
Blessed in thy long-lived reign;
Thy age shall like fresh youth appear
And perpetual roses bear;
Many on earth thy days shall be,
But endless thy posterity.
Truth, Peace, Love, Honour and long life attend
Thee and all those that from their loins descend.
With us the angels in this chorus meet;
So, humbly prostrate at thy sacred feet,
Our nightly sports and prophecies we end.

Dido was the Carthage Queen,
And loved the Trojan knight
That wand'ring many coasts had seen
And many a dreadful fight.
As they a-hunting rode, a shower
Drave them in a loving hour
Down to a darksome cave,
Where Æneas with his charms
Lock'd Queen Dido in his arms
And had what he could have.

Dido Hymen's rites forgot,
Her love was winged with haste;
Her honour she considered not
But in her breast she placed.
And when her love was new begun
Jove sent down his winged son

To fright Æneas' sleep;
Bade him by the break of day
From Queen Dido steal away,
Which made her wail and weep.

Dido wept, but what of this;
The gods would have it so:
Æneas nothing did amiss,
For he was forced to go.
Learn, lordlings, then, no faith to keep
With your loves, but let them weep:
'Tis folly to be true.
Let this story serve your turn,
And let twenty Didos burn,
So you get daily new.

Welcome is the word
The best love can afford;
For what can better be.
Welcome, Lords, the time draws near,
When each one shall embrace his dear,
And view the face he longs to see.
Absence makes the hour more sweet,
When divided lovers meet.

Welcome once again,
Though too much were in vain:
Yet how can love exceed?
Princely guests, we wish there were
Nectar and Ambrosia here,
That you might like immortals feed,
Changing shapes like full-fed Jove
In the sweet pursuit of love.

O stay, sweet is the least delay,
When parting forceth mourning;

O joy too soon thy flowers decay,
From rose to briar returning.
Bright beams that now shine here, when you are parted
All will be dim, all will be dumb, and every breast sad-hearted.
Yet more, for true love may presume,
If it exceed not measure.
O grief that blest hours soon consume,
But joyless pass at leisure.
Since we this lose, our love expressing
Far may it shine, long may it live, to all a public blessing.

From Newmans 4to edition of
Sidney's Astrophel and Stella (1591)

*Canto Secundo.*

What fair pomp have I spied of glittering Ladies ;
With locks sparkled abroad, and rosy coronet.
On their ivory brows, trackt to the dainty thighs
With robes like Amazons, blue as violet,
With gold aiglets adorned, some in a changeable
Pale; with spangs wavering taught to be movable.

Then those Knights that afar off with dolorous viewing
Cast their eyes hitherward ; lo, in an agony,
All unbraced, cry aloud, their heavy state rueing :
Moist cheeks with blubbering, painted as ebony
Black; their feltred hair torn with wrathful hand:
And whiles astonied, stark in a maze they stand.

But hark ! what merry sound ! what sudden harmony !

Look ! look near the grove ! where the ladies do
tread
With their Knights the measures weighed by the
melody.
Wantons ! whose traversing make men enamoured ;
Now they fain an honour, now by the slender
waist
He must her aloft, and seal a kiss in haste.

Straight down under a shadow for weariness they
lie
With pleasant dalliance, hand knit with arm in
arm,
Now close, now set aloof, they gaze with an equal
eye,
Changing kisses alike ; straight with a false
alarm,
Mocking kisses alike, pout with a lovely lip.
Thus drowned with jollities, their merry days do
slip.

But stay ! now I discern they go on a pilgrimage
Towards Love's holy land, fair Paphos or Cyprus.
Such devotion is meet for a blithesome age ;
With sweet youth, it agrees well to be amorous.
Let old angry fathers lurk in an hermitage :
Come, we'll associate this jolly pilgrimage !

*Canto tertio.*

My love bound me with a kiss
That I should no longer stay ;
When I felt so sweet a bliss
I had less power to part away :
Alas ! that woman doth not know
Kisses make men loath to go.

Yet she knows it but too well,
  For I heard when Venus' dove
In her ear did softly tell
  That kisses were the seals of love:
O muse not then though it be so;
Kisses make men loath to go.

Wherefore did she thus inflame
  My desires, heat my blood,
Instantly to quench the same,
  And starve whom she had given food?
I the common sense can show;
Kisses make men loath to go.

Had she bid me go at first
  It would ne'er have grieved my heart,
Hope delayed had been the worst;
  But ah! to kiss and then to part!
How deep it struck, speak, gods, you know
Kisses make men loath to go.

*Canto quarto.*

Love whets the dullest wits, his plagues be such:
But makes the wise by pleasing, dote as much.
So wit is purchased by this dire disease.
O let me dote! so Love be bent to please.

*Canto quinto.*

A Day, a night, an hour of sweet content
Is worth a world consumed in fretful care.
Unequal gods! in your arbitrement!
To sort us days whose sorrows endless are!
  And yet what were it? as a fading flower;
  To swim in bliss a day, a night, an hour.

What plague is greater than the grief of mind ?
The grief of mind that eats in every vein,
In every vein that leaves such clods behind,
Such clods behind as breed such bitter pain.
So bitter pain that none shall ever find,
What plague is greater than the grief of mind ?

Doth sorrow fret thy soul ? O direful spirit !
Doth pleasure feed thy heart ? O blessed man !
Hast thou been happy once ? O heavy plight !
Are thy mishaps forepast ? O happy then !
Or hast thou bliss in eld ? O bliss too late !
But hast thou bliss in youth ? O sweet estate !

From a Seventeenth Century MS. in the possession of the EARL OF BUCCLEUGH.

Hide not, sweetest Love, a sight so pleasing
As those smalls so light composed,
Those fair pillars your knees gently easing,
That tell wonders, being disclosed.
O show me yet a little more:
Here's the way, bar not the door.

How like sister's twines these knees are joined
To resist my bold approaching !
Why should beauty lurk like mines uncoined ?
Love is right and no encroaching.
O show me yet a little more:
Here's the way, bar not the door.

From Robert Jones' *Ultimum Vale* (1608).

Do not, O do not prize thy beauty at too high a rate,
Love to be loved whilst thou art lovely, lest thou love too late;

Frowns print wrinkles in thy brows,
At which spiteful age doth smile,
Women in their froward vows
Glorying to beguile.

Wert thou the only world's admired, thou canst
love but one,
And many have been loved before, thou art not
loved alone,
Could'st thou speak with heavenly grace,
Sappho might with thee compare;
Blush the roses in thy face,
Rosamond was as fair.

Pride is the canker that consumeth beauty in
her prime,
They that delight in long debating feel the curse
of time:
All things with the time do change,
That will not the time obey;
Some even to themselves seem strange
Through their own delay.

# NOTES

## A BOOK OF AIRS

P. 1. As to 'lute', see note on p. 264. The orpharion was a sort of lute, but strung with wire strings instead of gut: it had, moreover, more strings and frets than the lute. It is not to be confused with the Orphion which was invented by Thomas Pilkington, one of Queen Henrietta Maria's musicians.

Base violl. This instrument may be said to correspond to our violoncello. There were four principal sizes of viol, the treble or descant, tenor (Italian Viola da Braceio), bass (Viola da Gamba), and double bass (Violone).

Philip Rosseter. See Introduction.

P. 4. Sir Thos. Mounson. See Introduction.

P. 6. Tableture. This was the system of musical notation especially employed in writing for the lute in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Motet. This was the name originally applied to a piece of church music, generally composed to Latin words, but it ceased at this period to have this narrow meaning. Here it practically means a piece of concerted music.

P. 8. 'My sweetest Lesbia.' Compare 'Come, my Celia, let us prove', from Ben Jonson's 'Volpone', Act I, 6. Both poems are imitated and partly translated from Catullus, 'Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus'. 'Volpone' was not acted till 1605, so that Campion's song is the earlier of the two.

'Though you are young.' This song is frequently

found in seventeenth century MS. commonplace-books. (A. H. Bullen.)

P. 11. 'When to her lute.' This beautiful song also appears in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (1602).

P. 12. 'Turn back, you wanton flyer.' I give Mr. Quiller-Couch's arrangement of this song, which is as convincing as it is ingenious. The old edition, followed by Mr. Bullen in his 1889 edition, does not suggest any separation into stanzas, while the last lines are :—

> 'Then what we sow with our lips
> Let us reap, love's gains dividing.'

Mr. Quiller-Couch's arrangement gives better sense as well as two even stanzas. 'Swerving' in line nineteen is Mr. Bullen's emendation for the old edition's 'changing'.

'It fell on a summer's day.' Campion wrote a Latin epigram on the subject of this song, as he did in the case of many others. As the Latin poems are not included in this volume, I give the epigram in question (Bk. II, 60) :—

> Somno compositam jacere Clytham
> Advertens Lycius puer puellam,
> Hanc furtim petit, et genas prehendens
> Molli basiolum dedit labello.
> Immotam ut videt, altera imprimebat
> Sensim suavia, moxque duriora :
> Istaec conticuit velut sepulta.
> Subrisit puer, ultimumque tentat
> Solamen, nec adhuc movetur illa
> Sed cunctos patitur dolos dolosa.
> Quis tandem stupor hic ? cui nec anser
> Olim, par nec erat vigil Sibylla ;
> Nunc correpta eaden novo veterno,
> Ad notos redit indies sopores.

P. 14. 'Follow your saint.' The subtle metre of this song, with its peculiar beat, is almost exactly paralleled in Campion's 'Love me or not, love her I must or die' from the *Fourth Book of Airs* (see p. 110). I have met nothing similar elsewhere. See Introduction. It is interesting to note that the same musical theme is employed by Campion in the settings of both these songs.

P. 15. 'Thou art not fair.' This poem has been attributed to Dr. Donne and to Sylvester, but without foundation. In Harl. MS. 6910, fol. 150, there are two other versions of it which put the authorship beyond doubt. They are given below.

Thou shalt not love me, neither shall these eyes
Shine on my soul shrouded in deadly night:
Thou shalt not breathe on me thy spiceries,
Nor rock me in thy quavers of delight.
Hold off thy hands; for I had rather die
Than have my life by thy coy touch reprieved.
Smile not on me, but frown thou bitterly:
Slay me outright, no lovers are longlived.
As for those lips reserved so much in store,
Their rosy verdure shall not meet with mine.
Withhold thy proud embracements evermore:
I'll not be swaddled in those arms of thine.
Now show it if thou be a woman right,—
Embrace and kiss and love me in despight.
Finis. Tho. Camp.

*Beauty Without Love Deformity.*

Thou art not fair for all thy red and white,
For all those rosy temperatures in thee;
Thou art not sweet, though made of mere delight,
Nor fair, nor sweet unless thou pity me.
Thine eyes are black, and yet their glittering brightness
Can night illumine in her darkest den;

Thy hands are bloody though contrived of whiteness,
Both black and bloody, if they murder men ;
Thy brows, whereon my good hap doth depend,
Fairer than snow or lily in the spring ;
Thy tongue which saves (*sic*) at every sweet word's end
That hard as marble, this a mortal sting :
I will not soothe thy follies, thou shalt prove
That Beauty is no Beauty without Love.
Finis. Idem.

The version given in the *Booke of Ayres* is certainly the best of the three ; perhaps the other two are earlier drafts ' privately imparted '.

The sentiment of this song is also expressed in one of the Epigrams (Bk. II, 53).

*Ad Caspiam.*

' Ne tu me crudelis ames, nec basia labris
Imprime, nec collo brachia necte meo.
Supplex orabam satis haec, satis ipsa negabas,
Quae nunc te patiar vix cupiente dari.
Eia age jam vici, nam tu si femina vere es,
Haec dabis invito terque quaterque mihi.'

P. 16. ' Blame not my cheeks.' This song was printed in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (1602).

P. 17. ' Mistress, since you so much desire.' Compare ' Beauty, since you so much desire ' in the *Fourth Book of Airs* (p. 118), one of the ' vain ditties ' contained therein.

P. 18. ' Your fair looks inflame my desire.' There is another version of this song in the *Fourth Book of Airs* (p. 119).

' The man of life upright.' This song is found with little difference in *Two Books of Airs* (p. 44). It has been attributed to Bacon. It is also included in Richard Alison's *An Hour's Recreation in Music* (1606).

P. 19. ' Hark, all you ladies.' The history of the word ' paramour ' is interesting. It was originally

an adverb, 'paramours' (par amours) signifying 'by way of sexual love', and as such is found in Malory, Le Morte d'Arthur, e.g. Bk. X, Ch. 53: 'And as for to say that I love La Beale Isoud paramours, I dare make good that I do.' In Chaucer:—

> 'I lovede never womman herebiforn
> As paramours, ne never shall no mo.'

—the word has mainly a substantival meaning, though not without a trace of the original adverbial sense. The final s survives in some passages where it is clearly a noun: compare Drummond's Madrigal, 'I saw, but fainting saw, my paramours', where the word is, of course, singular in number.

It occurs in many authors in the same sense that it bears here, viz. a lover, without its offensive modern connotation. But surely Mr. Bullen is wrong in saying in his note on this passage (1889 edition) that it acquired this connotation at a later date. It certainly has it in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' IV, 2. (First published in 1600.)

*Quince.* 'Yea, and the best person, too, and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.'

*Flu.* 'You must say "paragon"; a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.'

This song is found among the poems 'of Sundrie other Noblemen and Gentlemen' annexed to Newman's surreptitious edition of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* (1591).

'Apes in Avernus.' The idea that old maids were condemned upon death to lead apes in hell is alluded to elsewhere. Mr. Bullen quotes some lines of a song found in William Corkine's *Second Book of Airs* (1612).

> 'O if you knew what chance to them befell
> That dance about with bob-tail apes in hell
> Yourself your virgin girdle would divide—

. . . Rather than undergo such shame; no tongue
can tell
What injury is done to maids in hell.'

Compare also, Shakespeare, Much Ado, ii. 1: 'I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bearward, and lead apes in hell,' or Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1: 'And for your love to her lead apes in hell.'

P. 20. 'When thou must home to shades of underground.' As Mr. Bullen points out, this poem s distinctly reminiscent of Propertius. II, 28.

'Sunt apud infernos tot millia formosarum:
Pulchra sit in superis, si licet, una locis.
Vobiscum est Iope, vobiscum candida Tyro,
Vobiscum Europe, nec proba Pasiphae.'

P. 21. 'Come, let us sound.' This is the 'one song in Sapphic verse' referred to in the preface 'To the Reader'.

P. 25. 'And would you see my mistress' face?' This song is given in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (1602). Another setting of the first stanza is found in the musical commonplace-book of John Stafford Smith (1750–1836), Organist of the Chapel Royal.

P. 37. Thos. Snodham was a well-known printer at this period, and was for some time believed to be identical with Thos. Easte or Este (see Introduction, p. xlv), owing to the statement on the title page of Wilbye's *Second Set of Madrigals* (1609) to the effect that that book was printed by 'Thos. East *alias* Snodham'. The matter is, however, explained by the entry under date of January 17, 1609, in the Stationers' Registers: 'Thos. Snodham *alias* East entered for his copyes with the consent of Mistress East these books following which were Master Thos. Easte's copyes.' It is clear from this that Snodham merely took over East's business from his widow upon his death, and kept up the name, no doubt, as an asset of value.

The *Third and Fourth Book of Airs* is also printed by Thos. Snodham.

P. 39. Earl of Cumberland. This was Francis Clifford, fourth Earl, who succeeded his brother, Geo. Clifford, in 1605, and died in 1641. It would appear from lines four and eight that he was one of Campion's patrons, or at any rate a distinguished patron of music and literature. It was for him that the 'Airs sung at Brougham Castle' were composed. See Appendix.

P. 41. 'Paysed' means 'weighed.' Compare Marlow's *Hero and Leander*, Sestiad ii., 'Where fancy is in equal balance paised.'

P. 44. 'I wander as a stray.' Compare Drayton's poem 'The Crier':—

> 'If you my heart do see
> Either impound it for a stray
> Or send it back to me.'

Or these lines from a piece in Tottel's *Miscellany*:—

'Nor gazing in an open street,
Nor gadding as a stray.'

P. 44. 'The man of life upright.' This song with a few variations appeared in *A Booke of Ayres* (see p. 18).

P. 47. 'Bravely decked, come forth, bright day.' Campion, whether Catholic or not, in this poem gives evidence of his loyalty by offering thanksgiving for the frustration of the Gunpowder Plot in 1605.

'May blest Charles.'

By the death of Prince Henry in 1612, Charles was left heir to the Crown; the poet expresses a wish that the latter may enjoy bette health than his brother.

P. 52. 'The ground' was the term used to denote what we now call 'the theme' of a piece of music: just as 'divisions' meant what we now call 'variations'. Compare Breton:—

'First make your ground of faithful holiness,
Then your divisions of divine desires.'

P. 56. 'Tuttyes', nosegays.

P. 59. Lord Clifford. This is the 'sonn' to whom the letter referred to in connexion with the Brougham Castle festivities was addressed. (P. 233.),

P. 66. 'Give beauty all her right.' 'Swelling' in line eight is Mr. Bullen's emendation for the old edition's 'smelling'.

'Helen, I grant.' Compare the following lines from an anonymous song contained in Robert Jones' *Ultimum Vale* (p. 247), which, on account of its similarity to this as well as for other and more weighty reasons (see p. 237), I attribute to Campion

'Couldst thou speak with heavenly grace,
Sappho might with thee compare;
Blush the roses in thy face,
Rosamond was as fair.'

P. 69. 'Sweet, exclude me not.' Compare the song beginning 'Hide not, sweetest Love, a sight so pleasing' on p. 247, which, though anonymous, has been attributed to Campion by Mr. Bullen on account of its similarity to this.

P. 70. 'Overthrown' is Mr. Bullen's reading for the old edition's 'ouerflowne'.

'There is none, O, none but you.' This song was attributed to Robert, Earl of Essex, author of 'Happy were he could finish forth his fate', on the authority of Aubrey's MSS., as Mr. Quiller-Couch points out.

P. 73. 'Though your strangeness frets my heart.' This song is found in Robert Jones' *Musical Dream* (1609).

'Or else your secret friend.'

The old edition reads, 'Some else'.

P. 74. 'Come, quickly, come.' Compare the lines beginning in the same way in *A Song* (Lords' Masque), p. 187.

## THIRD AND FOURTH BOOK OF AIRS

P. 83. Sir Thomas Mounson. As to whom see Introduction, p. xx, xxvii. It is clear from the first two lines of this dedication that these Books were not published before February, 1617, when Sir Thos. Monson received a pardon for any share he may have had in the Overbury murder.

'I, to whose trust, etc'.

Campion, in his capacity of physician, attended Sir Thos. Monson during his incarceration in the Tower.

P. 87. 'Why presume thy pride on that that must so private be.' The third and fourth stanzas of this song may be compared with the epigram Ad. Leam (Bk. II, 117), which is very close in thought. It is as follows:—

Privato commune bonum, Lea, cum melius fit
Obscurum plane est femina casta bonum.
Nam nulli nota, aut ad summum permanet uni.
Omnibus atque aliis est quasi nulla foret;
Sin se divulget, mala fit; quare illa bonarum
Aut rerum mimina est, aut, Lea, tota mala.

P. 90. 'If love loves truth.' The first stanza of this song was set by Henry Lawes, Milton's famous collaborator, in 1652. His version of the words is that of the text with two trifling differences: 'dissembling' in line two for 'dissembled'; 'sea' in line six for 'storm.'

P. 96. 'Thrice toss these oaken ashes.' This song is found in the 1633 edition of Joshua Sylvester's works, among the 'Remains never till now imprinted.' It is incorrectly, however, so included, for it is clearly Campion's, both on the authority of this Book of Airs and Harleian MS. 6910, fol. 150, in which another version occurs assigned to Campion. This

MS. version by the transposition of certain lines and the expansion of two into four is given as a sonnet, as follows :—

'Thrice toss those oaken ashes in the air,
And thrice three times tie up this true love's knot,
Thrice sit you down in this enchanted chair,
And murmur soft, "She will or she will not".
Go, burn those poisoned weeds in that blue fire,
This cypress gathered out a dead man's grave,
The screech-owl's feathers and the prickling briar,
That all thy thorny cares an end may have.
Then come, you fairies, dance with me a round!
Dance in a circle, let my love be centre!
Melodiously breathe an enchanted sound:
Melt her hard heart that some remorse may enter;
In vain are all the charms I can devise:
She hath an art to break them with her eyes.'

P. 101. 'So quick, so hot.' The reading 'for me all fire' in line seven of this song is Mr. Bullen's correction for the old edition's 'for men'. I am not yet satisfied, however, that this line is not still corrupt.

P. 103. Master John Mounson. Mr. Bullen says that he attempted, without much success, to regain the favour of James I which his father had forfeited.

P. 104. 'All these songs are mine'. Mr. Bullen has pointed out that Campion is thinking of Martial I, 39.

'Quem recitas meus est, O Fidentine, libellus
Sed male cum recitas incipit esse tuus.'

P. 106. 'Every dame affects good fame.' The Pawn was a corridor serving as a bazaar in the Royal Exchange on Cornhill, which was built by Sir Thos. Gresham at his own expense and opened by Queen Elizabeth on January 23, 1571, with much pomp and circumstance. She entered the Bourse, as it was then called, and having expressed an eloquent appre-

ciation of all she saw, and especially the Pawn which met her particular approbation, she gave it the name of Royal Exchange by proclamation. It is not to be confused with 'Britain's Bourse', the New Exchange (see p. 266).

P. 108. 'There is a garden in her face.' This lovely song appears also both in Alison's *Hour's Recreation* (1606) and Robert Jones' *Ultimum Vale* (1608). It obviously inspired Herrick in his poem, 'Cherry Ripe'.

P. 109. 'Young and simple though I am.' This song also occurs in Alfonso Ferrabosco's *Airs* (1609), whence the reading in the text of the second couplet of stanza two is taken. Campion's songbook merely repeats the second couplet of stanza one.

There is also a copy of this song in Advocates' MS. (5, 2, 14), with the following additional stanza :—

> Married wives may take or leave,
> When they list, refuse, receive;
> We poor maids may not do so,
> We must answer Ay with No.
> We must seem strange, coy, and curst,
> Yet do we would fain if we durst.'

P. 111. 'What means this folly.' 'Diseased' in the second stanza means, of course, 'discomforted', 'put to inconvenience'. The word 'disease' is common in a cognate sense in Surrey's poems, where it is sometimes connected unnecessarily to 'misease', and elsewhere. Compare 'Quia Amore Langueo'.

'My babe I would not were in disease.' Compare also the following lines which occur in a song included in Thos. Ravenscroft's 'Denteromelia.'

> 'When women knew no woe
> But lived themselves to please,
> Men's feigning guiles they did not know
> The ground of their disease.'

Line eleven of this song has evidently been repeated by error from the previous stanza.

P. 114. 'I must complain.' This song is also found in Dowland's *Third Book of Songs or Airs* (1603), while Mr. Bullen found a version of it in Christ Church MS. 1, 5, 49, which differs considerably. It is as follows :—

'Thus my complaints from her untruth arise,
Accusing her and nature both in one ;
For beauty stained is but a false disguise,
A common wonder that is quickly gone,
And false fair souls cannot, for all their feature,
Without a true heart make a true fair creature.

What need'st thou plain if thou be still rejected ?
The fairest creature sometime may prove strange :
Continual plaints will make thee still rejected,
If that her wanton mind be given to range :
And nothing better fits a man's true parts
Than to disdain t'encounter fair false hearts.'

Line six, 'She had no leisure'. Compare the Epigrams, Bk. II, 18.

*In Melleam.*

'Anxia dum natura nimis tibi, Mellea, formam
Finxit, fidem oblita est dare.'

In the next stanza the lines 'Rest, jealous thoughts,' etc., are similarly paralleled by Epigrams, Bk. II, 116, which runs as follows :—

'E multis aliquos si non despexit amantes,
Si tua non fuerit rustica nata fremis ?
Aut tam formosam tibi, Cambrice, non genuisses,
Aut sineres nato munere posse frui.
Castae sint facies sua quas sinit esse pudicas,
Pulchrior tuic forma est quam decet esse probis

P. 115. 'Thinkest thou to seduce me, then.' The following version of this song is found in William Corkine's *Airs* (1610) :—

'Think you to seduce me so with words that have no meaning?
Parrots can learn so to speak, our voice by pieces gleaning:
Nurses teach their children so about the time of weaning.

'Learn to speak first, then to woo: to wooing much pertaineth
He that hath not art to hide soon falters when he feigneth,
And as one that wants his wits he smiles when he complaineth.

'If with wit we be deceived, our falls may be excused:
Seeming good with flattery graced is but of few refused,
But of all accursed are they that are by fools abused.'

P. 118. 'Beauty, since you so much desire.' Compare 'Mistress, since you so much desire' in *A Book of Airs* (p. 17).

P. 119. 'Your fair looks urge my desire.' Compare 'Your fair looks inflame my desire' in *A Book of Airs* (p. 18).

P. 121. John Coprario was an Englishman of the name of John Cooper, who had studied music in Italy and adopted a foreign version of his name. He was retained by Charles I as court composer. He died in 1626.

P. 123. 'Cunctatosque olim.' As Mr. Bullen points out, Campion fulfilled this promise by writing a masque in celebration of the Count Palatine's marriage with the Princess Elizabeth (see p. 183).

P. 124. 'Dare' obviously means 'amaze', 'stupefy' here. Mr. Bullen says there was a way of catching larks by 'daring' them with a mirror. Compare Peele's Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes, 'Shall such defamèd dastards, dared by knights, Thus bear their name', where the word means 'terrified'.

P. 125. 'His care had been surveying India.' Prince Henry was active in connexion with the East India Company, which received its charter in 1600, and on July 26, 1612, he was appointed 'supreme protector' of the expedition fitted out by that company and the Muscovy Company for the discovery of the North-West Passage (Cal. State Papers, Colon., 1513–1616).

P. 129. 'O why should fate.' 'Fate' is Mr. Bullen's substitution for the original edition's 'love' in accordance with a marginal correction in the British Museum copy in an early seventeenth century hand.

'How like a golden dream'. The Count Palatine landed at Gravesend on October 16, 1612. Prince Henry died on November 6 following. Their acquaintance must therefore have been very brief.

P. 131. 'With doubts late by a kingly pen decided.' Mr. Bullen surmises this may be a reference to King James' 'Premonitions to all most mighty Monarchs, Kings, Free Princes, and States of Christendom, written against Bellarmine and published in 1509.

# MASQUE AT THE MARRIAGE OF THE LORD HAYES

P. 133. Lord Hayes. James Hay was a Scotch gentleman who came to Court upon James' accession, and was a great favour of his. He was knighted, created Lord Hay of the Scotch peerage in 1606, Baron Hay of Sawley in 1615, Viscount Doncaster in 1618, and Earl of Doncaster in 1622. Donne in the dedication of his *Divine Poems* addresses him as 'the E[arl] of D[oncaster], but this was a mistake. He married, firstly, on the occasion of this masque, Honora, daughter of Lord Denny, and secondly, in 1617, Lucy Percy.

Clarendon has a character of him, and he is referred to in eulogistic language in Lloyd's 'State Worthies'. He was employed on several important missions, to France in 1616, and to Germany in 1619, to support the Elector Palatine. He appears to have been extravagant, and in diplomacy more shrewd than statesmanlike.

P. 138. Bass and mean lutes. The lute was, of course, a stringed instrument, a sort of guitar, with the back, however, pearshaped instead of flat. It superseded the mediaeval fiddle and was itself superseded by the modern violin. Of the bandora little is known. It is described by an old writer on musical instruments as being not very different from either the lute or the orpharion (*q.v.* p. 249), but the said writer omits to say whether it was strung with gut, as the lute, or with wire strings, as the orpharion. The bandora or bandore is stated by Stow in his 'Annals' to have been invented by John Rose of the parish of Bridewell, London, in the fourth year of Elizabeth. The sackbut is the bass trumpet or trombone. A consort is a band of musicians: the choir and orchestra according to this description

were placed in small parties in different positions so as to balance one another.

P. 139. 'The state' means the chair of state referred to earlier in 'The Description', reserved for the guest of the evening,—on this occasion, the King. The word is frequently used in this sense. Compare Jonson's 'Masque of Hymen':—

> 'As you, in pairs, do front the State,
> With grateful honours thank His Grace
> That hath so glorified the place.'

P. 141. 'The chief habit.' This illustration is reproduced in Mr. Bullen's 1903 edition. It is also given in Nichol's *Progresses of King James*.

P. 160. 'By the great' means 'wholesale'.

P. 161. In the old edition this 'Epigramma' is followed by five songs with their appropriate music and the statement that 'These songs were used in the Masque; whereof the first two airs were made by M. Campion; the third and last by M. Lupo; the fourth by M. Tho. Giles; and though the last three airs were devised only for dancing, yet they are here set forth with words that they may be sung to the lute or viol.' The first two are the songs, 'Now hath Flora robbed her bowers', and 'Move now with measured sound', respectively given in their places in the text: the third, fourth and fifth are here printed.

M. Lupo. Seven musicians of this name can be distinguished at this period. Thomas Lupo appears as the composer of sundry madrigals, but as there were three persons of this name, it is impossible to assign this M. Lupo a very definite personality.

M. Tho. Giles. This was the organist of S. Paul's Cathedral, and father of his better known son, Nathaniel Giles, who was successively chorister at Magdalen Coll, Oxford, master of choristers at S. George's, Windsor, and master of the children of the Chapel Royal.

# A RELATION OF THE ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN BY THE LORD KNOWLES

P. 163. 'Britaine's Bursse'. This was the New Exchange opened on April 11, 1609, as a competitor to the Royal Exchange, as to which see p. 259. Compare Donne, Elegy XV.

'Whether the Britain Burse did fill apace.'

'Sir William Knollys, second son of Sir Francis Knollys, was created Baron Knollys of Greys in Oxfordshire, by King James in the first year of his reign, Viscount Wallingford in 1616, and Earl of Banbury in 1626. He died May 25, 1632, at the age of eighty-eight. It was his second wife, Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, who received Queen Anne on her progress towards Bath' (Bullen).

P. 165. 'This fair brick house was pulled down in the reign of George I by the then possessor, Earl Cadogan, who erected the present elegant structure somewhat further from the Thames, and built a cedar room for the reception of the monarch. Capability Brown was employed in laying out the beautiful grounds' (Nichols).

P. 165. 'Flight-shot was about a fifth of a mile' (Bullen). A flight was a kind of arrow. Compare Beaumont and Fletcher Bonduca i. 1, 'Not a flight drawn home'.

'Bases' means skirts.

P. 169. Perpetuana. A glossy cloth of durable substance. Monmouth-caps were flat caps. Wings, appendages to the shoulders of a doublet (Bullen).

P. 172. 'Caroch' meant coach. Compare French 'carrosse'.

Gamachios or gamashes were 'loose drawers or

stockings worn outside the legs over the other clothing' (Halliwell). 'A northern word for short spatterdashes worn by ploughmen' (Grose).

P. 175. 'A hall' means 'room! give way!' Compare Shakespeare, Romeo and Juliet i. 5.,

A hall, a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.'

P. 177. 'À la mode de France.' Mr. Bullen's conjecture for the old edition's 'Ã la more du France'.

P. 180. 'At the Queen's parting'. 'The presents are described in Mr. Chamberlain's letter as "a dainty coverled or quilt, a rich carquenet, and a curious cabinet to the value in all of £1,500"' (Nichols). A carquenet was, of course, a necklace.

## THE LORDS' MASQUE

P. 183. The marriage was celebrated on Shrove Sunday, February 14, 1612–13, St. Valentine's Day, as we are reminded by Donne's Epithalamion, which was written in honour of the same event. Elizabeth, who was born in 1596, was brought up as a Protestant by Lord Harrington at Combe Abbey, and her marriage to the Elector Palatine Frederick V was contracted with the object of strengthening the alliance between England and the Protestant Union of Germany. Chamberlain, who was not present at this masque, wrote: 'Of the Lords' Masque I hear no great commendation, save only for riches, their devices being long and tedious and more like a play than a masque' (Winwood's *Memorials*, iii. 435). It cost £400, a comparatively trifling sum.

P. 185. 'Obey Jove's will.' This is Mr. Bullen's necessary emendation for the old editions 'willing'.

P. 187. 'Come, quickly, come!' Compare lines five and six of 'Come away, armed with love's delights!' in the *Light Conceits of Lovers* (p. 74).

P. 191. 'So pause awhile.' 'Sprites' is Mr. Bullen's correction for the old edition's 'spirits'.

P. 193. 'That all which see may say.' Old edition, 'stay'.

'Which thou long since out of thy purchased flames': 'purchased' means 'stolen' here.

P. 195. 'Numerous' = keeping time.

# DESCRIPTION OF A MASQUE AT THE MARRIAGE OF THE EARL OF SOMERSET

P. 201. As to this ill-omened marriage and the circumstances connected with it, see Introduction (p. xix). Chamberlain, in a letter to Mrs. Alice Carleton, sister to Sir Dudley Carleton, writes, 'I hear little or no commendation of the masque made by the Lords that night, either for device or dancing, only it was rich and costly' (Nichols' *Progress of James I*, ii. 725). Chamberlain on another occasion proved an unfavourable critic, but we may notice that reference is made mainly to the device, i.e. scheme or plot, and the dancing. The literary value of the work was not, of course, taken into account. Coprario was paid £20 for the music of this masque.

P. 203. 'Pulchro pulchra datur'. The point of the following lines is perhaps better put in the Epigrams, Bk. I, 68 (1619 edition) :—

*De Nuptiis.*

Rite ut celebres nuptias,
Dupla tibi face est opus;
Praetendat unum Hymen necesse,
At alteram par est Amor.'

'M. Constantine.' To Constantine de Servi Prince Henry assigned a yearly pension of £200 in July, 1612.

P. 205. 'From every quarter.' I have kept the reading of the old edition here, not being convinced that Mr. Bullen's emendation 'twelve' is necessary. Three knights 'from every quarter of the earth'

(3 × 4) would be twelve, and might be embarked 'six and six'.

P. 211. 'Kind ears.' Campion seems to have aimed at a sort of echo effect in the words 'enchanting, chanting', as also in the other verses of this song, 'persever, ever' and 'enclosing, closing'.

P. 214. After the 'Finis' there followed in the old edition 'Ayres, made by seuerall Authors, Etc." with a separate title page. These were the four songs in this masque: 'Bring away this sacred tree,' 'made and exprest by Mr. Nicholas Laneir', 'Go, happy man', 'While dancing rests', and 'Come ashore', composed by Mr. Coprario and sung by Mr. John Allen and Mr. Laneir, and finally the song, 'Woo her and win her he that can' from the Lords' Masque, to fill up the empty pages.

## POEMS FROM THE 'OBSERVATIONS'

P. 215. The 'Observations on the Art of English Poesy' from which these poems are extracted, was dedicated to Thomas Sackville, First Baron Buckhurst, who was created Earl of Dorset in 1603 and died in 1608. He was author of the Induction to the 'Mirrour for Magistrates' and part author of 'Gorboduc'. Campion's allusion to his 'public and private poems' suggests that he had written other things, as indeed we learn he had from other evidence. Jasper Heywood in the preface to his translation of Seneca's 'Thyestes' refers to 'Sackvyle's Sonnets sweetly sauste'.

P. 217. A 'termer' was a person who visited London in the season, then represented by the legal terms.

P. 219. 'Go, numbers, boldly pass.' As to this and the following verses, collected out of Campion's 'Observations in the Art of English Poesy', see Introduction.

This song is given by Campion as an example of what he calls licentiate iambics', viz. iambic

verses, in which spondees are, in certain feet, allowable, as distinguished from 'pure iambics' in which every foot is an iambus. They amount, as a matter of fact, to the ordinary blank verse which Campion has the sense to see is most suitable to the structure of the English language: 'For the iambics, they fall out so naturally in our tongue that if we examine our own writers we shall find they unawares hit oftentimes upon the true iambic numbers.' Samuel Daniel, however, rather decries the value of this discovery in his 'Apologie for Ryme'. He says, 'What strange precepts of Art about the framing of an iambic verse in our own language, which, when all is done, reaches not by a foot, but falleth out to be the plain ancient verse consisting of ten syllables or five feet, which hath ever been used among us out of mind'. Part of this lyric is included in the Logonomia Anglica (1621) of Alexander Gil, the High Master of St. Paul's School, as an example, but with terminations rhymed so that the extract falls into stanzas, thus:—

'Tell them that pity or perversely scorn
Poor English poesy as the slave to rime,
You are those lofty numbers which adorn
Triumphs of princes and their happy time, etc.'

'Some from the starry throne.' A variety of the above.

P. 220. 'Raving war, begot.' An example of 'the iambic dimetre, or English march.'

'Greatest in thy wars.' 'An example lyrical' of the above mentioned iambic dimetre.

P. 221. 'Kind in every kind.' 'An example epigrammatical' of the same.

'Lockly spits apace.' This epigram and the following eleven, are example of 'the English trochaic verse'.

P. 222. 'Kate can fancy.' Compare Epigrams, Bk. I, 56, 'In Laurentiam':—

Imberbi, si cui, Laurentia nubere vovit,
Invenit multos haec sibi fama procos,
Impubes omnes, mora quos in amore pilosos
Reddidit; ignoto sic perit illa viro.

. 'All in satin'. 'Beaten' as applied to textile fabrics apparently means 'embroidered'; Mr. Bullen quotes Guilpin's *Skialethia*, 53:—

'He wears a jerkin cudgelled with gold lace.'

'Toasts as snakes.'—'Huffcap' ale = strong ale.

'Barnzy stiffly vows.' This epigram appears to refer to Barnabe Barnes and Gabriel Harvey, despite Campion's declaration in the text of the 'Observations', 'though sometimes under a known name I have shadowed a feigned conceit, yet it is done without reference or offence to any person'. For Campion's relations with Barnes, see Introduction, p. xxxvii.

P. 224. 'Constant to none.' An example of an elegy in the English Elegiac verse.

'Arthur brooks only.' This epigram as well as the following eight are also examples of the English Elegiac verse. Barnabe Barnes is again assailed in the fifth and seventh. 'Tries ev'ry friend': Mr. Bullen's reading for old edition's 'tyres'.

P. 225. 'A wise man wary lives.' Compare the last stanza of 'The man of life upright' in *A Book of Airs* (p. 19).

'Faith's pure shield.' This and the two following are examples of 'the English Sapphic'. This poem, Campion tells us, was 'made upon a triumph at Whitehall, whose glory was dashed with an unwelcome shower, hindering the people from the desired sight of her Majesty.'

P. 227. 'Jet'=strut.' *Cf.* 'The lightfoot fairies jet it so' (p. 241).

'Follow, follow!' An example of the 'Anacreontic verse'.

P. 228. 'Of Neptune's empire let us sing.' This song occurs in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (1602) as well as three others of Campion's: 'And would you see my mistress' face', 'Blame not my cheeks', and 'When to her lute Corinna sings'. It was written for the Gray's Inn Masque, or 'Gesta Graiorum' in 1594: it is given in Nichol's' *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, with text differing slightly from Davison's here given. Nichols omits 'the' in l. 3,

*Reads* 'their' *for* 'the' in l. 6
*Reads* 'praise again' *for* 'pays a gem' in l. 8.
*Reads* 'trumpets' *for* 'echoes' in l. 13.
*Reads* 'waiters' *for* 'water' in l. 13.
*Reads* 'voice' *for* 'rock' in l. 18.
*Reads* 'mourning' *for* 'murmuring' in l. 20.

'What if a day'. The above stanzas are given in Richard Alison's *An Hour's Recreation in Music* (1606) over the subscription, Thomas Campion, M.D. The following additional stanzas are found in *The Golden Garland of Princely Delights* and *The Roxburghe Ballads*;—

'What if a smile, or a beck, or a look,
Feed thy fond thoughts with many a sweet conceiving;
May not that smile, or that beck, or that look
Tell thee as well they are but vain deceiving?
Why should beauty be so proud
In things of no surmounting?
All her wealth is but a shroud,
Of a rich accounting.

Then in this repose no bliss,
Which is vain and idle;
Beauty's flow'rs have their hours,
Time doth hold the bridle.

What if the world, with allures of her wealth,
Raise thy degree to a place of high advancing;
May not the world, by a check of that wealth,
Bring thee again to as low despised chancing?
Whilst the sun of wealth doth shine
Thou shalt have friends plenty;
But, come want, then they repine,
Not one abides of twenty.
Wealth and friends holds and ends,
As your fortunes rise and fall:
Up and down, smile and frown,
Certain is no state at all.

'What if a grief, or a strain, or a fit,
Pinch thee with pain of the feeling pangs of sickness;
May not that gripe, or that strain, or that fit
Shew thee the form of thine own true perfect likeness?
Health is but a glimpse of joy
Subject to all changes;
Mirth is but a silly toy,
Which mishap estranges.
Tell me, then, silly man,
Why art thou so weak of wit,
As to be in jeopardy,
When thou may'st in quiet sit?'

In both those collections, however, the third stanza (first additional, 'What if a smile') comes second, and the second ('Earth's but a point') comes last, the first four lines running instead:—

'Then if all this have declared thine amiss,
Take this from me for a gentle friendly warning;
If thou refuse and good counsel abuse
Thou may'st hereafter dearly buy thy warning.
All, etc.'

There is a further 'Second Part' in the *Roxburghe Ballads*, but it is not probable that this or any of the additional stanzas given are Campion's.

Chappell gives this song in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*. His version reads, 'Nothing of accounting' in l. 8 of the first additional stanza. He states that the music is in a volume of transcripts of virginal music, by Sir John Hawkins; in *Logonomia Anglica* by Alexander Gil, the high master of St. Paul's School (1619); in *Friesche Lust-Hof* (1634); in D. R. Camphuysen's *Stichtelycke Rymen* (1647); in the Skene MS.; Forbes' *Cantus*, etc. *Logonomia Anglica* gives the first stanza with the following differences —

L. 4. 'wish'd' *for* 'sweet.'
L. 4. 'A thousand' *for* 'as many.'

As Mr. Bullen points out, the first two stanzas were published anonymously in 1603 (before Dr. Alison's book appeared) at the end of 'Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatise intitulit Philotvs. Qvharin we may persave the grait inconveniences that fallis out in the Marriage betwene age and zouth' published at Edinburgh. They vary from Alison's text in the following readings:—

L. 2. 'Thy desire', 'wisched contentings.'
L. 3. 'The chance.'
L. 4. 'Thy delightes'; 'a thousand sad.'
L. 7. 'Pleasoures.'
L. 13. 'Of the world.'
L. 14. 'Of the earths.'
L. 15. 'The point of.'
L. 16. 'As to delight.'
L. 18. 'Here is.'
L. 19. 'But stream.'
Ll. 21–22. 'Well or wo tyme dois go, in tyme is no returning.'

The reading of these lines in the *Golden Garland* and *Roxburghe Ballads* is :—

> ' Wealth or woe, time doth go,
> There is no returning.'

Campion appears, however, to have been himself indebted to a fifteenth century ballad, as Mr. Halliwell-Phillips pointed out, in Ryman's collection in the Cambridge Public Library, commencing :—

> ' What yf a daye, or night, or howre,
> Crowne my desyres wythe every delyghte.'

Mr. Bullen further points out that in Sanderson's diary in the British Museum (MSS. Lansdowne 241, fo. 49) temp. Elizabeth, are found the two first stanzas more closely resembling the verses in Ryman's collection, and that there is a tune in Dowland's Musical Collection in the Cambridge Public Library entitled, ' What if a day or a night or an hour ! '

It may be noticed that the first stanza of ' What is a day, what is a year ' in *A Book of Airs* has an echo of this song.

P. 229. ' Though neither '. For Campion's relations to Barnes, see Introduction (p. xxxvii).

P. 230. Alfonso Ferrabosco, senior (1544 ?–1587 ?) was pensioned by Queen Elizabeth some time before 1567 : he appears to have lived at Greenwich. Peacham in his ' Compleat Gentleman ' (1661) says of him, ' Alphonso Ferrabosco, the father, while he lived, for judgment and depth of skill (as also his son yet living) was inferior to none ; what he did was most elaborate and profound and pleasing enough in Air, though Master Thomas Morley censureth him otherwise '. He appears to have been a musician of the old school which by Campion's time had become obsolete. But Peacham is wrong :

his son was not living in 1661. The fact is that there were three Alfonso Ferraboscos, as Mr. Fuller Maitland points out in the Dictionary of National Biography. There was the one mentioned above; his son, of the new school of polyphonists and composer of the *Airs* (1609), for which Campion wrote this poem, who succeeded Coprario as composer in ordinary, and died in 1628; and his grandson, son of the lastnamed. This last was possibly the Master Alfonso Ferrabosco who sang in the 'Hymenaei' on Twelfth Night, 1606: he 'was sworn as musician to his Majesty for the viols and wind instruments in the place of his father deceased' in March, 1627–8, and died in 1661.

Thos. Ravenscroft was born about 1592. He was a chorister of S. Paul's Cathedral, and obtained the degree of Mus. Bac. at Cambridge in 1607. He published *Pammelia* in 1609, in his infancy, as he tells us, the *Brief Discourse* in 1614, and his most famous work the *Whole Book of Psalms*, etc., later. He is said to have died in 1635.

## DOUBTFUL POEMS.

P. 247. 'Hide not, sweetest love.' 'Smalls (MS., 'smales') were the column part of a pillar.

'Sister's' = 'sewster's', or sewing twine. *Cf.* 'Sister's thread'.

'Bold', so Mr. Bullen for MS. 'blood'.

'Mines uncoined' is Mr. Bullen's emendation of the MS. 'mine eyes uncoyned'.

FINIS.

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